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Hymns of the Church

(NEW AND OLD)

Edited by

WILLIAM V. W. DAVIS, D. D.

and

RAYMOND CALKINS, D. D.

The chief merit of this Hymn-book lies in the SELECTION, the ARRANGEMENT, and the MUSICAL SETTING of the Hymns. The editors have not chosen to include much new material. It is a collection of THE STANDARD HYMNS OF THE CHURCH, set to TUNES which are both FAMILIAR and WORTHY. The editors believe that a hymn is a spiritual song of prayer or praise, and it is upon this idea that the selection is based. They also believe that the same Hymn-book should be used in ALL OF THE SERVICES OF THE CHURCH. Hence, there are included many children's hymns, hymns suited to the various aspects of the Christian life and experience, as well as hymns for special occasions.

(Over)

Rev. Lewis F. Benson, D.D.
with thanks for help from
Julia W. Redfield

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Hymns of The Church

NEW AND OLD

EDITED BY

WILLIAM VAIL WILSON DAVIS, D.D.

AND

RAYMOND CALKINS, D.D.

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PREFACE

Certain principles have guided the Editors in the preparation of this Hymn Book, which seem to make for it a place of its own.

It is believed that the best results can be secured if the same hymn-book is used in all the services of the Church. Thus the music of the Church is unified, and the standard is the same, as it ought to be, throughout the Church life. This book is intended alike for the Sunday services, the daily services, and the Sunday School.

In the selection of hymns, regard has been paid especially to those hymns which voice the deeper sentiments of historic Christian experience, and large space has been accorded to hymns which center about the different aspects of the life of Christ. These must remain, as they have been from the beginning, the hymns which both voice and tend to produce the essential elements of the Christian faith. It is believed that the faith which seeks to express itself in service will find in this collection many hymns that will serve to give it utterance. Hymns which awaken the deepest sentiment of Christian gratitude will do more to quicken and to satisfy this demand, than those which seek to suggest the concrete acts of Christian endeavor.

In the arrangement of the hymns, the order of the Christian year has been included. This is in accord with the ancient custom of the Church and the habit of an increasing number of Churches which find great spiritual helpfulness in the observance of the different seasons of the Church year. This is based alike upon Holy Scripture and the deepest instincts of the human heart, and it is a powerful educational method for a Church which desires a complete faith and a positive teaching of Christian truth.

The tunes have been chosen with care to satisfy the demand for the best Church music and to promote congregational singing. So far as possible, words have been set to tunes that have become familiar by association, and tunes of the same meter have been set on opposite pages, so as to admit of a choice. The effort has been made to respect tradition, and to restore some of the old tunes that have slipped out of use, such as Stonefield, Loudon, St. Gall, Lanesboro, and old 137th. The metronome time has been carefully compared with the best English and American authorities.

This book bears throughout the imprint of the spirit of one of the editors, the late William Vail Wilson Davis, who died just as the book was nearing completion, to whom, therefore, it is in the nature of a memorial. The breadth of his culture and his deeply evangelical spirit ennobled a ministry which it is one of the aims of this book to preserve and to perpetuate.

To a few persons, the editors are so deeply indebted that the ordinary acknowledgments of aid seem wholly inadequate. Julia Wallace Redfield of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has given invaluable aid in the selection and annotation of the music and its adaptation to the spiritual impression of the hymns, and Fannie Stearns Davis and Emily Lathrop Calkins have not so much assisted as collaborated to make the book what it is. To Harold Stearns Davis, acknowledgments are due for constant aid in the preparation of the volume, and to William Churchill Hammond of Holyoke and Mt. Holyoke College, who has kindly reviewed the music of the book and offered many valuable suggestions.

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All diligence has been exercised to avoid the use without permission of any copyrighted hymns and tunes. If there has been any oversight, the editors regret it and will make any possible amends.

Contents

	PAGE
INDEX OF FIRST LINES	vii
ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES	xiii
METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES	xvi
INDEX OF CANTICLES, CHANTS AND RESPONSES	xx
INDEX OF CHANTS	xx
INDEX OF SUBJECTS	xxi
INDEX OF AUTHORS	xxvii
INDEX OF COMPOSERS AND SOURCES	xxxii

The Hymns

	Hymns
MORNING	1- 15
EVENING	16- 42
THE LORD'S DAY	43- 49
GOD THE FATHER	50- 75
JESUS CHRIST	76-110
THE HOLY SPIRIT	111-116
THE CHRISTIAN YEAR	117-223
Advent	117-127
Christmas	128-141
Epiphany	142-147
Lent	148-160
Holy Week	161-182
Easter	183-198
Ascension	199-204
Whitsunday	205-211
Trinity	212-216
All Saints	217-223
THE CHURCH	224-275
Holy Baptism	236-237
Confession of Faith	238-243
Holy Communion	244-254
Holy Matrimony	255-256
Burial	257-261
Ordination	262-265
Dedication of Churches	266-268
Offertories	269-271
Church Unity	272-275
MISSIONS	276-296
THE HOLY SCRIPTURES	297-299
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE	300-490
Invitation	300-305
Gratitude	306-322
Penitence	323-339
Consecration	340-353
Service	354-387
Trust	388-435
Aspiration	436-472
The Life Everlasting	473-490
PROCESSIONALS	491-507
CHILDREN'S HYMNS	508-531
SPECIAL OCCASIONS	532-563
National Hymns	532-543
Thanksgiving Day	544-551
The Old Year	552-554
The New Year	555-557
The Family	558-560
Travellers' Hymns	561-563
LATIN HYMNS	564-572
CANTICLES	573-585
CHANTS AND RESPONSES	586-601

Index of First Lines

A charge to keep I have..... 378
A few more years shall roll..... 552
A mighty fortress is our God..... 434
Abide with me: fast falls the eventide. 35
Again as evening's shadow falls..... 30
According to Thy gracious word..... 249
All for Jesus, all for Jesus..... 347
All glory, laud and honor..... 161
All hail the power of Jesus' Name..... 84
All is over, fought the fight..... 182
All my heart this night rejoices..... 141
All people that on earth do dwell..... 68
All praise to Thee, eternal Lord..... 129
All praise to Thee, my God, this night.. 16
Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts and voices heavenward raise..... 184
Alleluia, song of gladness..... 494
Alleluia, the strife is o'er..... 197
Almighty Father, hear our cry..... 563
Am I a soldier of the Cross..... 346
Ancient of days, Who sittest throned in glory 215
Angel voices ever singing..... 492
Angels from the realms of glory..... 133
Angels holy, high and lowly..... 75
Angels, roll the rock away!..... 196
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat.... 330
Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord.. 243
Around the throne of God in Heaven.. 523
Art thou weary, art thou languid..... 412
As pants the wearied hart for cooling streams 450
As with gladness, men of old..... 146
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!..... 260
At even, e'er the sun was set..... 18
At the Lamb's high feast we sing..... 187
At the Name of Jesus..... 496
At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay..... 5
At Thy feet, Our God and Father..... 555
Awake, my soul, and with the sun..... 11
Awake, my soul! Stretch every nerve.. 376

Be still, my soul, the Lord is on thy side 404
Before Jehovah's awful throne..... 74
Before the ending of the day..... 27
Begin my tongue, some heavenly theme. 67
Behold a stranger at the door..... 329
Behold the Lamb of God!..... 178
Beneath the Cross of Jesus..... 148
Blessed Jesus, high in glory..... 528
Blest are the pure in heart..... 457
Blest be the tie that binds..... 273
Blest day of God, most calm, most bright 46
Bow down Thine ear, almighty Lord... 263
Bread of the world, in mercy broken... 247
Break Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me..... 254
Breast the wave, Christian..... 382
Brief life is here our portion..... 478
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning 144
Brightly gleams our banner..... 501
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored. 253
By cool Siloam's shady rill..... 524

Calm on the listening ear of night..... 138
Cast thy burden on the Lord..... 420
Children of the Heavenly King..... 421
Christ above all glory seated..... 199
Christ by heavenly hosts adored..... 549
Christ for the word we sing..... 282
Christ is made the sure foundation..... 266
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day..... 190
Christ, Whose glory fills the skies..... 78
Christian! dost thou see them..... 158
Christian, rise and act thy creed..... 373
Christian, seek not yet repose..... 381
Christians, awake, salute the happy morn 132
City of God, how broad and far..... 233
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove... 262
Come, Holy Ghost, in love..... 116
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.... 208
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove..... 211
Come, Lord, and tarry not..... 118
Come, my soul, thou must be waking... 3
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare..... 413
Come, O Creator Spirit blest..... 115
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice..... 303
Come, Thou Almighty King..... 2
Come, Thou long expected Jesus..... 123
Come to our poor nature's night..... 206
Come unto me, ye weary..... 301
Come we who love the Lord..... 56
Come, ye disconsolate..... 305
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain..... 185
Come, ye thankful people, come..... 545
Conquering kings their titles take..... 103
Creator Spirit by Whose aid..... 207
Crown Him with many crowns..... 95

Day is dying in the West..... 32
Dear Lord and Father of mankind..... 468
Dear Lord and Master mine..... 463
Divine Majestic Maker..... 495
Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord 252
Draw nigh to God..... 429

Eternal beam of light divine..... 430
Eternal Father! strong to save..... 561

Eternal Father! Thou hast said..... 277
Eternal Light! Eternal Light!..... 448
Every morning mercies new..... 4
Expectant of my Lord's command..... 366

Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature. 82
Faith of our Fathers, living still..... 363
Far from my heavenly home..... 437
Father, again in Jesus' Name we meet.. 326
Father, dearest Father..... 508
Father, hear the prayer we offer..... 345
Father, hear Thy children's call..... 150
Father, I know that all my life..... 393
Father, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling 446
Father of all, from land and sea..... 274
Father of all, Whose love profound.... 214
Father of love, our Guide and Friend.. 406
Father of mercies, in Thy Word..... 299
Father, to Thee we bow..... 441
Father, to us Thy children humbly kneeling 335
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss..... 425
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep. 405
Fight the good fight with all thy might. 368
Fling out the banner! let it float..... 289
For all the saints who from their labors rest 218
For the beauty of the earth..... 306
For thee, O dear, dear country..... 477
For Thy mercy and Thy grace..... 556
Forever with the Lord..... 486
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord..... 365
Forty days and forty nights..... 152
Forward! be our watchword..... 500
From all that dwell below the skies.... 69
From all Thy saints in warfare..... 220
From every stormy wind that blows.... 417
From Greenland's icy mountains..... 284
From ocean unto ocean our land shall own the Lord..... 296
From the Eastern mountains..... 142

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild..... 522
Give thanks, all ye people..... 548
Give to the winds thy fears..... 407
Glorious things of thee are spoken.... 228
Go forward, Christian soldier..... 354
Go labor on; spend and be spent..... 369
Go to dark Gethsemane..... 166
God bless our native land..... 534
God hath sent His Angels..... 191
God is love by Him upholden..... 71
God is love, His mercy brightens..... 312
God is my strong salvation..... 435
God is the refuge of His saints..... 60
God moves in a mysterious way..... 62
God, my King, Thy might confessing.... 311
God of our fathers, known of old..... 535
God of our fathers, Whose almighty hand 543
God of pity, God of grace..... 331
God of the earnest heart..... 361
God of the living in Whose eyes..... 258
God of the prophets! Bless the prophets' sons..... 265
God, that madest earth and heaven.... 39
God, the All-Merciful! earth hath forsaken 540
God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world 377
Golden harps are sounding..... 518
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost..... 112
Great God, to Thee my evening song.... 25
Great God! we sing that mighty hand. 557
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah..... 399

Hail! Thou once despisèd Jesus..... 109
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning 280
Hail to the Lord's Anointed..... 278
Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding.... 124
Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling 474
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord..... 304
Hark! ten thousand harps and voices.. 85
Hark! ten thousand voices sounding.... 192
Hark, the glad sound the Saviour comes 126
Hark! the herald angels sing..... 131
Hark! the loud celestial hymn..... 216
Hark! the sound of holy voices..... 217
Hark! the voice eternal..... 117
Hark! what mean those holy voices.... 134
Hasten the time appointed..... 285
He is despised and rejected of men..... 157
He is risen, He is risen..... 194
He leadeth me! O blessed thought.... 409
He leads us on by paths we did not know 395
He that goeth forth with weeping..... 385
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal..... 151
Hear us, Thou that broodest..... 205
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face 244
High in the heavens, Eternal God..... 58
Holy Father, cheer our way..... 21
Holy Father, hear my cry..... 452
Holy Father, in Thy mercy..... 562
Holy Ghost, with light divine..... 114
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.. 1
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts, Eternal King..... 212
Holy night, peaceful night. See Silent night, holy night..... 515
Holy off'rings, rich and rare..... 271
Holy Spirit, Lord of love..... 238
Hosanna we sing like the children dear. 509
How beauteous were the marks divine. 88
How firm a foundation..... 397
How gentle God's commands..... 410
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds.. 107
Hushed was the evening hymn..... 531

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus..... 426
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be.. 414
I heard a sound of voices..... 493
I heard the voice of Jesus say..... 300
I love Thy Kingdom, Lord..... 231
I love to steal awhile away..... 22
I love to tell the story..... 320
I need Thee every hour..... 439
I say to all men far and near..... 189
I sought the Lord, and afterward I knew 398
I think when I read that sweet story of old 526
I was a wandering sheep..... 336
If thou but suffer God to guide thee.... 433
If Thou impart Thyself to me..... 456
If through unruffled seas..... 411
Immortal Love, forever full..... 97
In heavenly love abiding..... 392
In the Cross of Christ I glory..... 93
In the hour of trial, Jesus plead for me 153
It came upon the midnight clear..... 135
It singeth low in every heart..... 559

Jerusalem, my happy home..... 480
Jerusalem on high..... 490
Jerusalem, the golden..... 479
Jesus, and shall it ever be..... 102
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult..... 348
Jesus came, the heavens adoring..... 125
Jesus Christ is passing by..... 332
Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia!.. 195
Jesus, from Thy throne on high..... 530
Jesus, I my cross have taken..... 343
Jesus, in Thy dying woes..... 175
Jesus, King of glory..... 510
Jesus lives! thy terrors now..... 198
Jesus, Lord of life and glory..... 159
Jesus, Lover of my soul..... 389
Jesus, meek and gentle..... 525
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all..... 353
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me..... 402
Jesus, my strength, my hope..... 394
Jesus! Name of wondrous love..... 81
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me..... 460
Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun.... 288
Jesus, still lead on..... 408
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me..... 520
Jesus, the very thought of Thee..... 104
Jesus, these eyes have never seen..... 105
Jesus, Thou hast willed it..... 272
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts..... 246
Jesus, to Thy table led..... 251
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet..... 267
Jesus, with Thy Church abide..... 230
Joyful, joyful we adore Thee..... 550
Joy to the world! the Lord is come.... 79
Just as I am without one plea..... 337

Kingdom of light! whose morning star. 145

Lamb of God, I look to Thee. See Gentle Jesus, meek and mild..... 522
Lead kindly Light amid th' encircling gloom 388
Lead on, O King Eternal..... 292
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us..... 472
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace. 442
Let children hear the mighty deeds..... 65
Let saints on earth in concert sing.... 234
Let us with a gladsome mind..... 321
Lift up, lift up your voices now..... 193
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.... 99
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high 188
Light of light, enlighten me..... 491
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart.... 127
Light of the world, forever, ever shining 458
Light of the world, we hail Thee..... 9
Light of those whose dreary dwelling.. 286
Light's abode, celestial Salem..... 481
Lo! what a cloud of witnesses..... 219
Look from Thy sphere of endless day.... 295
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious... 200
Lord, a Saviour's love displaying..... 290
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee.... 333
Lord, as we Thy Name profess..... 241
Lord God of morning and of night.... 13
Lord, I believe Thy power I own..... 339
Lord in the morning Thou shalt hear.. 15
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day..... 171
Lord, it belongs not to my care..... 423
Lord Jesus, when we stand afar..... 174
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went.. 269
Lord of all being, thron'd afar..... 70
Lord of our life, and God of our salvation 235
Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high.... 264
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak.. 370
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne.. 334
Lord, where Thou art, our holy dead must be..... 250
Lord, while for all mankind we pray... 294
Lord, Who at Cana's wedding feast.... 256
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee 309
Love divine, all love excelling..... 455

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned..... 92
Master, no offering..... 384
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord..... 536
More love to Thee, O Christ..... 350
Must Jesus bear the Cross alone..... 340
My country, 'tis of thee..... 533
My dear Redeemer and my Lord..... 87
My faith looks up to Thee..... 440
My God! how endless is Thy love..... 315
My God, how wonderful Thou art..... 66
My God, I love Thee: not because..... 313
My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made.. 310
My God, is any hour so sweet..... 461
My God, my Father, while I stray.... 403
My Jesus, as Thou wilt..... 396

My soul, be on thy guard..... 379
My spirit on Thy care..... 438
My times are in Thy hand..... 415

Nearer, my God, to Thee..... 436
New every morning is the love..... 10
Not long on Hermon's holy height..... 364
Now God be with us, for the night is closing 31
Now I lay me down to sleep..... 527
Now thank we all our God..... 307
Now the day is over..... 20
Now the laborer's task is o'er..... 257
Now the light has gone away..... 511
Now, when the dusky shades of night.. 7

O beautiful for spacious skies..... 532
O brothers, lift your voices..... 358
O come, all ye faithful..... 130
O come and mourn with me awhile.... 169
O come, O come, Emmanuel..... 119
O day of rest and gladness..... 43
O everlasting Light..... 470
O, for a closer walk with God..... 462
O, for a heart to praise my God..... 319
O, for a thousand tongues to sing..... 106
O God, beneath Thy guiding hand..... 542
O God of Bethel, by Whose hand..... 63
O God of God! O Light of Light!.... 77
O God of Love! O King of peace..... 537
O God of mercy. God of might..... 380
O God, the Rock of Ages..... 54
O God, Thy world is sweet with prayer. 14
O happy band of pilgrims..... 355
O happy home, where Thou art loved the dearest 558
O Heavenly Jerusalem..... 506
O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord..... 213
O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen..... 427
O, how shall I receive Thee..... 162
O Jesus, crucified for man..... 172
O Jesus! I have promised..... 352
O Jesus, King most wonderful..... 83
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace..... 12
O Jesus, Thou art standing..... 324
O Jesus, we adore Thee..... 323
O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high 89
O Lamb of God, still keep me..... 90
O little town of Bethlehem..... 139
O Lord, how full of sweet content..... 422
O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea.. 546
O Lord of Hosts, Almighty King..... 541
O Love Divine, that stooped to share.. 390
O Love! O Life! our faith and sight.... 96
O Love that casts out fear..... 464
O Love that wilt not let me go..... 432
O Master, let me walk with Thee..... 367
O Mother dear Jerusalem..... 475
O One with God the Father..... 147
O Paradise, O Paradise..... 483
O perfect Love, all human thought transcending 255
O, quickly come, dread Judge of all.... 120
O sacred Head, now wounded..... 177
O Saviour, precious Saviour..... 91
O Son of Man, Thyself once crossed.... 342
O the bitter shame and sorrow..... 160
O Thou before Whose presence..... 359
O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men 100
O thou not made with hands..... 227
O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend.. 338
O Thou, to Whose all searching sight.. 459
O Thou, Who by a star didst guide.... 143
O Thou, Who thro' this holy week..... 165
O Thou, Whose bounty fills my cup.... 314
O Thou, Whose own vast temple stands. 268
O Thou, Whose perfect goodness crowns 553
O, 'twas a joyful sound to hear..... 507
O very God of very God..... 101
O, what the joy and the glory must be.. 489
O where are kings and empires now... 232
O Word of God incarnate..... 297
O worship the King, all glorious above.. 72
O Zion haste, thy mission high fulfilling. 276
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness..... 281
Oft in danger, oft in woe..... 371
On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry.... 122
On our way rejoicing as we homeward move 503
Once in royal David's city..... 513
One sole baptismal sign..... 275
One sweetly solemn thought..... 488
One there is, above all others..... 98
Onward, Christian Soldiers..... 497
Onward, Christian! though the region.. 372
Open, Lord, my inward ear..... 444
Open now thy gates of beauty..... 225
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.. 209
Our father's God to Thee. See God bless our native land..... 534
Our God, our help in ages past..... 57
Our Lord is risen from the dead..... 202

Pain and toil are over now..... 181
Part in peace! is day before us?..... 42
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin? 428
Pleasant are Thy courts above..... 224
Praise God from Whom all blessings flow 69
Praise my soul, the King of heaven.... 73
Praise, O praise our God and King.... 547
Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him. 53
Praise to God, immortal praise..... 551
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire..... 445
Purer yet and purer I would be in mind. 451

Rejoice, rejoice, believers..... 121
Rejoice ye pure in heart..... 504

The morning light is breaking 229.

Rest in the Lord, my soul..... 401
Resting from His work to-day..... 180
Ride on! ride on in majesty..... 164
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem 226
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise..... 201
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.... 443
Rock of Ages! Cleft for me..... 328
Round the Lord in glory seated..... 52

Safely through another week..... 48
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise 49
Saviour, blessed Saviour..... 498
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.... 36
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us..... 519
Saviour, source of every blessing..... 94
Saviour, teach me day by day..... 529
Saviour, Thy dying love..... 351
Saviour, when in dust to Thee..... 149
Saviour, when night involves the skies.. 17
Saviour Who Thy flock art feeding.... 236
Saviour, Who Thy life didst give..... 374
Saw you never in the twilight..... 517
Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless.... 248
Shepherd of tender youth..... 80
Shout the glad tidings, exultantly sing. 128
Silent Night, Holy Night..... 515
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise.... 308
Sing forth His high eternal Name..... 61
Sing, my soul, His wondrous love..... 318
Sing, O sing this blessed morn..... 136
Slowly by God's hand unfurled..... 38
Softly fades the twilight ray..... 26
Softly now the light of day..... 24
Soldiers of Christ, arise..... 356
Sometimes a light surprises..... 391
Songs of praise the angels sang..... 64
Spirit divine, attend our prayers..... 210
Spirit of God, descend upon my heart.. 111
Stand up, stand up for Jesus..... 357
Still, still with Thee, my God..... 469
Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh..... 6
Still will we trust though earth seems dark and dreary..... 419
Summer suns are glowing..... 322
Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear... 29
Sunset and evening star..... 261
Sweet is the work, my God, my King.. 45
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go..... 34
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.... 168
Sweetly sang the angels..... 512

Take my heart, O Father, take it..... 349
Take my life and let it be..... 341
Tarry with me, O my Saviour..... 41
Teach me, my God and King..... 344
Ten thousand times ten thousand..... 222
The angels sang in the silent night.... 514
The dawn of God's dear Sabbath..... 44
The day is gently sinking to a close.... 40
The day is past and over..... 28
The day of resurrection..... 186
The Church's one foundation..... 229
Th' eternal gates lift up their heads.... 203
The glory of the spring, how sweet.... 113
The God of Abraham, praise..... 51
The Head that once was crowned with thorns 204
The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord... 298
The Homeland! Oh, the Homeland.... 473
The King of glory standeth..... 325
The King of love, my Shepherd is..... 418
The Lord is King! Lift up thy voice.. 59
The race that long in darkness pined.. 291
The radiant morn hath passed away... 23
The roseate hues of early dawn..... 484
The sands of time are sinking..... 485
The shadows of the evening hours..... 33
The Son of God goes forth to war..... 499
The spacious firmament on high..... 55
The strife is o'er, the battle done..... 197
The sun is sinking fast..... 19
The world is very evil..... 476
Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour..... 245
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower 453
There is a fountain filled with blood... 327
There is a green hill far away..... 173
There is a land of pure delight..... 487
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old..... 110
Thine forever: God of love..... 240
This is the day of light..... 47
Thou art the way to Thee alone..... 466
Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown..... 140
Thou grace divine, encircling all..... 317
Thou gracious God Whose mercy lends.. 560
Thou hidden love of God Whose height. 454
Thou Life within my life, than self more near 449
Thou say'st, "Take up thy cross"..... 465
Thou to Whom the sick and dying..... 387
Thou Who on that wondrous journey.. 155
Thou, Whose almighty word..... 283
Through the day Thy love has spared us 37
Thro' the night of doubt and sorrow... 505
Thy way, not mine, O Lord..... 400
'Tis midnight and on Olive's brow..... 167
To Him, Who children blessed..... 237
To Thee, eternal Soul, be praise..... 223
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise.. 544
To Thee, our God, we fly..... 539

Upward where the stars are burning.... 482

Walk in the light! so shalt thou know.. 467
Was there ever kindest shepherd..... 302
Watchman, tell us of the night..... 287
We are but little children weak..... 521
We are living, we are dwelling..... 362

We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God.. 424
We give Thee but Thine own..... 270
We march, we march to victory..... 502
We may not climb the heavenly steeps. See Immortal Love forever full..... 97
We sing the praise of Him Who died... 179
We three Kings of Orient are..... 516
We would see Jesus, for the shadows lengthen 447
Weary of earth, and laden with my sin.. 154
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say..... 183
Whate'er my God ordains is right..... 431
When all Thy mercies, O my God..... 316
When, His salvation bringing..... 163
When I survey the wondrous Cross.... 170
When morning gilds the skies..... 76
When our heads are bowed with woe.. 156
When, streaming from the Eastern skies 8
When the day of toil is done..... 259
When the weary, seeking rest..... 471
When Thy soldiers take their swords... 239
When wilt Thou save the people?..... 538
Where cross the crowded ways of life... 386
While shepherds watched their flocks by night 137
While Thee I seek, protecting Power.... 416
While with ceaseless course the sun.... 554
Who are these in bright array..... 221
Who is on the Lord's side..... 360
Who is this that comes from Edom.... 86
Witness, ye men and angels; now..... 242
Work, for the night is coming..... 383
Workman of God, oh, lose not heart... 375

Ye, Christian heralds, go proclaim..... 293
Ye holy angels bright..... 50
Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim 108

Index of Latin Hymns

HYMN	No.	*TRANSLATION*	No.
Adeste, fideles	566	O come, all ye faithful	130
Alleluia, dulce carmen	568	Alleluia, song of gladness	494
Gloria in Excelsis Deo	565	Glory be to God on high	586
Jesu, dulcis Memoria	570	Jesus, the very thought of Thee	104
		O Jesus, King most wonderful	83
		Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts	246
O quanta qualia	572	O what the joy and the glory must be	489
Splendor Paternae gloriae	569	O Jesus Lord of heavenly grace	12
Te Deum laudamus	564	We praise Thee, O God	576
Veni, Creator Spiritus	571	Come, O Creator, Spirit blest	115
Veni, Veni, Emmanuel	567	O come, O come, Emmanuel	119

Alphabetical Index of Tunes

Tunes with asterisks have been named by the Editors.

ABENDS, 30, 553.
Adeste Fideles, 130, 397.
Adoro Te, 258, 353, 454.
Aldersgate, 415.
Alford, 222.
All Hallows, 506.[1]
All Saints (German), 86.
All Saints (New), 499.[1]
Allelula Perenne, 308.
Alma Lux, 503.
Almsgiving, 461, 546.
Alstone, 521.
America, 533.
America the Beautiful, 532.
Amsterdam, 443.
Ancient of days, 215.
Angel Voices, 492.
Angels of Jesus, 474.[3]
Angels' Song, 138.[1]
Angelus, 18, 560.
Antioch, 79.
Arimathea, 196.
Arlington, 316.
Armageddon, 360, 501.[2]
Audite, 57.[2]
Aurelia, 229, 392.[1]
Austrian Hymn, 228, 286.
Autumn, 399.[2]
Avison, 128.
Azmon, 268.

Battell, 89.
Battle Hymn, 536.
Batty, 168.
Bavaria (Gale), 496.[2]
Bavaria (German), 519.[2]
Beatitudo, 143, 248, 319, 462.
Beecher, 455.[1]
Belmont, 46.
Benedic Anima, 481.
Benediction, 49.
Benevento, 554.
Bentley, 391.
Bera, 329, 459.
Bethany, 436.
Bethany (English), 302.[1]
Bethel, 116.
Bethlehem, 139.[2]
Birkdale, 419.
Blessed Home, 400.[1]
Blessed Rest, 250.
Blessed Saviour, 272.
Blumenthal, 452.
Boardman, 314.
Bonar, 482.
Boylston, 273.
Brattle Street, 416.[1]
Bread of Life, 254.
Breslau, 179.
Brocklesbury, 236, 520.

Cairnbrook, 155.
Canonbury, 14, 365.
Cantate Domino, 77.
Carol, 135.
Castle Rising, 484.
Chalvey, 394, 552.
Charity, 112.
Chautauqua, 32.
Chenies, 358, 435.
Children's Praises, 523.
Christ Church, 490.
Christmas, 376.
Christian Soldiers, 497.[2]
Church, 317.
Church Triumphant, 59.
Clarion, 190.[2]
Cloisters, 235.
Coena Domini, 252.
Come Unto Me, 301.
Commonwealth, 538.
Conqueror, 362.
Consolator, 305.
Converse, 302.[2]
Cooling, 424.
Contrition, 160.
Coronae, 200.
Coronation, 84.[2]
Courage, 368.[2]
Covenant, 51.
Cowper, 327.
Creation, 55.
Crofton, 7.
Cross of Jesus, 93,[2] 124.
Crossing the Bar, 261.
Crüger, 495.[2]
Crusader, 499.[2]
Crusader's Hymn, 82.
Culford, 341.[1]
Cyprus, 374.

Dalehurst, 113.
Dalkeith, 543.
Dania, 205.
Darwall, 539.
David, 498.[1]
Day of Rest, 352.
Dedham, 101, 294.
Dennis, 410.
Deva, 512.
Diademata, 95, 356.
Diligence, 383.
Dix, 146, 306, 551.
Dolce Domum, 488.[1]
Dominus Regit Me, 418.
Dorrnance, 349.
Dort, 201.[2]
Downs, 299.
Duke Street, 202, 288, 542.
Dulce Carmen, 73, 472, 494.
Dundee, 63, 242.

Eagley, 127.
Easter Carol, 191.
Ein' Feste Burg, 434.
Elsenach, 263.
Eliacombe, 354.
Ellesdie, 343.[2]
Ellingham, 341.[2]
Elton, 468.
Elvet, 339.
Ely, 366.
Epiphany No. 1, 144.[1]
Epiphany No. 2, 188.
Eucharistic Hymn, 247.
Evan, 445.
Evening Hymn, 511.
Evening Prayer, 36.[2]
Eventide, 35.
Evermore, 240.[1]
Ewell, 495.[1]
Ewing, 479.[1]

Faben, 309.
Faith, 340,[1] 466.
Fatherland, 408.
Federal Street, 102, 342.
Felix, 447.
Ferguson, 361.
Ferrier, 529.
Fiat Lux, 282.
Flemming, 427.
*Florence, 404.
Forgiveness, 332.
Fortitude, 382.
Frankfort, 549.

Gabriel, 137.
Galilee, 348.
Gauntlett, 207.
Geneva, 412,[2] 562.
Gentle Jesus, 525.
Gerhardt, 177.[1]
Germany, 45, 386, 557.
Gilead, 58.
Glebe Field, 522,[1] 556.
Golden Sheaves, 544.
Gottschalk, 114, 420.
Gounod, 98.
Gower's Litany, 230.
Grace Church, 262.
Gratitude, 315.
Greenland, 9, 121.
Grostete, 70.[2]
Guardian, 519.[1]

Hamburg, 172.
Hanford, 274, 402.
Hanover, 108.
Harvard Hymn, 505.
Harwell, 85.
Haydn, 3.
He Leadeth Me, 409.[1]
Heathlands, 5.
Heber, 105.
Hebron, 264.
Heinlein, 152.
Henley, 244, 446.[2]
Hermas, 117, 518.

Hervey, 149.[2]
Hesperus, 88, 246.
Hinchman, 491.
Holborn Hill, 295.
Holley, 26, 370.
Hollingside, 389.[1]
Holy Cross (Stainer), 189.
Holy Cross (West), 151.
Holy Offerings, 271.
Holy Trinity, 269, 334, 423.
Homeland, 473.
Horsley, 173.[2]
Horton, 303.
Humility, 267, 409,[2] 422.
Hummel, 234.
Hursley, 29.

I love to tell the story, 320.
I need Thee every hour, 439.
In Memoriam, 253.
Innocents, 64, 103.
Intercession, 174.
Intercession (Calcott), 471.
Invitation, 400.[2]
Irby, 513.
Irene, 259.
Italian Hymn, 2, 283.

Jesus Magister Bone, 90.
Jewett, 396.
Just as I am, 338.

Keble, 27.
Kelso, 4, 216.
Kirby Bedon, 80.
Kirkdale, 37.
Kirkstall, 380.
Kocher, 325.
Kotzschmar, 38.

Laban, 379.
Lacrymae, 182, 251.
Lambeth, 333, 467.
Lambherd, 527.
Lancashire, 186, 285.
Landon, 150.
Lanesboro, 67.
Langran, 154.
Lasar, 190.[1]
Laudes Domini, 76.
Lebanon, 336.
Leighton, 486.
Light of the World, 458.
Litany No. 5, 206, 530.
Litany No. 10, 175.
London, 377.
Longwood, 326, 442.
Louvan, 70.[1]
Love Divine (Le Jeune), 455.[2]
Love Divine (Stainer), 345.
Love's Offering, 384.
Lux Benigna, 388.[1]
Lux Eoi, 109, 184.
Lux Mundi, 323.
Lyndhurst, 508.
Lyons, 72.
Lyte, 437.

Magdalena, 54.[1]
Maidstone, 224.
Maitland, 340.[2]
Manoah, 456.
Margaret, 140.
Margaret Street, 159.
Marion (New), 504.
Marlborough, 446.[1]
Marlow, 346.
Marshall, 465, 469.
Martyn, 389.[2]
Maryton, 367, 563.
Materna, 475.
Mear, 219.
Meditation, 173.[1]
Melcombe, 10.
Melita, 120, 561.
Mendebras, 44.
Mendelssohn, 131,
Mendon, 277, 369.
Merrial, 20.
Merton, 249.[1]
Miles' Lane, 84.[1]
Mirfield, 83, 233.
Miriam, 54.[2]
Missionary Chant, 293.
Missionary Hymn, 284.
Monkland, 321.
Morecambe, 100, 111, 449.
Morning Hymn, 11.
Morning Star, 144.[2]
Mornington, 47.
Moultrie, 52.
Mount Calvary, 203.
Mount Zion, 507.
Mozart, 243.
Munich, 297.

Nachtlied, 40.
Naomi, 425.
Neander, 194, 225.
Neumark, 433.
Newcastle, 448.
Newman, 388.[2]
Nicæa, 1.
Nightfall, 31.
*North Church, 375.[2]
Norwich (Old 137th), 559
Nox Praecessit, 210.
Nun Danket, 307.
Nuremberg, 373, 547.

O Quanta Qualia, 489.
Old Hundredth, 68.
Olive's Brow, 167.
Olivet, 440.
Olmutz, 378.
Oxford, 347.

Paean, 220.
Palestrina, 197.
Paradise, 483.
Park Street, 74.
Passion Chorale, 177.[2]
Patmos, 493.
Pax Dei, 450.
Pax Tecum, 428.
Peace, 398.
Pearsall, 292, 355, 476.
Penitence, 153.
Penitentia, 245.
Pentecost, 368.
Percivals, 241.
Pilgrims, 474.[1]
Pilot, 460.
Pittsfield, 201.[1]
Pleyel's Hymn, 240,[2] 421.
Princethorpe, 498[2].
Proprior Deo, 350.

Rathbun, 93.[1]
Ratisbon, 78, 136.
Redhead, 166, 180, 328.[1]
Redemption, 430.
Regent Square, 133, 266, 281, 399.[1]
Requiescat, 257.
Rest, 260.
Retreat, 417.
Rhine, 480.[2]
Rivaulx, 214, 535.
Rock of Ages, 328.[3]
Rockingham, 170, 390.
Rockingham (New), 87.
Rodigast, 431.
Rosefield, 238.
Rosmore, 142.
Rotterdam, 296.
Russian Hymn, 226,[1] 540.
Ruth, 322.
Rutherford, 485.

St. Aëlred, 405.
St. Agnes, 138,[2] 211.
St. Alban, 510.
St. Albinus, 198.
St. Alphege, 478, 506.[2]
St. Ambrose (Gauntlett), 331.
St. Ambrose (Monk), 441.
St. Anatolius No. 1, 28.[1]
St. Anatolius, No. 2, 28.[2]
St. Andrew, 237, 401.
St. Andrew of Crete, 158.
St. Anne, 57, 232.
St. Anselm, 43, 162, 477.
St. Asaph, 555.
St. Athanasius, 212.
St. Bede, 393.
St. Bees, 81, 304, 318.
St. Bernard, 313.
St. Boniface, 500.
St. Catherine, 363.
St. Cephas, 496.[1]
St. Christopher, 148.
St. Columba, 19.
St. Crispin, 337.[1]
St. Cross, 169.
St. Cuthbert, 209.
St. David, 375.[1]
St. Denys, 464.
St. Drostane, 164.
St. Edith, 324.
St. Edmund, 351.
St. Fulbert, 204.
St. Gabriel, 23.
St. Gall, 13.
St. George, 457.
St. George's, Bolton, 359.
St. George's Windsor, 221, 545.

St. Gertrude, 497.[1]
St. Godric, 275.
St. Gregory, 50.
St. Helen's, 426.
St. John, 178.
St. John's, Westminster, 249.[2]
St. Kevin, 185.
St. Leonard, 33, 92.
St. Louis, 139.[1]
St. Luke, 110.
St. Margaret, 432.
St. Marguerite, 61.
St. Martha's-on-the-Hill, 429.
St. Martin's, 65.
St. Mary Magdalene, 451.
St. Matthew, 96, 291.
St. Matthias, 34.
St. Michael, 344.
St. Oswald, 192, 372.
St. Pancras, 125.
St. Peter's, Albany, 514.
St. Peter's, Oxford, 107, 416.[2]
St. Petersburg, 8.
St. Philip, 171.
St. Polycarp, 343.[1]
St. Raphael, 71.
St. Saviour, 126.
St. Stephen, 106.
St. Sylvester, 41, 528.
St. Theodulph, 161.
St. Theresa, 501.[1]
St. Thomas, 56.
St. Veronica, 227.
St. Vincent, 25.
St. Winifred's, 75.
Sabbath, 48.
Salzburg, 187.
Samuel, 531.
Sanctuary, 134, 199, 217.
Sandringham, 255, 558.
Sarum, 218.
Savannah, 226.[2]
Sawley, 104, 165, 406.
*Schubert, 392.[2]
Schumann, 270.
Seasons, 223.
Selvin, 411.
Selwyn, 256.
Serenity, 97.
Seymour, 24.
Shepherd, 487.[1]
Sicilian Mariner's Hymn, 94.[2]
Sienna, 118, 438.
Siloam, 524.
Silver Street, 407.
Simplicity, 522.[2]
Slingsby, 312.
Solitude, 413.
Southport, 22.
Southwell, 480.[1]
Spanish Hymn, 149,[1] 239.
Spohr, 330.
Stand up, Stand up for Jesus, 357.[2]
State Street, 231.
Stella, 141.
Stephanos, 412.[1]
Stille Nacht, 515.
Stockwell, 290, 385.
Stonefield, 99.
Strength and Stay, 335.
Strattner, 181.
Stuttgard, 123, 311.
Submission, 414.
Suppliant, 387.
Swabia, 470.
Sweden, 17, 145.
Sweet Story, 526.

Tallis' Canon, 16.
Temple, 39.
Thatcher, 463.
The Hymn to Joy, 53, 550.
The President's Hymn, 548.
The Resurrection, 195.
The Wise Men, 517.
Three Kings, 516.
Tidings, 276.
Toplady, 328.[2]
Toulon, 265.
Tours, 163.
Truro, 541.
Trust, 94.[1]

University College, 371.
Urbs Beata, 479.[2]
Uxbridge, 298.

Varina, 487.[2]
Veni Creator, 208.
Veni Emmanuel No. 1, 119.[1]
Veni Emmanuel No. 2, 119.[2]
Vesper Hymn, 36.[1]
Vesperi Lux, 21.
Vigilate, 381.
Vox Angelica, 474.[2]
Vox Dilecti, 300.

Waltham (New), 193, 289.
Ward, 60, 537.
Wareham, 129, 213.
Warwick, 15.
Watchman, 287.
Watermouth, 91.
Wavertree, 453.
Webb, 279, 357.[1]
Welcome, Happy Morning, 183.
We March to Victory, 502.
Wentworth, 310.
Wesley, 280.
Westwood, 147.
Wimborne, 364.
Winchester, New, 122.
Windsor (Barnby), 6.
Windsor (Kirbye), 66.
Woodworth, 337.[2]
Woolwich, 488.[2]

Yarmouth, 278.
York, 62.
Yorkshire, 132.

Zennor, 395.
Zephyr, 12, 115.
Zion's King, 509.

Metrical Index of Tunes

Tunes with asterisks have been named by the Editors

Common Metre

Antioch, 79.
Arlington, 316.
Azmon, 268.
Beatitudo, 143, 248, 319, 462.
Belmont, 46.
Boardman, 314.
Christmas, 376.
Church, 317.
Cooling, 424.
Coronation, 84.[2]
Cowper, 327.
Dalehurst, 113.
Dedham, 101, 294.
Downs, 299.
Dundee, 63, 242.
Eagley, 127.
Elvet, 339.
Evan, 445.
Faith, 340,[1] 466.
Heber, 105.
Holy Cross (Stainer), 189.
Holy Cross (West), 151.
Holy Trinity, 269, 334, 423.
Horsley, 173.[2]
Hummel, 234.
Lambeth, 333, 467.
Lanesboro, 67.
London, 377.
Maitland, 340.[2]
Manoah, 456.
Marlow, 346.
Mear, 219.
Meditation, 173.[1]
Merton, 249.
Miles' Lane, 84.[1]
Mirfield, 83, 233.
Mount Cavalry, 203.
Naomi, 425.
*North Church, 375.[2]
Nox Praecessit, 210.
Rhine, 480.[2]
St. Agnes, 138,[2] 211.
St. Anne, 57, 232.
St. Bernard, 313.
St. David, 375.[1]
St. Fulbert, 204.
St. John's Westminster, 249.[2]
St. Marguerite, 61.
St. Martin's, 65.
St. Peter's Oxford, 107, 416.[2]
St. Saviour, 126.
St. Stephen, 106.
Sawley, 104, 165, 406.
Serenity, 97.
Shepherd, 487.[1]
Siloam, 524.
Southport, 22.
Southwell, 480.[1]
Spohr, 330.
Warwick, 15.
Windsor (Kirbye), 66.
York, 62.

Common Metre with Refrain

Children's Praises, 523.

Common Metre, Six Lines

St. Bede, 393.

Common Metre, Double

All Saints' (New), 499.[1]
America the Beautiful, 532.
Audite, 57.[2]
Angels' Song, 138.[1]
Brattle Street, 416.[1]
Carol, 135.
Castle Rising, 484.
Crusader, 499.[2]
Gabriel, 137.
Materna, 475.
Mount Zion, 507.
Norwich (Old 137th), 559.
St. Leonard, 33, 92.
St. Luke, 110.
St. Matthew, 96, 291.
Selwyn, 256.
Varina, 487.[2]
Vox Dilecti, 300.

Long Metre

Abends, 30, 553.
Alstone, 521.
Angelus, 18, 560.
Bera, 329, 459.
Breslau, 179.
Canonbury, 14, 365.
Church Triumphant, 59.
Duke Street, 202, 288, 542.
Eisenach, 263.
Ely, 366.
Federal Street, 102, 342.
Gauntlett, 207.
Germany, 45, 386, 557.
Gilead, 58.
Grace Church, 262.
Gratitude, 315.
Grostete, 70.[2]
Hamburg, 172.
Hebron, 264.
Hesperus, 88, 246.
Holborn Hill, 295.
Holley, 370.
Humility, 267, 409,[2] 422.
Hursley, 29.
Intercession, 174.
Keble, 27.
Louvan, 70.[1]
Maryton, 367, 563.
Melcombe, 10.
Mendon, 277, 369.
Missionary Chant, 293.
Morning Hymn, 11.
Mozart, 243.
Old Hundredth, 68.
Olive's Brow, 167.
Pentecost, 368.
Redemption, 430.
Rest, 260.
Retreat, 417.
Rivaulx, 214.
Rockingham, 170, 390.
Rockingham (New), 87.
St. Crispin, 337.[1]
St. Cross, 169.
St. Drostane, 164.
St. Gall, 13.
St. Vincent, 25.
Seasons, 223.
Stonefield, 99.
Sweden, 17, 145.
Tallis' Canon, 16.
Truro, 541.
Uxbridge, 298.
Veni Creator, 208.
Waltham (New), 193, 289.
Ward, 60, 537.
Wareham, 129, 213.
Warwick, 15.
Wimborne, 364.
Winchester, (New), 122.
Woodworth, 337.[2]
Zephyr, 12, 115.

Long Metre, with Refrain

Courage, 368.[2]
He Leadeth Me, 409.[1]

Long Metre, Five Lines

Park Street, 74.

Long Metre, Six Lines

Adore Te, 258, 353, 454.
Melita, 120, 561.
Rivaulx, 535.
St. Catherine, 363.
St. Matthias, 34.
St. Petersburg, 8.
Veni Emmanuel, No. 1, 119.
Veni Emmanuel, No. 2, 119.
Wavertree, 453.

Long Metre, Double

Cantate Domino, 77.
Creation, 55.

Short Metre

Aldersgate, 415.
Boylston, 273.
Dennis, 410.
Dolce Domum, 488.[1]
Ferguson, 361.
Laban, 379.
Leighton, 486.
Lyte, 437.
Marshall, 465, 469.
Mornington, 47.
Olmutz, 378.
St. Andrew, 237, 401.
St. George, 457.
St. Michael, 344.
St. Thomas, 56.
Schumann, 270.
Selvin, 411.
Sienna, 118, 438.
Silver Street, 407.
State Street, 231.
Swabia, 470.
Thatcher, 463.
Woolwich, 488.[2]

Short Metre, Double

Chalvey, 394, 552.
Diademata, 95, 356.
Lebanon, 336.

5. 5. 5. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5.

Fortitude, 382.

5. 5. 8. 8. 5. 5.

Fatherland, 408.

5. 6. 8. 5. 5. 8.

Crusaders' Hymn, 82.

6. 4. 6. 4. with Refrain.

I Need Thee Every Hour, 439.

6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Love's Offering, 384.
Proprior, Deo, 350.

6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Bethany, 436.
St. Edmund, 351.

6. 4. 6. 6.

St. Columba, 19.

6. 5. 6. 5.

Gentle Jesus, 525.
Merrial, 20.

6. 5. 6. 5. Double.

Bavaria (Gale), 496.[2]
Blessed Saviour, 272.
David, 498.[1]
Lyndhurst, 508.
Penitence, 153.
Princethorpe, 498.[2]
Ruth, 322.
St. Andrew of Crete, 158.
St. Cephas, 496.[1]
St. Mary Magdalene, 451.

6. 5. 6. 5. Double, with Refrain.

Armageddon, 360, 501.[2]
Christian Soldiers, 497.[2]
Dania, 205.
Deva, 512.
Hermas, 117, 518.
Rosmore, 142.
St. Alban, 510.
St. Boniface, 500.
St. Gertrude, 497.[1]
St. Theresa, 501.[1]

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

America, 533.
Bethel, 116.
Dort, 201.[2]
Fiat Lux, 282.
Italian Hymn, 2, 283.
Kirby Bedon, 80.
Ollvet, 440.
Pittsfield, 201.[1]
St. Ambrose (Monk), 441.

6. 6. 4. 8. 8. 4.

St. John, 178.

6. 6. 6. 6.

St. Denys, 464.

6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Laudes Domini, 76.
St. Veronica, 227.

6. 6. 6. 6. Double.

Blessed Home, 400.[1]
Invitation, 400.[2]
Jewett, 396.

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Christ Church, 490.
Darwall, 539.
St. Godric, 275.
St. Gregory, 50.
Samuel, 531.

6. 6. 8. 4. Double.

Covenant, 51.

6. 6. 8. 6. with Refrain.

Marion (New), 504.

6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Nun Danket, 307.

7. 5. 7. 5. Double with Refrain.

Intercession (Calcott), 471.

7. 6. 7. 5. Double.

Diligence, 383.

7. 6. 7. 6.

Kocher, 325.
St. Alphege, 478, 506.[2]

7. 6. 7. 6. Double.

All Hallows, 506.[1]
Amsterdam, 443.
Aurelia, 229, 392.[1]
Bentley, 391.
Chenies, 358, 435.
Come Unto Me, 301.
Crüger, 495.[2]
Day of Rest, 352.
Ellacombe, 354.
Ewell, 495.[1]
Ewing, 479.[1]
Gerhardt, 177.
Greenland, 9, 121.
Homeland, 473.
Jesus Magister Bone, 90.
Lancashire, 186, 285.
Lux Mundi, 323.
Magdalena, 54.[1]
Mendebras, 44.
Miriam, 54.[2]
Missionary Hymn, 284.
Munich, 297.
Pæan, 220.
Passion Chorale, 177.[2]
Pearsall, 292, 355, 476.
Rotterdam, 296.
St. Anselm, 43, 162, 477.
St. Edith, 324.
St. George's, Bolton, 359.
St. Kevin, 185.
St. Theodulph, 161.
*Schubert, 392.[2]
Tours, 163.
Watermouth, 91.
Webb, 279, 357.[1]
Westwood, 147.
Yarmouth, 278.

7. 6. 7. 6. Double with Refrain.

I Love to Tell the Story, 320.
Urbs Beata, 479.[2]
Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus, 357.[2]

7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 5.

Rutherford, 485.

7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8.

St. Anatolius No. 1, 28.[1]
St. Anatolius No. 2, 28.[2]

7. 6. 8. 6. Double.

Alford, 222.
Patmos, 493.

7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

St. Christopher, 148.

7. 7. 7.

Holy Cross, 151.
Lacrymæ, 182, 251.
St. Philip, 171.

7. 7. 7. 3.

Vigilate, 381.

7. 7. 7. 5.

St. Ambrose (Gauntlett), 331.
Charity, 112.
Irene, 259.
Litany No. 5, 206.
Vesperi Lux, 21.

7. 7. 7. 6.

Gower's Litany, 230.
Landon, 150.
Litany, No. 5, 530.
Litany No. 10, 175.

7. 7. 7. 7.

Clarion, 190.[2]
Cyprus, 374.
Ellingham, 341.[2]
Evening Hymn, 511.
Evermore, 240.[2]
Ferrier, 529.
Forgiveness, 332.
Glebe Field, 522,[1] 556.
Gottschalk, 114, 420.
Heinlein, 152.
Holley, 26.
Horton, 303.
Innocents, 64, 103.
Kotzschmar, 38.
Monkland, 321.
Nuremberg, 373, 547.
Percivals, 241.
Pleyel's Hymn, 240.[1] 421.
Redhead, No. 47, 156.
St. Bees, 81, 304, 318.
Seymour, 24.
Simplicity, 522.[2]
Solitude, 413.
Strattner, 181.
University College, 371.

7. 7. 7. 7. with Alleluia.

Lasar, 190.[1]
The Resurrection, 195.

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Dix, 146, 306, 551.
Heathlands, 5.
Kelso, 4.
Pilot, 460.
Ratisbon, 78, 136.
Redhead, 166, 180, 328.[1]
Rock of Ages, 328.[3]
Rosefield, 238.
Sabbath, 48.
St. Athanasius, 212.
Spanish Hymn, 239.
Toplady, 328.[2]

7. 7. 7. 7. Double.

Benevento, 554.
Blumenthal, 452.
Culford, 341.[1]
Frankfort, 549.
Hervey, 149.[2]
Hollingside, 389.[1]
Maidstone, 224.
Martyn, 389.[2]
Mendelssohn, 131.
St. George's Windsor, 221, 545.
Salzburg, 187.
Spanish Hymn, 149.[1]
Watchman, 287.

7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 7.

Arimathea, 196.

7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.

Requiescat, 257.

7. 8. 7. 8. with Alleluia.

St. Albinus, 198.

7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Hinchman, 491.
Kelso, 216.

7. 8. 7. 8. Double.

Holy Offerings, 271.

7. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Lambherd, 527.

8. 3. 3. 6.

Stella, 141.

8. 4. 7. D.

Haydn, 3.

8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 4.

Wentworth, 310.

8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4.

Temple, 39.

8. 5. 8. 3.

Geneva, 412.[2] 562.
St. Helen's, 426.
Stephanos, 412.[1]

8. 5. 8. 5.

Cairnbrook, 155.

8. 5. 8. 5. 8. 7.

Angel Voices, 492.

8. 6. 8. 4.

St. Cuthbert, 209.

8. 6. 8. 6. 4. 4. 8. 8.

Rodigast, 431.

8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Paradise, 483.

8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.

Bethlehem, 139.[2]
St. Louis, 139.[1]

8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Elton, 468.
Newcastle, 448.

8. 7. 8. 7.

Batty, 168.
Brocklesbury, 236, 520.
Cross of Jesus, 93,[2] 124.
Dominus Regit Me, 418.
Dorrnance, 349.
Evening Prayer, 36.[2]
Galilee, 348.
Love Divine (Stainer), 245.
Oxford, 347.
Rathbun, 93.[1]
St. Oswald, 192, 372.
St. Sylvester, 41, 528.
Sicilian Mariners' Hymn, 94.[2]
Slingsby, 312.
Stockwell, 290, 385.
Stuttgard, 123, 311.
Trust, 94.[1]

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Coronae, 200.
Margaret Street, 159.
Regent Square, 133, 281, 399.[1]
St. Raphael, 71.

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

All Saints (German), 86.
Gounod, 98.
Irby, 513.
Kirkdale, 37.
Neander, 194, 225.
Suppliant, 387.

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 8. 6.

Harwell, 85.

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Benedic Anima, 481.
Dulce Carmen, 73, 472, 494.
Regent Square, 266.
St. Pancras, 125.

8. 7. 8. 7. Double.

Austrian Hymn, 228, 286.
Autumn, 399.[2]
Beecher, 455.[1]
Bethany (English), 302.[1]
Conqueror, 362.
Converse, 302.[2]
Ellesdie, 343.[2]
Faben, 309.
Golden Sheaves, 544.
Harvard Hymn, 505.
The Hymn to Joy, 53, 550.
Love Divine (Le Jeune), 455.[2]
Lux Eoi, 109, 184.
Moultrie, 52.
St. Asaph, 555.
St. Polycarp, 343.[1]
Sanctuary, 134, 199, 217.
The Wise Men, 517.
Vesper Hymn, 36.

8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Contrition, 160.
St. Winifred's, 75.

8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Bonar, 482.

8. 8. 8. with Alleluia.

Palestrina, 197.

8. 8. 8. 3.

St. Ælred, 405.

8. 8. 8. 4.

Almsgiving, 461, 546.
Hanford, 274, 402.
In Memorium, 253.
St. Gabriel, 23.

8. 8. 8. 6.

Flemming, 427.
Just as I am, 338.
Kirkstall, 380.

8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

St. Margaret, 432.

9. 8. 9. 8.

Eucharistic Hymn, 247.

9. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8.

Neumark, 433.

10. 4. 10. 4.

Submission, 414.

10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

Lux Benigna, 388.[1]
Newman, 388.[2]

10. 10.

Coena Domini, 252.
Pax Tecum, 428.
St. Martha's-on-the-Hill, 429.

10. 10. 7.

Alleluia Perenne, 308.

10. 10. 10. with Alleluia.

Sarum, 218.

10. 10. 10. 6.

Blessed Rest, 250.
Peace, 398.

10. 10. 10. 10.

Battell, 89.
Benediction, 49.
Bread of Life, 254.
Dalkeith, 543.
Eventide, 35.
Henley, 244.
Langran, 154.
Longwood, 326.
Morecambe, 100, 111, 449.
O Quanta Qualia, 489.
Pax Dei, 450.
Penitentia, 245.
Russian Hymn, 226.[1]
Savannah, 226.[2]
Toulon, 265.

10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

*Florence, 404.
Nachtlied, 40.
Yorkshire, 132.

10. 10. 11. 11.

Hanover, 108.
Lyons, 72.

11. 6. 11. 6.

Light of the World, 458.

11. 8. 11. 8.

Sweet Story, 526.

11. 10. 11. 6.

Birkdale, 419.

11. 10. 11. 9.

Russian Hymn, 540.

11. 10. 11. 10.

Ancient of Days, 215.
Consolator, 305.
Crofton, 7.
Epiphany, No. 1, 144.[1]
Felix, 447.
Henley, 446.[2]
Marlborough, 446.[1]
Morningstar, 144.[2]
Sandringham, 255, 558.
Strength and Stay, 335.
Wesley, 280.
Windsor (Barnby), 6.

11. 10. 11. 10. with Refrain.

Angels of Jesus, 474.[3]
Pilgrims, 474.[1]
Tidings, 276.
Vox Angelica, 471.[2]

11. 11. 11. 5.

Cloisters, 235.
Nightfall, 31.

11. 11. 11. 11.

Adeste Fideles, 397.

11. 11. 11. 11. with Refrain.

Alma Lux, 503.
Easter Carol, 191.
The President's Hymn, 548
Welcome, Happy Morning, 183.

11. 12. 12. 10.

Nicæa, 1.

Irregular.

Adeste Fideles, 130.
Avison, 128.
Battle Hymn, 536.
Bavaria (German), 519.[2]
Chautauqua, 32.
Commonwealth, 538.
Crossing the Bar, 261.
Ein' Feste Burg, 434
Epiphany, No. 2, 188.
Guardian, 519.[1]
Margaret, 140.
St. Peter's, Albany, 514.
Stille Nacht, 515.
Three Kings, 516.
We March to Victory, 502.
Zennor, 395.
Zion's King, 509.

Index of Canticles, Chants and Responses

Venite, exultemus Domino 573
Te Deum laudamus 574
Benedicite, omnia opera Domini 575
Benedictus 576
Jubilate Deo 577
Magnificat 578
Cantate Domino 579
Bonum est confiteri 580
Nunc dimittis 581
Deus misereatur 582
Benedic, anima mea 583
Gloria in Excelsis 584
Christ our Passover 585
Gloria Patri 586
Kyrie Eleison 587
Sanctus 588
Agnus Dei 589
The Lord's Prayer 590-591
Gloria Tibi 592
Offertory chant 593
The Doxology 594
Baptismal chant 595
Vesper verse 596
Choir sentences 597
Responsive sentences 598-599
The Apostles' Creed 600
Amens 601

Musical Index of Chants

H. Aldrich, A 581
H. Aldrich, G 576
W. Allen, A 578
Anonymous, B♭ 577
Anonymous, C 580
Anonymous, E♭ 488
Anonymous, E♭ 576
J. Barnby, B♭ 574
J. Barnby, E 576
J. Barnby, E♭ 582
J. Barnby, F 574
I. Barrow, E♭ 578
T. Barrow, F 580
C. A. Barry, C 581
J. Battishill, G 583
L. van Beethoven, B♭ 574, 582
A. Bennett, F 575, 580
J. Blow, A minor 157
W. Boyce, D 573
W. Crotch, G 574
W. Crotch, B♭ 585
T. S. Dupuis, B♭ 579
T. S. Dupuis, G 577
G. J. Elvey, B♭ 575
G. J. Elvey, B♭ 577
S. Elvey, B♭ 579
W. Felton, E♭ 581
R. Goodson, C 573
J. Goss, A 579
J. Goss, E 574
J. Goss, F 583
Gregorian, E 581
W. H. Havergal, A♭ 582
W. Hayes, F 575
W. Hames, E♭ 581
E. J. Hopkins, E♭ 579
P. Humphrey, C 585
W. Jacobs, A 583
J. Jones, D 573
C. E. Kettle, C 578
R. Langdon, F 581
H. Lawes, B♭ 574
J. Medley, B♭ 583
W. H. Monk, A 576
G. T. Musgrave, D 582
J. Nares, A 580
J. Nares, E♭ 578
T. Norris, A 577
Old Church Melody, F 584
W. P. Propert, E 574
J. Robinson, E♭ 573
W. Russell, E 574, 583
W. Russell, F 579
H. Smart, G 578
J. Stainer, B♭ 581
T. Tallis, E♭ 574
A. H. D. Troyte, E♭ ..... 35,[2] 403
J. Turle, A♭ 582
J. Turle, F 580
R. Woodward, B♭ 573

Kyrie Eleison
Anonymous, E♭ 587
G. J. Elvey, A♭ 587
W. B. Gilbert, C 587
Mendelssohn, A♭ 587

Sanctus
Anonymous, E♭ 588
A. S. Cooper, D 588
W. A. C. Cruickshank, E♭ 588

Gloria Tibi
Anonymous, D 592
C. Gounod, G 592
I. Pleyel, A 592

Gloria Patri
Anonymous, G 586
H. W. Greatorix, E♭ 586

Baptismal Chant
R. Farrant, F 595
T. Tallis, F 595

Lord's Prayer
Anonymous, E♭ 590
J. Stainer, G 591

Apostles' Creed
J. Stainer, G 600

Amens
Anonymous, A♭ 601
T. Adams, G 601
Greek Liturgy, G 601
Nauman, A 601
St. Mark's, G 601
J. Stainer, A 601

Index of Subjects

Almsgiving

Holy offerings, rich and rare..... 271

Brevity of Life

Brief life is here our portion..... 478
O God, the Rock of ages..... 54
Our God, our help in ages past..... 57
The day is gently sinking to a close.. 40
The sands of time are sinking..... 485
The radiant morn hath passed away.... 23
While with ceaseless course the sun... 554

Charities

Lord, lead the way the Saviour went.. 269
Lord, speak to me..... 370
Master no offering..... 384

Childhood

By cool Siloam's shady rill..... 524
Saviour Who Thy flock..... 236
Shepherd of tender youth..... 80
To Him Who children blessed..... 237

Christ

Abiding Presence of

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide. 35

Adoration of

All hail the power of Jesus' Name.... 84
At the Name of Jesus..... 496
Christ above all glory seated..... 199
Fairest Lord Jesus..... 82
Hail Thou once despised Jesus..... 109
Hark! ten thousand harps..... 85
Jesus, Name of wondrous love..... 81
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.. 200
Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing.. 106
O Jesus, King most wonderful..... 83
Saviour, blessed Saviour..... 498
Saviour, when night involves the skies 17
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise.. 308
When morning gilds the skies..... 76
Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim 108

Comfort of

Come unto Me, ye weary..... 301
Come, ye disconsolate..... 305
I heard the voice of Jesus say..... 300

Conqueror, the

Conquering kings their titles take... 103
Rise, Glorious Conqueror, rise..... 201

Cross of

Beneath the Cross of Jesus..... 148
Fling out the banner..... 289
In the Cross of Christ I glory..... 93
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee.. 333
Must Jesus bear the Cross..... 340
Sweet the moments..... 168
O Jesus, crucified for man..... 172
O Jesus, we adore Thee..... 323
There is a green hill far away..... 173
When I survey the wondrous Cross.. 170

Example, the

Immortal Love, forever full..... 97
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.... 92
My dear Redeemer and my Lord..... 87
Thou art the way, to Thee alone.... 466
Thou sayst, "Take up thy cross".... 465

Fellowship with

O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen..... 427
O Lamb of God, still keep me..... 90

Friend, the

One there is above all others..... 98
O Thou great Friend to all the sons.. 100

Good Shepherd, the

Shepherd of tender youth..... 80
The King of love, my Shepherd is... 418
Was there ever kindest shepherd.... 302

Helper, the

I sought the Lord and afterward.... 398
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me..... 402
Jesus Saviour, pilot me..... 460
O Jesus, Thou art standing..... 324
O King of mercy, from Thy throne.. 89
The King of glory standeth..... 325

Judge, the

O quickly come dread Judge..... 120
The world is very evil..... 476

Leadership of

He leadeth me..... 409
He leads us on by paths we do not know 395
Jesus, still lead on..... 408
Lord, it belongs not to my care..... 423

Light of the World, the

Christ Whose glory fills the skies... 78
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart... 127
Light of the world, forever shining.. 458
Light of those whose dreary dwelling. 286
Walk in the light..... 467

Longing for

Come, Lord, and tarry not..... 118
O come, O come, Emmanuel..... 119
O quickly come, dread Judge..... 120
We would see Jesus..... 447

Love of

Hark! my soul! it is the Lord..... 304
How sweet the Name of Jesus..... 107
I love to tell the story..... 320
Jesus, Lover of my soul..... 389
Jesus, these eyes have never seen.... 105
Jesus, the very thought of Thee..... 104
Love divine all love excelling..... 455
More love to Thee, O Christ..... 350
O Love Divine that stooped..... 390
O Love that wilt not let me go..... 432
O Saviour, precious Saviour..... 91
Saviour, source of every blessing.... 94
Saviour, Thy dying love..... 351

Ministry of
At even ere the sun was set..... 18
Fierce raged the tempest..... 405
How beauteous were the marks divine 88
Immortal love, forever full..... 97
Jesus Christ is passing by..... 332
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old... 110

Patience of
Behold a Stranger at the door..... 329
O Jesus, Thou art standing..... 324

Sufferings of
Behold the Lamb of God..... 178
Beneath the Cross of Jesus..... 148
Go to dark Gethsemane..... 166
He is despised and rejected of men... 157
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day..... 171
O Sacred Head now wounded..... 177
O Thou Who through this Holy Week. 165
Saviour! when in dust to Thee..... 149
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow.. 167

Close of Worship

God that madest earth and heaven..... 39
Part in peace! is day before us..... 42
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name.... 49
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.... 36
Sweet Saviour, bless us as we go..... 34

Conflict

Arm these Thy soldiers..... 243
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.. 376
Fight the good fight..... 368
O brothers, lift your voices..... 358
Oft in danger, oft in woe..... 371
Onward, Christian soldiers..... 497
Soldiers of Christ, arise..... 356
Stand up, stand up for Jesus..... 357
The Son of God goes forth to war..... 499
When Thy soldiers take their swords.. 239
Who is on the Lord's side..... 360

Contentment

(See Trust)

Father I know that all my life..... 393
Father, whate'er of earthly..... 425
He leads us on..... 395
My God, I thank Thee..... 310
Whate'er my God ordains..... 431

Contrition

In the hour of trial..... 153
Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow..... 160
Saviour, when in dust to Thee..... 149
Weary of earth and laden with my sin.. 154

Daily Duties

Forth in Thy Name..... 365
Awake, my soul, and with..... 11
Master no offering..... 384
On our way rejoicing..... 503

Deliverance

Prayer for
In the hour of trial..... 153
Jesus, Lord of life and glory..... 159

End of Life

Now the laborer's task is o'er..... 257

Faith

Prayer for
Lord, I believe, Thy power I own.... 339
Thou say'st, "Take up thy cross".... 465

Fellowship

Christian
Blest be the tie that binds..... 273
From every stormy wind that blows.. 417
Let saints on earth..... 234
The Church's one foundation..... 229

Forgiveness

Father of all, Whose love..... 214
Was there ever kindest shepherd..... 302
Weary of earth and laden..... 154
Rock of Ages cleft for me..... 328
Oh, for a thousand tongues..... 106
Just as I am..... 337
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal..... 151

God

Adoration of
All people that on earth do dwell.... 68
Angel voices ever singing..... 492
Angels holy, high and lowly..... 75
Come, Thou Almighty King..... 2
O worship the King all glorious above. 72
Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven. 73
The God of Abraham, praise..... 51
Ye holy angels bright..... 50

Eternity of
O God the Rock of Ages..... 54
Our God, our help in ages..... 57

Faithfulness of
Begin, my soul, some heavenly theme.. 67
High in the Heavens, Eternal God.. 58

Fellowship with
Nearer, my God, to Thee..... 436
Oh, for a closer walk with God.... 462
Thou Life within my life..... 449

Goodness of
For the beauty of the earth..... 306
God is love; His mercy brightens.... 312
God, my King, Thy might confessing. 311
Joyful, joyful we adore Thee..... 550
My God! How endless is Thy love... 315
My God, I thank Thee..... 310
Now thank we all our God..... 307
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea.. 546
O God of Bethel..... 63
Thou Grace divine encircling all..... 317
When all Thy mercies, O my God.... 316

Longing for
As pants the wearied hart..... 450
Far from my heavenly home..... 437
O everlasting Light..... 470
Open, Lord, mine inward ear..... 444
Rise, my soul, and stretch..... 443

Love of
God is love, by Him upholden..... 71
Thee will I love, my Strength..... 453
Thou hidden love of God..... 454

Majesty of
Before Jehovah's awful Throne..... 74
God moves in a mysterious way..... 62
Lord of all being throned afar..... 70
My God, how wonderful Thou art.... 66

Mercies of
Every morning mercies new..... 4
From all that dwell below the skies. 69
Let us with a gladsome mind..... 321
New every morning in the love..... 10

Omnipotence of
The Lord is King, lift up thy voice.. 59

Our Life with
O God, Thy word is sweet with prayer 14

Providence of
Father, I know that all my life..... 393
Great God! we sing that mighty hand. 557
Guide me O Thou great Jehovah.... 399
In heavenly love abiding..... 392
Lead, kindly Light..... 388
Sometimes a light surprises..... 391
While Thee I seek, Protecting Power.. 416

Refuge, our
A mighty fortress is our God..... 434
Be still, my soul, the Lord is..... 404
Cast thy burden on the Lord..... 420
Give to the wind thy fears..... 407
God is my strong salvation..... 435
God is the refuge of His saints..... 60
If Thou but suffer God to guide..... 433

The Father Almighty
Sing forth His high eternal Name.... 61

Waiting upon
Open, Lord, my inward ear..... 444
Still, still with Thee..... 6

Guidance

Father of Love, our Guide and Friend.. 406
Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah..... 399
He leadeth me..... 409
He leads us on by paths..... 395
I do not ask, O Lord..... 414
Lead, kindly Light..... 388
Lead us, Heavenly Father..... 472
Lead us, O Father, in the paths..... 442

Heaven

Desire for
For Thee, O dear, dear Country..... 477
O Paradise, O Paradise..... 483

The Glories of
Jerusalem the golden..... 479
O Mother dear, Jerusalem..... 475
Upward, where the stars are beaming. 482

Our Home
Jerusalem, my happy home..... 480
The Homeland, Oh, the Homeland.... 473

Holy Spirit

Comforter, the
Our blest Redeemer..... 209

Desire for
Come, Gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove 262
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire. 208
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.... 211

Help of
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost..... 112

Inspiration of
Spirit Divine, attend our prayers.... 210

Joy of
Come, Holy Ghost, in love..... 116

Prayer for
Come, O Creator, Spirit blest..... 115

Teaching of
Spirit of God, descend upon my heart. 111

Kingdom of Christ

Christ for the world we sing..... 282
Hail to the Lord's Anointed..... 278
Hasten the time appointed..... 285
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun..... 288
Kingdom of Light! Whose morning star 145
Rise, crowned with light..... 226
The race that long in darkness..... 291

Litanies

Father, hear Thy children's call..... 150
God of pity and of grace..... 331
Jesus, from Thy throne on high..... 530
Jesus, Lord of life and glory..... 159
Jesus, in Thy dying woes..... 175
Jesus, with Thy Church abide..... 230
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day..... 171
Saviour, when in dust to Thee..... 149

Loyalty

Am I a soldier of the Cross..... 346
Faith of our fathers, living still..... 363
Conquering kings their titles..... 103
Holy Spirit, Lord of love..... 238
Jesus, and shall it ever be..... 102
Lord, as we Thy Name profess..... 241
O Jesus, I have promised..... 352
Shepherd of tender youth..... 80
Thine forever, God of love..... 240
Witness, ye men and angels now..... 242

Nature

Day is dying in the West..... 32
Fairest Lord Jesus..... 82
For the beauty of the earth..... 306
Joyful, joyful we adore Thee..... 550
O worship the King, all glorious above. 72
Praise, O praise our God..... 547
Summer suns are glowing..... 322
The glory of the spring, how sweet.... 113
The heavens declare Thy glory..... 298
The spacious firmament on high..... 55

Opening of Worship

Blest day of God most calm..... 46
Come, Thou Almighty King..... 2
Father, again in Jesus' Name we meet.. 326
Jesus, where'er the people meet..... 267
Light of the world, we hail Thee..... 9
Lord of all being throned afar..... 70
O Jesus Lord of heavenly grace..... 12
O worship the King all glorious above.. 72
Pleasant are Thy courts above..... 224
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven.... 73
Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore Him. 53
Safely through another week..... 48
Sweet is the work, my God..... 45
The dawn of God's dear Sabbath..... 44
This is the day of light..... 47

Pardon

Prayer for

Heal me, O my Saviour, heal..... 151
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee... 33

Peace

(The Church)

Jesus, Thou hast willed it..... 272
Lord of our life, and God of our.... 235

(National)

God of our fathers, Whose almighty hand 543
Hasten the time appointed..... 285
O God of love, O King of peace..... 537

(Personal)

Draw nigh to God..... 429
Eternal beam of light divine..... 430
Father in Thy mysterious presence... 446
How gentle God's commands..... 410
Peace, perfect peace..... 428
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name.... 49
We bless Thee for Thy peace..... 424

Prayer

Approach, my soul, the mercy seat..... 330
Christian, seek not yet repose..... 381
Come, my soul, Thy suit prepare..... 413
I love to steal awhile away..... 22
My God, is any hour so sweet..... 461
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire..... 445
Rise, my soul, and stretch..... 443

Purity

Blest are the pure in heart..... 457
O Thou, to Whose all searching sight... 459
Purer, yet and purer..... 451

Resignation

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss..... 425
My God, my Father, while I stray..... 403
My Jesus, as Thou wilt..... 396
My spirit on Thy care..... 438
My times are in Thy hands..... 415

Rest

Art thou weary, art thou languid..... 412
Rest in the Lord, my soul..... 401
When the day of toil is done..... 259
When the weary seeking rest..... 471

Reunions

(Church)

Blest be the tie that binds..... 273
Let saints on earth..... 234

(Family)

It singeth low in every heart..... 559

Social Justice

From ocean unto ocean..... 296
God of our fathers, known of old..... 535
God of our fathers, Whose almighty hand 543
God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world 377
Look from Thy sphere of endless day.. 295
Mine eyes have seen the glory..... 536
O beautiful for spacious skies..... 532
To Thee, our God, we fly..... 539
We are living, we are dwelling..... 362
When wilt Thou save the people..... 538

Social Service

Christ for the world we sing..... 282
Christian, rise, and act thy creed..... 373
Eternal Father, Thou hast said..... 277
Expectant of my Lord's command..... 366
Father, hear the prayer we offer..... 345
Go labor on, spend and be spent..... 369
God of the earnest heart..... 361
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went.... 269
Lord, speak to me that I may speak.... 370
Master, no offering..... 384
O God of mercy, God of might..... 380
O Master, let me walk with Thee..... 367
O Thou before Whose presence..... 359
O Zion, haste, thy mission high..... 276
Onward, Christian, tho' the region..... 372
Saviour, Who Thy life didst give..... 374
The Son of God goes forth to war.... 499
The world is very evil..... 476
We give Thee but Thine own..... 270

Sorrow

I do not ask, O Lord..... 414
If through unruffled seas..... 411
My God, I thank Thee Who hast made.. 310
O Thou, Whose bounty fills my cup.... 314
Still will we trust..... 419

Stewardship

A charge to keep I have..... 378
We give Thee but Thine own..... 270

Temptation

Christian! dost thou see them..... 158
Christian, seek not yet..... 381
My soul, be on thy guard..... 379

Transfiguration, The

Not long on Hermon's holy heights.... 364

Trinity (212-216)

Come Thou Almighty King..... 2
Holy Father hear our cry..... 452
Holy, holy, holy..... 1
The God of Abraham praise..... 51

Word of God, The

Father of mercies, in Thy Word..... 299
O word of God Incarnate..... 297
The heavens declare Thy glory..... 298

Processionals

Advent

Hark, the voice eternal..... 117
Jesus came, the heavens adoring.... 125
O quickly come..... 120
Light of those whose dreary dwelling. 286
Rejoice, rejoice, believers..... 121

Christmas

Angels from the realms of glory..... 133
Hark, the herald angels sing..... 131
Hark, what mean those holy voices.. 134
O come all ye faithful..... 130

New Year

At Thy feet, our God and Father.... 555
Go forward, Christian soldier..... 354

Epiphany

As with gladness men of old..... 146
Brightest and best..... 144
From the Eastern mountains..... 142
Hail to the Lord's anointed..... 278
Light of the world..... 9

Lent

Alleluia, song of gladness..... 494
All glory, laud and honor (Palm Sunday) 161
Hail, Thou once despisèd Jesus..... 109
O how shall I receive Thee (Palm Sunday) 162
O Saviour, precious Saviour..... 91
The Son of God goes forth to war.... 499
Saviour, blessed Saviour..... 498

Easter

Alleluia! Alleluia! 184
At the Lamb's high feast..... 187
Christ the Lord is risen to-day..... 190
Come ye faithful..... 185
Jesus Christ is risen to-day..... 195
The day of resurrection..... 186
Welcome, happy morning..... 183

Ascension

Christ above all glory seated..... 199
Crown Him with many crowns..... 95
Golden harps are sounding..... 518
Look, ye saints..... 200
Rise, glorious conqueror, rise 201

Whitsunday

Hear us, Thou that broodest..... 205
Creator Spirit 207
Spirit of God..... 111

Trinity Sunday

Ancient of days..... 215
Hark, the loud celestial hymn..... 216
Holy, holy, holy Lord..... 212
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God..... 1
Round the Lord in glory seated..... 52
Thou Whose Almighty Word..... 283

All Saints

For all Thy saints..... 218
Hark, hark, my soul..... 474
Hark, the sound of holy voices..... 217
I heard a sound of voices..... 493
Jerusalem the golden..... 479
Light's abode, celestial Salem..... 481
O heavenly Jerusalem 506
O mother, dear Jerusalem..... 475
O what the joy..... 489
Ten thousand times ten thousand.... 222
The Son of God goes forth to war....499
Who are these in bright array..... 224

Thanksgiving

Christ by highest heaven adored..... 549
Come, ye thankful people, come..... 545
Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee..... 550
For the beauty of the earth..... 306

Missions

Christ for the world we sing..... 282
From Greenland's icy mountains..... 284
From ocean unto ocean..... 296
Hasten the time appointed..... 285
O Zion, haste..... 276
O'er the gloomy hills..... 281
The morning light is breaking..... 279

The Church

Christ is made the sure foundation... 266
Glorious Things of thee are spoken... 228
Jesus, Thou hast willed it..... 272
Open now thy gates of beauty..... 225
O, 'twas a joyful sound to hear..... 507
Pleasant are Thy courts above..... 224
The Church's one foundation..... 229

General

(491-507)

All hail the power of Jesus' name.... 84
Ancient of days..... 215
Angels holy, high and lowly..... 75
At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay..... 5
Christ is made the sure foundation.. 266
Christ Whose glory fills the skies.... 78
Come Thou Almighty King..... 2
Crown Him with many crowns..... 95
Every morning mercies new..... 4
Fight the good fight..... 368
For thee, O dear, dear country..... 477
For the beauty of the earth..... 306
Glorious things of thee are spoken.... 228
Go forward, Christian soldiers..... 354
God is Love, by Him upholden..... 71
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.... 399
Hark, hark, my soul..... 474
Hark, the sound of holy voices..... 217
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God..... 1
How firm a foundation..... 397
In heavenly love abiding..... 392
Jerusalem the golden..... 479
Jesus, I my cross have taken..... 343
Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee..... 550
Lead us, Heavenly Father..... 472
Light's abode, celestial Salem..... 481
Light of the world, we hail thee.... 9
Light of the world, forever..... 458
Lord, with glowing heart..... 309
Love divine, all love excelling..... 455
Now when the dusky shades..... 7
O brothers, lift your voices..... 358
O day of rest and gladness..... 43
O God of God, O Light of Light..... 77
O God, the Rock of ages..... 54
O happy band of pilgrims..... 355
O Jesus, we adore Thee..... 323
O Jesus, I have promised..... 352
O Mother, dear Jerusalem..... 475
O Paradise, O Paradise..... 483
O Saviour, precious Saviour..... 91
O Thou before Whose presence..... 359
O what the joy and the glory..... 489
O Word of God Incarnate..... 297
O worship the King..... 72
Pleasant are Thy courts above..... 224
Praise my Soul the King of heaven.. 73
Praise the Lord, ye heavens..... 53
Round the Lord in glory seated..... 52
Shepherd of tender youth..... 80
Soldiers of Christ, arise..... 356
Songs of praise the angels sang..... 64
Stand up, stand up for Jesus..... 357
Still, still with Thee..... 6
Take my life and let it be..... 341
Ten thousand times ten thousand.... 222
The Church's one foundation..... 229
The God of Abraham praise..... 51
Thy way, not mine, O Lord..... 400
We are living, we are dying..... 362
When morning gilds the skies..... 76
Who is this that comes from Edom.. 86
Who is on the Lord's side..... 360

Index of Authors

TRANSLATORS AND REVISERS

ABELARD, The Rev. Peter (1079-1142), 489.
Adams, Sarah (Flower), (1805-1848), 42, 436.
Addison, Joseph (1672-1719), 55, 316.
Alford, The Very Rev. Henry (1810-1871), 155, 222, 500, 545.
Alexander, Cecil Frances Humphreys (1823-1895), 173, 181, 194, 203, 348, 484, 513, 517, 521.
Alexander, James Waddell (1804-1859), 177.
Anonymous, 2, 19, 53, 82, 119, 193, 207, 219, 250, 285, 318, 349, 398, 420, 424, 451, 506, 519, 527, 528.
Ambrose, St. of Milan (340-397), 12.
Aquinas, St. Thomas (1225(7)-1274), 245.
Auber, Harriet (1773-1862), 209.

BABCOCK, The Rev. Maltbie Davenport (1858-1901), 401.
Bacon, The Rev. Leonard (1802-1881), 542.
Baker, The Rev. Sir Henry Williams (1821-1877), 418, 537, 547.
Bakewell, The Rev. John (1721-1819), 109.
Bancroft, Charitie Lees (1841——), 325.
Barbauld, Anna Laetitia Aiken (1743-1825), 303, 551.
Baring-Gould, The Rev. Sabine (1834——), 20, 497, 505.
Barton, Bernard (1784-1849), 467.
Bates, Katherine Lee (1859——), 532.
Baxter, The Rev. Richard (1615-1691), 50, 423.
Baynes, The Rev. Robert Hall (1831-1895), 251.
Beddome, The Rev. Benjamin (1717-1795), 242.
Bell, Alfred ( ), 515.
Bernard, St. of Clairvaux (1091-1153), 83, 104, 177, 246.
Bernard, of Cluny (12th Century), 476, 477, 478, 479.
Bickersteth, The Rt. Rev. Edward Henry (1825-1906), 36, 54, 358, 428, 563.
Binney, The Rev. Thomas (1798-1874), 448.
Birks, The Rev. Thomas Rawson (1810-1883), 89.
Blackie, John Stuart (1809-1905), 75.
Blomfield, Dorothy F. (1858——), 255.
Bode, The Rev. John Ernest (1816-1874), 352.
Bonar, The Rev. Horatius (1808-1889), 118, 244, 300, 336, 369, 400, 452, 458, 464, 470, 471, 482, 552.
Borthwick, Jane (1813-1897), 396, 404, 408.
Bowring, Sir John (1792-1872), 93, 287, 312.
Brady, The Rev. Nicholas (1659-1726), 195, 507.
Bridges, The Rev. Matthew (1800-1893), 95, 178, 201.
Bright, William (1824-1901), 5.
Bromehead, Joseph (1748-1826), 480.
Brooks, The Rev. Charles Timothy (1813-1883), 534.
Brooks, The Rt. Rev. Phillips (1835-1893), 139, 191.
Brown, Phoebe Hinsdale (1783-1861), 22.
Browne, The Rev. Simon (1680-1732), 262.
Bryant, William Cullen (1794-1878), 268, 295.
Buckoll, The Rev. Henry James (1803-1871), 3.
Burleigh, William Henry (1812-1871), 419, 442.
Burns, The Rev. James Drummond (1823-1864), 469, 531, 555.
Byrom, John (1672-1763), 132.

CAMPBELL, Robert (1814-1868), 187.
Canitz, Baron Friedrich Rudolf Ludwig Freiherr von (1654-1699), 3.
Carlyle, The Rev. Joseph Dacre (1758-1804), 334.
Cary, Phoebe (1824-1871), 488.
Caswall, The Rev. Edward (1814-1878), 19, 76, 83, 104, 115, 124, 313.
Cawood, The Rev. John (1775-1852), 134.
Cennick, The Rev. John (1718-1755), 421.
Chadwick, The Rev. John White (1840-1904), 553, 559.
Chandler, The Rev. John (1806-1876), 12, 103, 122.

Chope, Richard Robert (1830——), 50.
Chorley, Henry Fothergill (1808-1872), 540.
Clarke, The Rev. James Freeman (1810-1888), 237, 335.
Clement, St. of Alexandria (c. 170-220), 80.
Clephane, Elizabeth Cecilia (1830-1868), 148.
Coghill, Anna L. Walker (1836——), 383.
Collins, The Rev. Henry (1832——), 353.
Conder, Josiah (1789-1855), 59.
Cooper, The Rev. Edward (1770-1833), 214.
Cosin, The Rt. Rev. John (1594-1672), 208.
Cotterill, The Rev. Thomas (1779-1823), 328.
Cousin, Anne Ross (Cundell), (1824-1906), 485.
Cowper, William (1731-1800), 62, 267, 304, 327, 391, 422, 462.
Cox, Frances Elizabeth (1812-1897), 198.
Coxe, The Rt. Rev. Arthur Cleveland (1818-1896), 88, 232, 362.
Crewdson, Jane Fox (1809-1863), 314.
Croly, The Rev. George (1780-1860), 111.
Cross, Ada Cambridge (1844——), 44.
Crossman, The Rev. Samuel (1624-1683), 490.
Croswell, The Rev. William (1804-1851), 269.
Cummins, John James (1795-1867), 159.

Damascus, John of (8th Century), 185, 186.
Deck, The Rev. James George (1802-1884(?), 90.
Denny, Sir Edward (1796-1889), 127.
Dexter, The Rev. Henry Martyn (1821-1890), 80.
Dickson, The Rev. David (1583-1663), 475.
Dix, William Chatterton (1837-1898), 146, 301, 544.
Doane, The Rt. Rev. George Washington (1799-1859), 27, 289, 466.
Doane, The Rt. Rev. William Croswell (1832——), 215.
Doddridge, The Rev. Philip (1702-1751), 63, 126, 376, 410, 557.
Downton, The Rev. Henry (1818-1885), 556.
Draper, The Rev. Bourne Hall (1775-1843), 293.
Duffield, The Rev. George (1818-1888), 357.
Duncan, Mary Lundie (1814-1840), 520.
Dwight, The Rev. John Sullivan (1812-1893), 534.
Dwight, Rev. Timothy (1752-1817), 231.

Eastburn, The Rev. James Wallis (1797-1819), 213.
Edmeston, James (1791-1867), 36, 472.
Ellerton, The Rev. John (1826-1893), 47, 49, 183, 257, 258, 259, 308, 540.
Elliot, Ebenezer (1781-1849), 538.
Elliott, Charlotte (1789-1871), 337, 338, 381, 402, 403, 427, 461.
Elliott, Emily Elizabeth Steele (1836-1897), 140.
Evans, Mark (see Paul Tidman).

Faber, The Rev. Frederick Williams (1814-1863), 34, 66, 169, 302, 363, 375, 474, 483.
Fawcett, The Rev. John (1740-1817), 273.
Findlater, Sarah Borthwick (1823-1886), 121, 558.
Fortunatus, Venantius Honorius Clementianus (530-c. 609), 183.
Furness, The Rev. William Henry (1802-1896), 38.

Gellert, The Rev. Christian Furchtegott (1715-1769), 198.
Gerhardt, The Rev. Paulus (1606-1676), 141, 162, 177, 407.
Gilder, Richard Watson (1844-1909), 223.
Gill, Thomas Hornblower (1819-1906), 113, 463.
Gilmore, The Rev. Joseph Henry (1834——), 409.
Gisborne, The Rev. Thomas (c. 1760?), 17.
Gladden, The Rev. Washington (1836——), 367.
Grant, Hon. Sir Robert (1785-1838), 72, 149.
Gregory, George (1754-1808), 450.
Gregory, St., The Great (c. 540-604), 7.
Grigg, The Rev. Joseph (c. 1720-1768), 102, 329.
Gurney, The Rev. John Hampden (1802-1862), 333.
Guyon, Jeanne Marie Bouvières de la Mathe (1648-1717), 422.

Hankey, Katherine (1846——), 320.
Harbaugh, The Rev. Henry (1817-1867), 549.
Hardenberg, Friedrich von (1772-1801), 189.

Harland, The Rev. Edward (1810-1890), 510.
Hastings, Thomas (1784-1872), 280, 305, 385.
Havergal, Frances Ridley (1836-1879), 91, 341, 360, 370, 426, 511, 518.
Haweis, Hugh Reginald (1838-1901), 473.
Hawkins, The Rev. Ernest (1802-1866), 290.
Hawks, Annie Sherwood (1835——), 439.
Heath, The Rev. George (1781-1822), 379.
Heber, The Rt. Rev. Reginald (1783-1826), 1, 39, 144, 247, 284, 499, 524.
Hedge, The Rev. Frederick Henry (1805-1890), 434.
Herbert, The Rev. George (1593-1632), 344.
Hodges, The Rev. George Samuel (1827-1893(?), 509.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell (1809-1894), 70, 390, 541, 560.
Hopkins, The Rev. John Henry (1820-1891), 516.
Hopper, The Rev. Edward (1818-1888), 460.
How, The Rt. Rev. William Walsham (1823-1897), 81, 147, 172, 174, 218, 270, 297, 322, 324, 539.
Howe, Julia Ward (1819-1910), 536.

Ingeman, Bernhardt Severin (1789-1862), 505.
Irons, The Rev. William Josiah (1812-1883), 406.

Jenner, Henry (1848——), 272.
Johnson, The Rev. Samuel (1822-1882), 233, 361, 372, 446.
Julian, The Rev. John (1839——), 77, 117, 512.

Keble, The Rev. John (1792-1866), 10, 29, 457.
Keene R. (?), ( ), 397.
Kelly, The Rev. Thomas (1769-1854), 37, 85, 86, 179, 192, 200, 204.
Ken, The Rt. Rev. Thomas (1637-1711), 11, 16, 69.
Kethe, The Rev. William (1510-1580), 72.
Key, Francis Scott (1779-1843), 309.
King, The Rev. John (1789-1858), 163.
Kipling, Rudyard (1865——), 535.

Larcom, Lucy (1824-1893), 14.
Lathbury, Mary Ann (1841——), 32, 254.
Leeson, Jane E. (1815-1883), 529.
Lloyd, William Freeman (1791-1853), 415.
Lockwood, Amelia De Forest (1840-1910), 374.
Longfellow, The Rev. Samuel (1819-1892), 30, 61, 377.
Lowth, The Rt. Rev. Robert (1710-1787), 450.
Luke, Jemima Thompson (1813-1906), 526.
Luther, The Rev. Martin (1483-1546), 129, 434.
Lyte, The Rev. Henry Francis (1793-1847), 35, 73, 224, 343, 437, 438.

Mackay, Margaret (1802-1887), 260.
Maclagan, The Rt. Rev. William Dalrymple (1826——), 238.
Mant, The Rt. Rev. Richard (1776-1848), 52, 311.
Marriott, The Rev. John (1780-1825), 283.
Mason, The Rev. John (——-1649), 46.
Matheson, The Rev. George (1842-1906), 432.
Matson, William Tidd (1833-1899), 366.
Maude, Mary Fowler Hooper (1819——), 240.
Miller, Emily Clark Huntington (1833——), 145.
Milman, The Very Rev. Henry Hart (1791-1868), 156, 164.
Milton, John (1608-1674), 321.
Mohr, Josef (1792-1848), 515.
Monod, The Rev. Theodore (1836——), 160.
Monsell, The Rev. John Samuel Bewley (1811-1875), 9, 71, 271, 368, 503.
Montgomery, James (1771-1854), 64, 133, 153, 166, 221, 248, 249, 264, 278, 435, 445, 486.
Moore, Thomas (1779-1852), 305.
Morris, Eliza Fanny (1821——), 331.
Morrison, The Rev. John (1749-1798), 291.
Moultrie, The Rev. Gerard (1829-1885), 502.
Mühlenberg, The Rev. William Augustus (1796-1877), 128, 236, 548.
Murray, The Rev. Francis Henry (1820-1892), 234.
Murray, The Rev. Robert (1832-1910), 296.

NEALE, The Rev. John Mason (1818-1866), 24, 28, 101, 119, 143, 158, 161, 165, 185, 186, 193, 252, 266, 355, 412, 476, 477, 478, 479, 481, 489, 494.
Nelson, Horatio, Earl (1823——), 220.
Neumark, Georg (1621-1681), 433.
Newman, The Rev. John Henry, Cardinal (1801-1890), 388.
Newton, The Rev. John (1725-1807), 48, 98, 107, 228, 330, 413, 554.
Noel, Caroline Maria (1817-1877), 496.
North, The Rev. Frank Mason (1850——), 386.

OAKLEY, The Rev. Frederick (1802-1880), 130.
Olivers, The Rev. Thomas (1725-1799), 51.
Osler, Edward (1798-1863), 53.
Owen, Frances Mary (1842-1883), 239.

PALGRAVE, Francis Turner (1814-1897), 13, 227, 465.
Palmer, The Rev. Ray (1808-1887), 105, 116, 246, 277, 440.
Parker, The Rev. Edwin Pond (1836——), 241, 384.
Parker, The Rev. Theodore (1810-1860), 100.
Pease, Rev. Theodore Claudius (1853-1893), 364.
Perronet, The Rev. Edward (1726-1792), 84.
Phelps, Rev. Sylvanus Dryden (1816-1895), 351.
Phillimore, The Rev. Greville (1821-1884), 4.
Pierpont, Folliet Sanford (1835——), 306.
Plumptre, The Very Rev. Edward Hayes (1821-1891), 110, 504.
Pollock, The Rev. Thomas Benson (1836-1896), 150, 175, 230, 530.
Pope, Alexander (1688-1744), 226.
Pott, The Rev. Francis Ker (1832——), 197, 492.
Potter, The Rev. Thomas Joseph (1827-1873), 501.
Powell, The Rev. Thomas Edward (1823-1901), 263.
Prentiss, Elizabeth Payson (1818-1878), 350.
Proctor, Adelaide Anne (1825-1864), 33, 310, 414.
Prynne, The Rev. George Rundle (1818-1903), 525.
Pusey, Philip (1799-1855), 235.

RADCLIFFE, Alida Graveraet (1835-1901), 514.
Rawson, George (1807-1889), 206, 253.
Raymond, The Rev. William Sterne (1832-1863), 182.
Reed, The Rev. Andrew (1787-1862), 114, 210.
Rinkhart, Martin (1586-1649), 307.
Rippon, The Rev. John (1751-1836), 84.
Roberts, The Rev. Daniel Crane (1841——), 543.
Robinson, George (1842——), 275.
Robinson, The Rev. Richard Hayes (1842-1892), 21.
Robinson, The Rev. Robert (1735-1790), 94.
Rodigost, The Rev. Samuel (1649-1708), 431.
Russell, The Rev. Arthur Tozer (1806-1874), 323.
Russell, Francis Albert Rollo (1849——), 373.

SCHEFFLER, Johann (1624-1677), 453.
Schlegel, Catherina Amalia Dorothea von (1697——?), 404.
Schmolck, The Rev. Benjamin (1672-1737), 225, 396, 491.
Scott, Marion Margaret (1877——), 495.
Scott, The Rev. Thomas (1705-1775), 196.
Scudder, Eliza (1821-1896), 317, 449.
Seagrave, The Rev. Robert (1693-1759(?), 443.
Sears, The Rev. Edmund Hamilton (1810-1876), 135, 138.
Shepherd, Anne Houlditch (1809-1857), 523.
Shepherd, The Rev. Thomas (1665-1739), 340.
Shirley, The Rev. Walter (1725-1786), 168.
Shrubsole, William (1759-1829), 8.
Shurtleff, The Rev. Ernest Warbutton (1862——), 292.
Simpson, The Rev. William John Sparrow (1859——), 347.
Smith, Caroline Louisa Sprague (1827——), 41.
Smith, The Rev. Joseph Denham (1816——?), 332.
Smith, The Rev. Samuel Francis (1808-1895), 26, 279, 533.
Smyttan, The Rev. George Hunt (1825-1870), 152.
Spitta, The Rev. Carl Johann Philipp (1801-1859), 558.
Stammers, Joseph (1801-1885), 382.

Steele, Anne (1716-1778), 25, 299, 425.
Stennett, The Rev. Samuel (c. 1727-1795), 92.
Stephenson, Isabella S. (1889), 562.
Sternhold and Hopkins (16th Century), 68.
Stone, The Rev. Samuel John (1839-1900), 154, 229, 359.
Stowe, Harriet Beecher (1811-1896), 6.
Stowell, The Rev. Hugh (1799-1865), 417.

TAPPAN, The Rev. William Bingham (1749-1849), 167.
Tarrant, The Rev. William George (1853——), 429.
Tate, Nahum (1652-1715), 137, 195, 507.
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809-1892), 261.
Tersteegen, Gerhardt (1697-1769), 454.
Theodulph, St., of Orleans (9th Century), 161.
Thomson, Mary Ann (1834——), 276.
Thring, The Rev. Godfrey (1823-1903), 23, 125, 142, 151, 205, 380, 387, 405, 493, 498.
Thrupp, Adelaide (19th Century), 256.
Thrupp, The Rev. Joseph Francis (1827-1867), 342.
Tidman, Paul (1836-1889, "Mark Evans," pseudonym), 508.
Toplady, The Rev. Augustus Montague (1740-1778), 328, 411.
Tuttiett, The Rev. Lawrence (1825-1854), 120.
Twells, The Rev. Henry (1823-1900), 18.

VAN DYKE, The Rev. Henry (1852——), 550.

WALKER, Anna L. See Coghill, 383.
Walworth, The Rev. Clarence Augustus (1820-1902), 216.
Ware, The Rev. Henry, Jr. (1793-1843), 188.
Waring, Anna Laetitia (1820——), 392, 393.
Warner, Anna Bartlett (1822——), 447.
Watts, The Rev. Isaac (1674-1748), 15, 45, 56, 57, 58, 60, 65, 67, 69, 74, 79, 87, 170, 211, 288, 298, 315, 346, 487.
Weissel, The Rev. George (1590-1635), 99.
Wesley, The Rev. Charles (1707-1788), 78, 106, 108, 123, 131, 190, 202, 234, 286, 319, 356, 365, 378, 389, 394, 430, 455, 456, 522.
Wesley, The Rev. John (1703-1791), 74, 407, 453, 454, 459.
Whateley, The Most Rev. Richard (1787-1863), 39.
White, Henry Kirke (1785-1806), 371.
Whiting, William (1825-1878), 561.
Whitmore, Lady Lucy Elizabeth Georgiana (1792-1840), 326.
Whiton, The Rev. James Morris (1833——), 441.
Whittier, John Greenleaf (1807-1892), 96, 97, 468.
Whytehead, The Rev. Thomas (1815-1843), 180.
Wiley, Hiram Ozias (1831-1873), 395.
Williams, Helen Maria (1762-1827), 416.
Williams, The Rev. Isaac (1802-1865), 171, 506.
Williams, The Rev. Peter (1722-1796), 399.
Williams, The Rev. William (1717-1791), 281, 399.
Willis, Love M. (1824——), 345.
Winkworth, Catherine (1829-1878), 31, 99, 141, 189, 225, 307, 431, 491.
Wolcott, The Rev. Samuel (1813-1886), 282.
Woodford, The Rt. Rev. James Russell (1820-1885), 199, 245.
Wordsworth, The Rt. Rev. Christopher (1807-1885), 40, 43, 112, 136, 184, 212, 217, 243, 274, 546.
Wortman, The Rev. Denis (1835——), 265.
Wreford, The Rev. John Reynall (1800-1881), 294, 339.

XAVIER, St. Francis (1506-1552), 313.

ZINZENDORF, Count Nicholas Ludwig von (1700-1760), 459.

Index of Composers and Sources

ABBEY, Alonzo Judson (1825-1887), 424.
Ahle, Johann Rudolph (1625-1673), 373, 547.
Allen, George Nelson (1812-1877), 340.[2]
Ambrose, R. S. (1826——?), 488.[1]
Ancient Melody, 174.
Ancient Plain Song, 119,[1] 489.
Anonymous, 45, 46, 64, 103, 130, 241, 272, 386, 397, 488,[3] 508, 557.
Arne, Thomas Augustine (1710-1778), 316.
Atkinson, Frederick C (1841-1897), 100, 111, 449.
Avison, Charles (1710-1770), 128.

BAKER, Frederick George (1842-1872), 126.
Baker, Henry (1835——), 88, 246.
Baker, The Rev. Sir Henry Williams (1821-1877), 412.[1]
Bambridge, William Samuel (1842——), 555.
Barnard, Charlotte Arlington (1830-1869), 236, 520.
Barnby, Sir Joseph (1838-1896), 6, 20, 31, 37, 43, 50, 76, 77, 110, 139,[2] 162, 218, 235, 237, 250, 255, 258, 269, 326, 334, 338, 343,[1] 353, 401, 419, 423, 442, 454, 474,[3] 477, 483, 502, 558.
Barthélémon, François Hippolyte (1741-1808), 11, 399.[2]
Battell, Robbins (1819-1895), 89.
Beethoven, Ludwig Van (1770-1827), 53, 550.
Blodgett, Benjamin Coleman (1838——), 201,[1] 392.[2]
Blow, John (1648-1708), 157.
Blumenthal, Jacob (1829——), 452.
Booth, Josiah (1852——), 538.
Bortniansky, Dmitri (1752-1828), 8, 36.[1]
Boyd, The Rev. William (1840——), 368.[1]
Bradbury, William Batchelder (1816-1868), 12, 115, 167, 260, 337,[2] 409, 519.
Bridge, John Frederick (1844——), 261.
Brown, Arthur Henry (1830——), 28.[1]
Bullinger, The Rev. Ethelbert William (1837——), 412,[2] 562.
Bunnett, Edward (1834——), 80.
Burgmüller, Friedrich (1804-1824), 480.[2]
Burnap, Uzziah Christopher, Mus. Doc. (1834——), 491.
Burney, Charles (1726-1814), 541.

CALDBECK, George T. (1852——), 428.
Calkin, Jean Baptiste (1827-1905), 183, 193, 210, 289, 388,[2] 482.
Callcott, William H. (1807-1882), 471.
Cantarium, St. Galli, 13.
Carey, Henry (1685-1743), 533.
Carr, Benjamin (1769-1831), 149,[1] 149,[2] 239.
Carr, Frank Osmond (1857——), 380.
Carter, Edmund Sardinson (1845——), 312.
Chadwick, George Whitfield (1854——), 398.
Champneys, Sir Francis Henry (1848——), 227.
Chetham, The Rev. John (1685(?)-1760), 346.
Cherubini, Maria Luigi Carlo Salvatore (1760-1842), 430.
Clauder's "Psalmodia Nova," 179.
Cobb, Gerard Francis (1838-1904), 52.
Conkey, Ithamar (1815-1867), 93.[1]
Converse, Charles Crozat (1832——), 302.[2]
Cornell, John Henry (1828-1894), 116.
Cottman, Arthur (1842-1879), 83, 113, 233.
Croft, William (1678-1727), 57,[1] 96, 108, 232, 291.
Crofton, Lord Edward Henry Churchill (1834——), 7.
Crosbie, The Rev. Howard A. (1844——), 496.[1]
Crüger, Johann (1598-1662), 470, 495.[2]
Cummings, William Hayman (1831——), 131.
Cutler, Henry Stephen (1824-1902), 499.[1]
"Darmstädter Gesangbuch," 86.
Darwall, The Rev. John (1731-1789), 539.

Deane, John H. (1824-1881), 118, 438.
Dearle, Edward (1806-1891), 245.
Dixon, William (1750-1825), 67.
Downes, Lewis Thomas (1827-1907), 413.
D'Urban, Chrétien (1788-1845), 485.
Dykes, The Rev. John Bacchus (1823-1876), 1, 21, 27, 28,[2] 41, 81, 90, 120, 134, 138,[2] 143, 158, 164, 169, 178, 192, 199, 208, 209, 211, 214, 217, 222, 248, 257, 275, 282, 300, 301, 304, 318, 319, 328,[3] 335, 339, 340,[1] 372, 388,[1] 389,[1] 393, 405, 418, 450, 451, 461, 462, 466, 474,[2] 509, 510, 522,[1] 528, 529, 535, 546, 556, 561.

EDWARDS, J. ( ), 408.
Elliott, James William (1833——), 59, 352.
Elvey, Sir George Job (1816-1893), 95, 221, 337,[1] 356, 545.
"English Air," 523.
Ewing, Lt. Col. Alexander (1830-1895), 479.[1]

FILBY, William Charles (1836——), 188, 382. (1835-1912)
Fischer, William Gustavus (1835——), 320.
Flemming, Frederick Ferdinand (1778-1813), 427.
Freeman, Andrew, Mus.Bac. (1876——), 429.
Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch, 443.
Fuller, Henry Riley (1862——), 497.[2]

GADSBY, Henry Robert (1842——), 500.
Gale, Clement Rowland (1862——), 496.[2]
Gardiner, William (1770-1853), 101, 294.
Garrett, George Mursell (1834-1897), 332.
Gauntlett, Henry John (1805-1876), 198, 204, 207, 240,[1] 331, 371, 457, 478, 506,[2] 513.
Geer, The Rev. George Jarvis (1821-1885), 465, 469.
Geibel, Adam (1855——), 357.[2]
"German," 122, 123, 168, 297, 311, 511.
"German Melody," 44, 354, 519.[2]
"Genevan Psalter," 68, 265, 344.
Giardini, Felice de (1716-1796), 2, 283.
Gilbert, Walter Bond (1829——), 224.
Gill, John ( ), 549.
Glaser, Carl Gotthilf (1784-1829), 268.
Godfrey, Rev. Nathaniel Stedman (1817-1883), 341.[2]
Goss, Sir John (1800-1880), 360, 481, 501.[2]
Gottschalk, Louis Moreau (1829-1868), 114, 420.
Gould, John Edgar (1822-1875), 329, 375,[2] 459, 460.
Gounod, Charles François (1818-1893), 98, 119.[2]
Gower, John Henry (1855——), 173,[1] 230.
Greatorex, Henry Wellington (1811-1858), 70,[2] 486.
Gruber, Franz (1787-1863), 515.

HAMILTON, Clarence Grant (1865——), 532.
Händel, George Frederick (1685-1759), 79, 376, 463.
Harding, The Rev. J. P. (1861——), 144.[2]
Harris, William Henry, Mus. Doc., Oxon (1883——), 495.[1]
Hassler, Hans Leo (1564-1612), 177.[2]
Hastings, Thomas (1784-1872), 315, 328,[2] 417.
Hately, Walter (1843——), 404.
Hatton, John (——1793), 202, 288, 542.
Havergal, Frances Ridley (1836-1879), 117, 503, 518.
Havergal, The Rev. William Henry (1793-1870), 445.
Haydn, Franz Josef (1732-1809), 3, 55, 228, 286, 510.
Haydn, Johann Michael (1737-1806), 9, 72, 73, 121, 472, 494.
Hayne, The Rev. Leighton George (1836-1883), 394, 552.
Heinlein, Paul (1626-1686), 152.
Hemy, Henri Frederick (1818-1888), 362, 363.
Hervey, The Rev. Frederick Alfred John (1846——), 149,[2] 150, 484.
Hewlett, Thomas (1845-1874), 543.
Hews, George (1806-1873), 26, 370.
Hiles, Henry (1826-1904), 17, 33, 92, 145.
Hodges, The Rev. John Sebastian Bach (1830——), 247.
Holbrook, Joseph Percy (1822-1888), 54,[2] 177,[1] 317, 343.[2]
Holden, Oliver (1765-1844), 84.[2]

Hopkins, Edward John (1818-1901), 4, 39, 49,[1] 49,[2] 71, 138,[1] 212, 216, 341,[1] 512.
Hopkins, The Rev. John Henry (1820-1891), 516.
Horsley, William (1774-1858), 173.[2]
Hoyte, William Stevenson (1844——), 159.
Hullah, John Pike (1812-1884), 391.
Husband, The Rev. Edward (1843——), 324.

Ilsley, Frank Grenville (1831-1887), 205.
Irons, Herbert Stephen (1834-1905), 19, 480.[1]

Jeffery, John Albert (1851——), 215.
Jefferys, Charles (1807-1865), 314.
Jewson, James P. ( ), 249.
Jones, Darius E. (1815-1881), 290, 385.
Jones, The Rev. William (1726-1800), 106.
Joseffi, Georg (c. 1657), 18, 560.
Jude, William H. (1851——), 348.

Kettle, Charles Edward (1833-1895), 488.[2]
Kingsley, George (1811-1884), 22, 105, 361.
Kirbye, George (16th Century), 66.
Knapp, William (1698-1768), 129, 213.
Knecht, Justin Heinrich (1752-1817), 324, 325.
Kocher, Conrad (1786-1872), 146, 306, 551.
Kotzschmar, Hermann (1829-1908), 38.

Lane, Spencer (1843-1903), 153.
Langran, James (1835-1909), 154.
Lasar, Sigismond (1822——), 190.[1] (1822 1895.)
Le Jeune, George F. (1842-1904), 455,[2] 479.[2]
Lowry, The Rev. Robert (1826-1899), 439.
Luther, The Rev. Martin (1843-1546), 434.
Lwoff, Alexis Feodorovitch von (1799-1870), 226,[1] 540.
"Lyra Davidica," 195.

Macfarren, George A. (1813-1887), 458.
Main, Hubert Platt (1839——), 527.
Maker, Frederick Charles (1844——), 148, 253, 310, 395, 400.[2]
Malan, The Rev. Henri Abraham César (1787-1864), 238.
Mann, Arthur Henry (1850——), 91.
Marsh, John Buckley (1830-1902), 514.
Marsh, Simeon Butler (1798-1875), 389.[2]
Martin, George Clement (1844——) 506.
Mason, Lowell (1792-1872), 44, 48, 60, 67, 79, 85, 87, 144,[1] 172, 201,[2] 244, 264, 268, 273, 277, 278, 280, 284, 287, 298, 299, 327, 369, 378, 379, 383, 410, 411, 425, 436, 440, 446,[2] 537.
Matthews, The Rev. Timothy Richard (1826——), 140, 358, 435.
McCartney, Robert Hyslop (1844-1905), 147.
Mehul, Etienne H. (1763-1817), 58.
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Jacob Ludwig Felix (1809-1847), 94,[1] 131, 256, 374, 447, 471, 549.
Merrick, The Rev. George Purnell (1842——), 415.
Messiter, Arthur Henry (1831-1903), 504.
Miller, Edward (1731-1807), 170, 390.
Monk, William Henry (1823-1899), 29, 34, 35, 171, 175, 176, 200, 308, 381, 441.
Morley, Henry L. (1877), 448.
Morley, Thomas (1845-1891), 498.[1]
Mornington, Garrett Wellesley, Earl of (1735-1781), 47.
Mozart, Johann C. Wolfgang Amadeus (1756-1791), 144,[1] 243, 343.[2]
Mühlenberg, The Rev. William Augustus (1796-1877), 548.

Nageli, Johann Georg (1768-1836), 410, 425.
Neander, The Rev. Joachim (c. 1650-1680), 194, 225.
Neumark, Georg (1621-1681), 433.

Oakley, Herbert Stanley (1830-1903), 30, 553.
Oliver, Henry Kemble (1800-1885), 102, 342.
Otto, Ernst Julius (1804-1877), 201.[1]
Ouseley, The Rev. Sir Frederick Arthur Gore (1825-1889), 23, 75.

PAINE, John Knowles (1839-1906), 505.
Palestrina, Giovanni Pierluigi da (c. 1524-1594), 197.
Parker, The Rev. Edwin Pond (1836——), 384.
Parker, Horatio (1863——), 141, 568,[2] 507.
Parker, James Cutler Dunn (1828——), 191.
Peace, Albert Lister (1844——), 414.
Pearsall, Robert L. de (1795-1856), 292, 355, 476.
Pitts, William (1829-1903), 498.[2]
Pleyel, Ignace Josef (1757-1831), 223, 226,[2] 240,[2] 262, 416,[1] 421.
Prout, Ebenezer (1835——), 155.

"RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER" 375.
Redhead, Richard (1820-1901), 156, 166, 180, 271, 328.[1]
Redner, Lewis Henry (1831-1908), 139.[1]
Reinagle, Alexander Robert (1799-1877), 107, 416.[2]
Richardson, John (1816-1879), 313.
Rimbault, Edward Francis (1816-1876), 190,[2] 485.
Rinkhart, Martin (1586-1649), 307.
Ritter, Peter (1760-1846), 29.
Roe, John E. (1831-1871), 525.
Roper, Charles F. (1843——), 196.
Rosenmüller, Johann (1615-1686), 187.
Rossini, Gioacchimo Antonio (1792-1868), 456.
Root, George Frederick (1820-1895), 487.[2]

"ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK," 295.
Schein, Johann Hermann (1586-1630), 263.
Schnyder, Xavier (1786-1868), 303.
Scholefield, The Rev. Clement Cottcrill (1839-1904), 259.
Schubert, Franz Peter (1797-1828), 392.[2]
Schulthes, Wilhelm August Ferdinand (1816-1879), 333, 467.
Schumann, Robert (1810-1856), 14, 270, 365.
"Scotch Psalter," 62, 63, 242, 377.
Sherwin, William Fisk (1826-1888), 32, 254.
Shore, William (1791-1877), 453.
Shrubsole, William (1760-1806), 84.[1]
"Sicilian Melody," 94.[2]
Smart, Henry (1813-1879), 5, 40, 125, 133, 186, 266, 281, 285, 302,[1] 399,[1] 474.[1]
Smith, Henry Percy (1825-1898), 367, 563.
Smith, Isaac (c. 1735-1800), 407.
Smith, Samuel (1804-1873), 322.
"Spanish Melody," 149.[1]
Spinney, Frank (1850-1888), 464.
Spohr, Louis (1784-1859), 330.
Stainer, Sir John (1840-1901), 51, 54,[1] 93,[2] 112, 124, 160, 189, 345, 347, 387, 400,[1] 522.[2]
Stanley, Samuel (1767-1822), 15, 99.
Sternhold and Hopkins (16th Century), 68.
Stebbins, George Coles (1846——), 36.[2]
Steffe, John William ( ), 536.
Steggall, Charles (1826-1905), 490.
Stewart, Sir Robert Prescott (1825-1894), 203, 426.
Storer, H. J. (1858——), 493.
Strattner, Georg Christoph (1650-1705), 181.
Sullivan, Sir Arthur Seymour (1842-1900), 57,[2] 109, 137, 182, 184, 185, 206, 251, 252, 274, 323, 350, 351, 402, 446,[1] 487,[1] 492, 497,[1] 530, 531, 544, 559.

TALLIS, Thomas (c. 1520-1585), 16.
Tansur, William (1700-1783), 65.
Taylor, Virgil Corydon (1817-1884), 70.[1]
Teschner, Melchior (17th Century), 161.
Tours, Berthold (1838-1897), 163, 296, 517.
"Traditional," 526.
Trembath, Henry Gough (1845——), 142.
Troyte, Arthur Henry Dyke (1811-1857), 35,[2] 403.
Tuckerman, Samuel Parkman (1819-1891), 267, 409,[2] 422.
Turle, James (1802-1882), 249.[2]
Turton, The Rt. Rev. Thomas (1780-1864), 366.

UGLOW, James (1814-1894), 25.

VENUA, Frederick Marc Antoine (1788-1872), 74.

WAINWRIGHT, John (1723-1768), 132.
Walch, James (1837-1901), 104, 127, 165, 276, 359, 406.
Walker, The Rev. Edward C. (1876), 61.
Wallace, William Vincent (1814-1865), 97.
Walton, J. G. (1821——), 363.
Ward, Samuel Augustus (1847-1903), 475.
Webb, George James (1803-1887), 279, 357.[1]
Webbe, Samuel (1740-1816), 10, 305, 554.
Weber, Franz Anton von (1734-1812), 220.
Weber, Carl Maria Frederich Ernst von (1726-1826), 24, 396.
"Werner's Choralbuch," 78, 136.
Wesley, Samuel Sebastian (1810-1876), 229, 392.[1]
West, John Ebenezer (1863——), 151.
Whitney, Samuel Brenton (1842——), 499.[2]
Wilkes, John B. (1840——), 321, 437.
Willcox, John Henry (1827-1875), 309.
Williams, Aaron (1731-1776), 56, 219.
Willing, Christopher Edwin (1830-1904), 521.
Willis, Richard Storrs (1819-1900), 82, 135.
Whitaker, John (1776-1847), 364.
Woodbury, Isaac Baker (1819-1858), 349, 524.
Woodman, Jonathan Call (1813-1894), 231.

ZEUNER, Heinrich Charles (1795-1857), 234, 293.
Zundel, John (1815-1882), 336, 455.

Hymns of the Church

Morning

1 NICÆA 11.12.12.10. JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=84) Ho - ly, Ho- ly, Ho - ly ! Lord God Al-might - y ! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! mer-ci-ful and might-y! God in Three Persons, Blessed Trin-i - ty ! A-men.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity! Amen.

REGINALD HEBER

Morning

2 ITALIAN HYMN 6.6.4.6.6.4 FELICE DE GIARDINI

(♩=92) Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,

Help us to praise: Fa-ther all-glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous,

Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days! A - men.

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless;
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou, Who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. Amen.

Anonymous

Morning

3 HAYDN 8.4.7. D. Arr. fr. FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

(♩=100) Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing, Now is break-ing O'er the

earth an - oth - er day: Come to Him who made this splen-dor,

See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay. A - men.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning:
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers;
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sad-[ness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

6 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day. Amen.

FRIEDRICH R. L. VON CANITZ. Tr. HENRY J. BUCKOLL, arr.

Morning

4 KELSO 7s. 6l. EDWARD J. HOPKINS

(♩=96) Ev - 'ry morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew;

Ev - 'ry morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day;

For Thy mer-cies, Lord, are sure, Thy com-pas-sion doth en - dure. A - men.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought, to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life,
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise. Amen.

GREVILLE PHILLIMORE

Morning

5 HEATHLANDS 7s. 6l. HENRY SMART

(♩=76) At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay Thine own gift of this new day;

Doubt of what it holds in store Makes us crave Thine aid the more;

Lest it prove a time of loss, Mark it, Sav-iour, with Thy Cross. A-men.

2 If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
All is good that Thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

3 We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

4 Fain would we Thy word embrace,
Live each moment on Thy grace,
All our selves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be,
Simply that which pleases Thee. Amen.

WILLIAM BRIGHT

Morning

6 WINDSOR 11s & 10s. JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=112) Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird wak - eth, and the shadows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing, love-lier than the day - light, Dawns the sweet con-sciousness, I am with Thee. A-men

(May be sung to "Felix," No. 447)

2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3 Still, still with Thee, as to each newborn morning,
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So does this blessed consciousness awaking,
Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and heaven.

4 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eyes look up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

5 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with Thee. Amen.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Morning

7 CROFTON 11s & 10s.

LORD CROFTON

(♩=112) Now, when the dusk - y shades of night, re- treat - ing Be - fore the sun's red banner, swift-ly flee; Now, when the ter - rors of the dark are fleet - ing, O Lord, we lift our thank- ful hearts to Thee. Amen.

2 To Thee, Whose word, the fount of life unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

3 Look from the height of heaven and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.

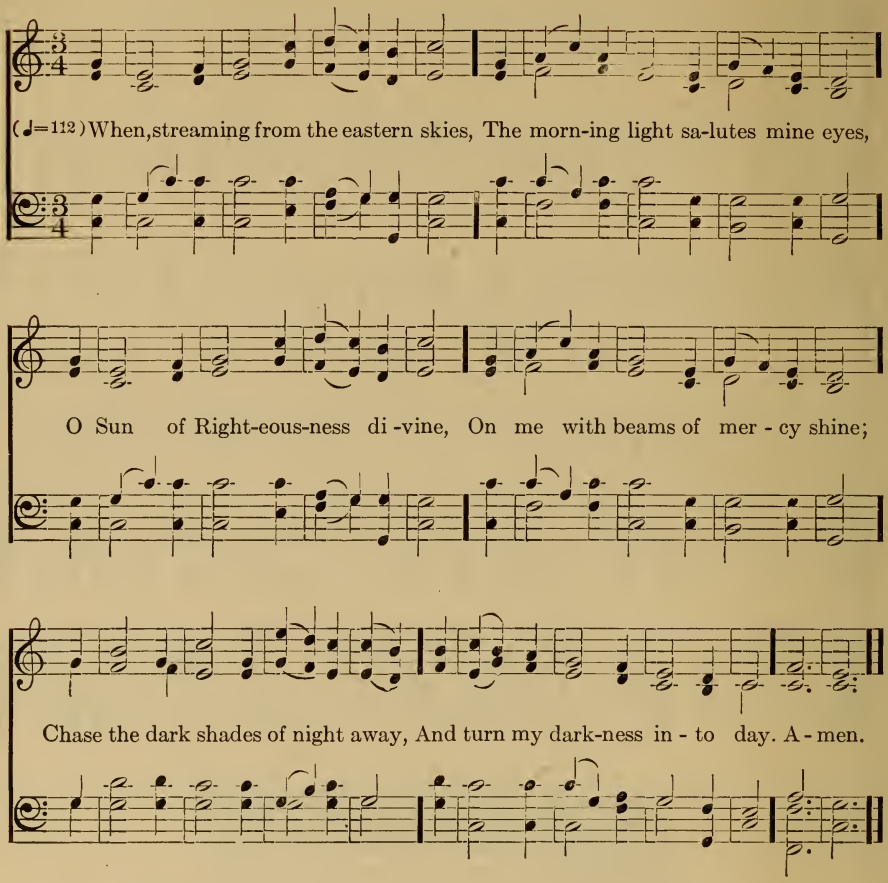
4 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

5 Be this by Thee, O God thrice holy, granted,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest;
Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted,
Whose name by men and angels is confessed. Amen.

ST. GREGORY THE GREAT. Tr. Anon.

Morning

8 ST. PETERSBURG L. M. 61. DIMITRI S. BORTNIANSKY



2 As every day, Thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my Counselor and Friend;
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning's sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies.

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise. Amen.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE

Morning

9 GREENLAND 7s & 6s. D.

Arr. fr. J. Michael Haydn

(♩=108) Light of the world, we hail Thee Flush-ing the east-ern skies;

Nev-er shall darkness veil Thee A-gain from hu-man eyes;

Too long, a-las, with-hold-en, Now spread from shore to shore,

Thy light, so glad and gold-en, Shall set on earth no more. A-men.

2 Light of the world, Thy beauty
Steals into every heart,
And glorifies with duty
Life's poorest, humblest part;
Thou robest in Thy splendor
The simple ways of men,
And helpest them to render
Light back to Thee again.

3 Light of the world, before Thee
Our spirits prostrate fall;
We worship, we adore Thee,
Thou Light, the Life of all;
With Thee is no forgetting
Of all Thine hand hath made;
Thy rising hath no setting,
Thy sunshine hath no shade.

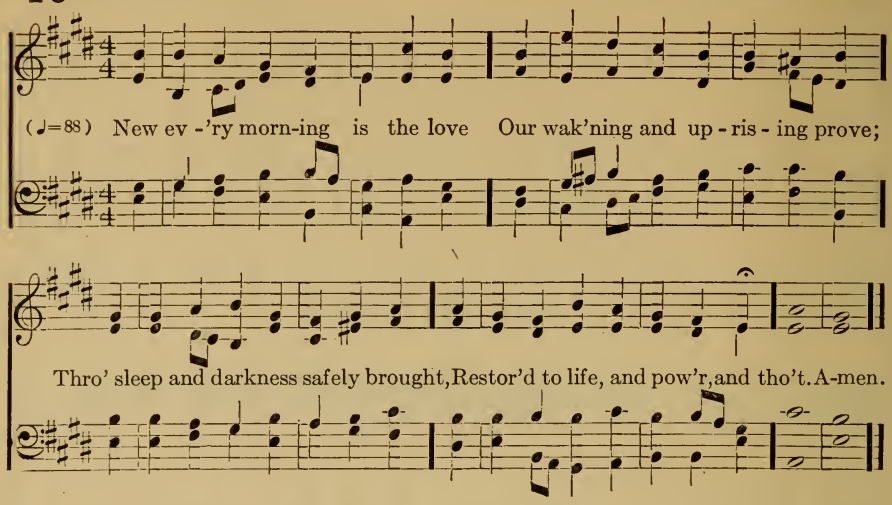
4 Light of the world, illumine
This darkened land of Thine,
Till everything that's human
Be filled with what's divine;
Till every tongue and nation,
From sin's dominion free,
Rise in the new creation [Amen.
Which springs from Love and Thee.

John S. B. Monsell

Morning

10 MELCOMBE L. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE



2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heav'n.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

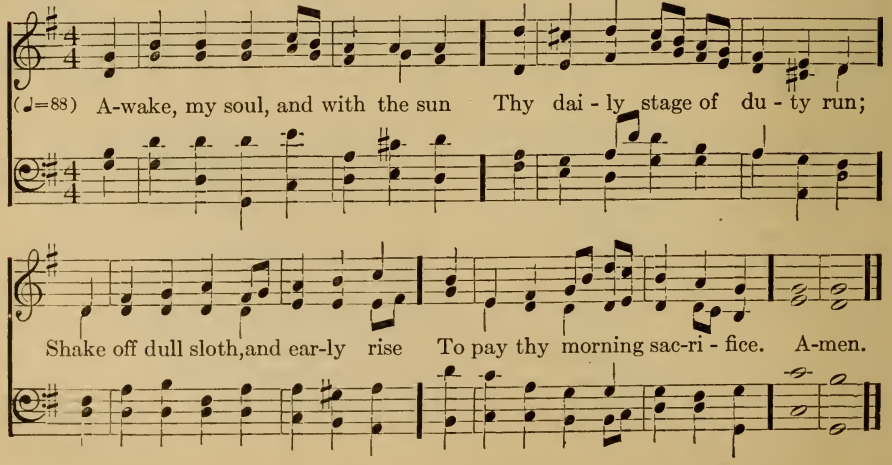
5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

JOHN KEBLE

11 MORNING HYMN L. M.

FRANÇOIS H. BARTHELEMON



2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great Day thyself prepare.

3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the eternal King.

4 All praise to Thee, Who safe has kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

5 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

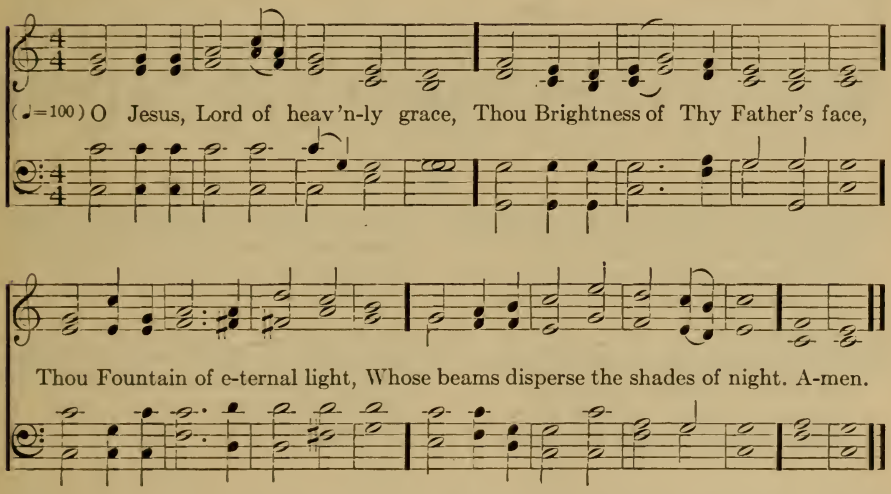
6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow.
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host: Amen.
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEN

12 ZEPHYR L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious name;
His powerful succor we implore,
That we may stand to fall no more.

4 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
The flesh subdue, the mind control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

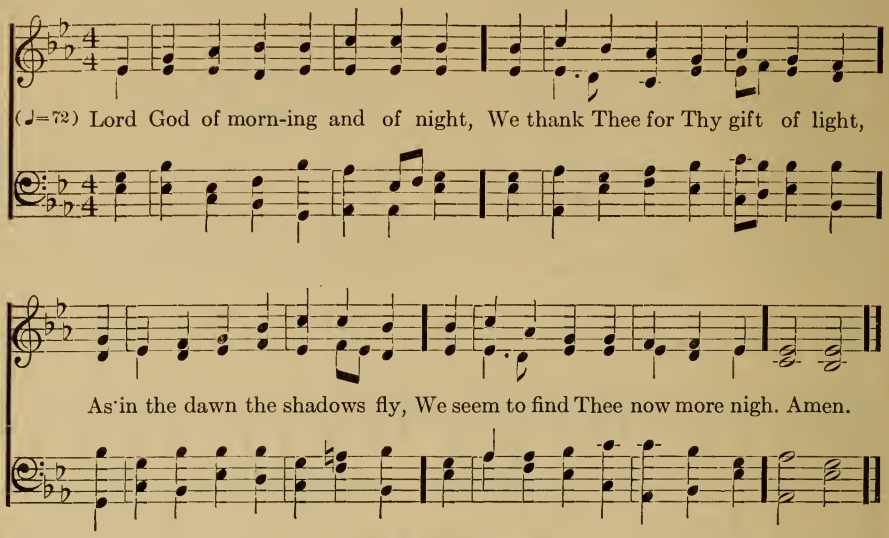
5 O hallowed be the approaching day;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

6 O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee. Amen.

ST. AMBROSE OF MILAN. Tr. JOHN CHANDLER

13 ST. GALL L. M.

CANTARIUM St. GALLI



2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore
A thousand-fold to serve Thee more.

3 Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

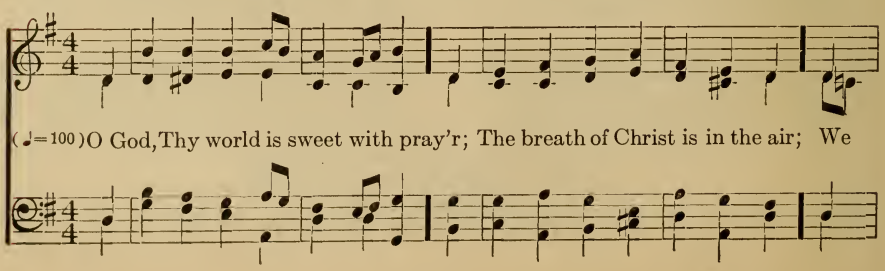
4 O Lord of lights, 'tis Thou alone [own;
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great Dawn of God, we cry for Thee!

5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend,
Praise Him thro' time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through heaven's great day of evermore.
Amen.

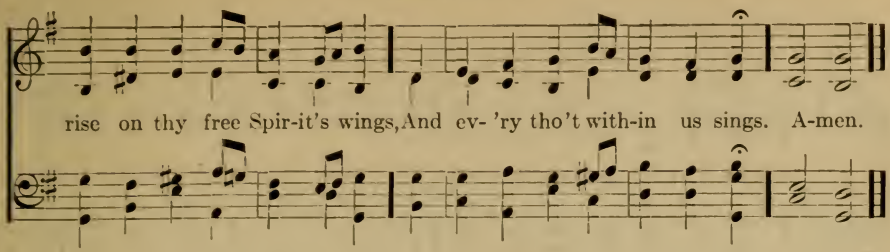
FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE

14 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. fr. ROBERT SCHUMANN



Morning



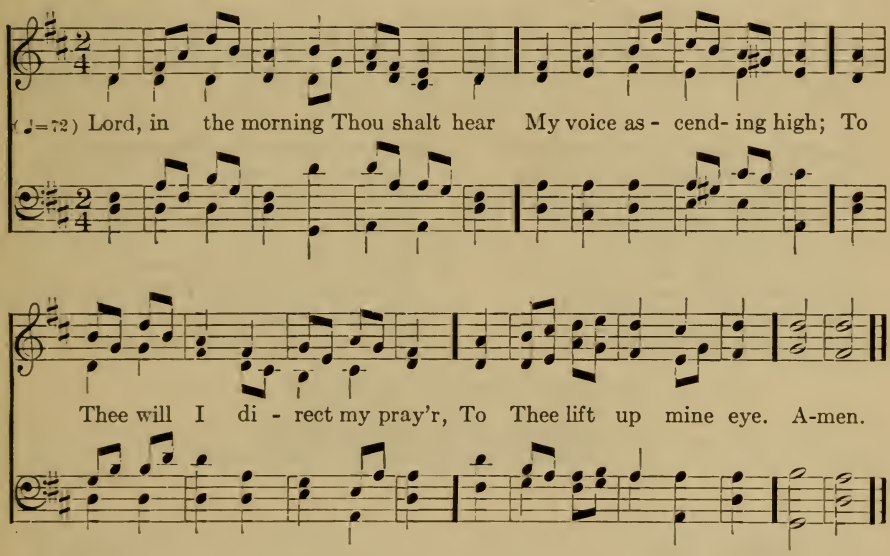
2 Thou art our Morning and our Sun,
Our work is glad, in Thee begun,
Our footworn path is fresh with dew,
For Thou createst all things new.

3 O God, within us and above,
Close to us in the Christ we love,
Through Him, our only Guide and Way,
May heavenly life be ours to-day! Amen.

LUCY LARCOM

15 WARWICK C. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY



2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before Whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

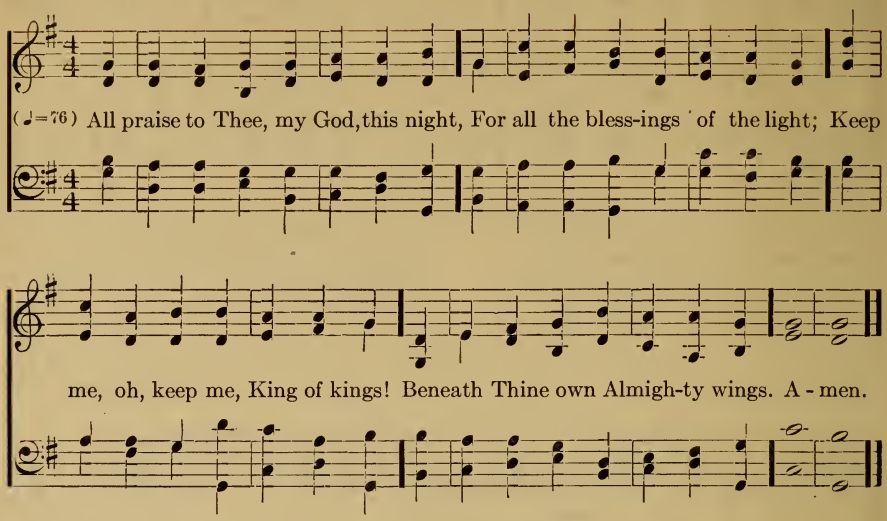
4 But to Thy house will I resort
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

5 Oh, may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS

16 TALLIS' CANON L. M.

THOMAS TALLIS



2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

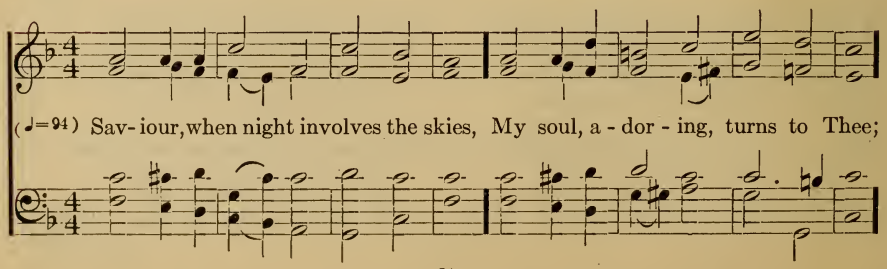
5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

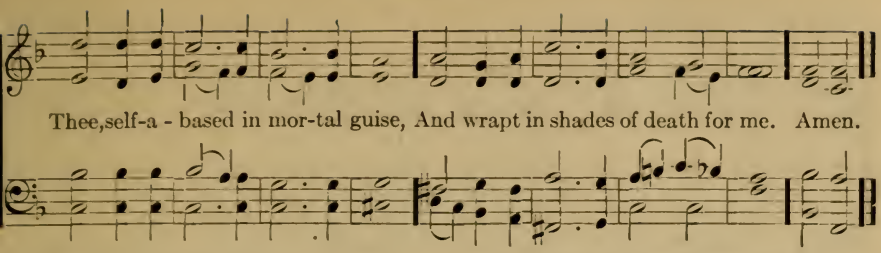
6 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
All praise to Thee, eternal King? Amen.

THOMAS KEN

17 SWEDEN L. M.

HENRY HILES





2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.

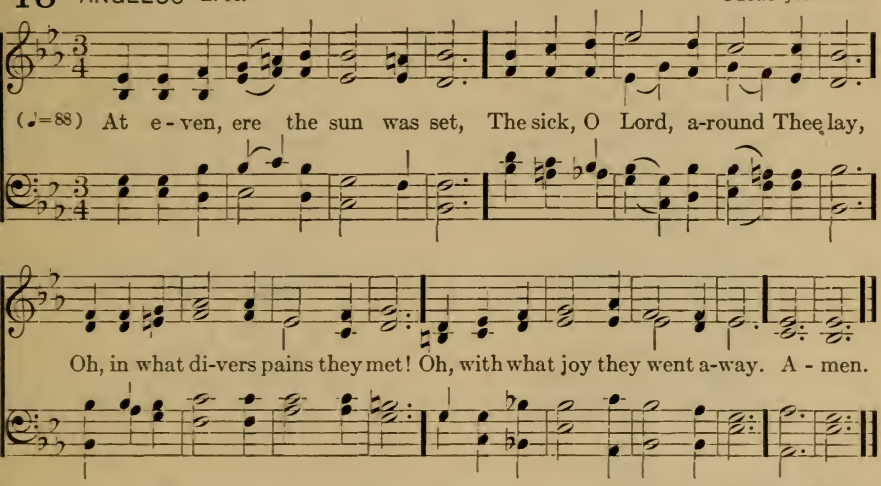
3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To Thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and Thee my tho'ts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To Thee, with Whom I trust to live.
Amen.

THOMAS GISBORNE

18 ANGELUS L. M.

GEORG JOSEFFI



2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppress'd with various ills draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would love Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried,
Thy kind, but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

HENRY TWELLS

19 ST. COLUMBA 6.4.6.6.

HERBERT S. IRONS

(♩=100) The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies;

Let love a - wake, and pay Her eve -ning sac - ri - fice. A-men.

2 As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide,
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine. Amen.

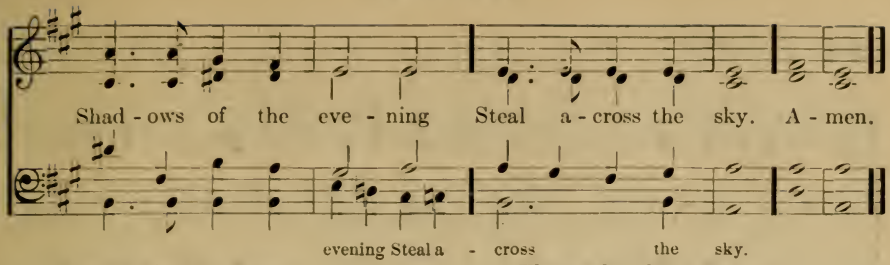
Anonymous. Tr. EDWARD CASWALL

20 MERRIAL 6s & 5s.

JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=88) Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;

Evening



2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

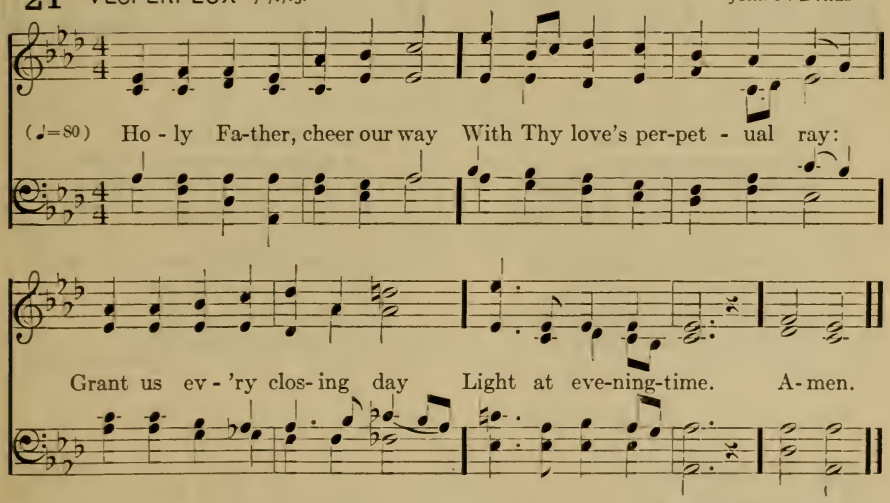
5 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes. Amen.

SABINE BARING-GOULD

21 VESPERI LUX 7·7·7·5.

JOHN B. DYKES



2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening-time.

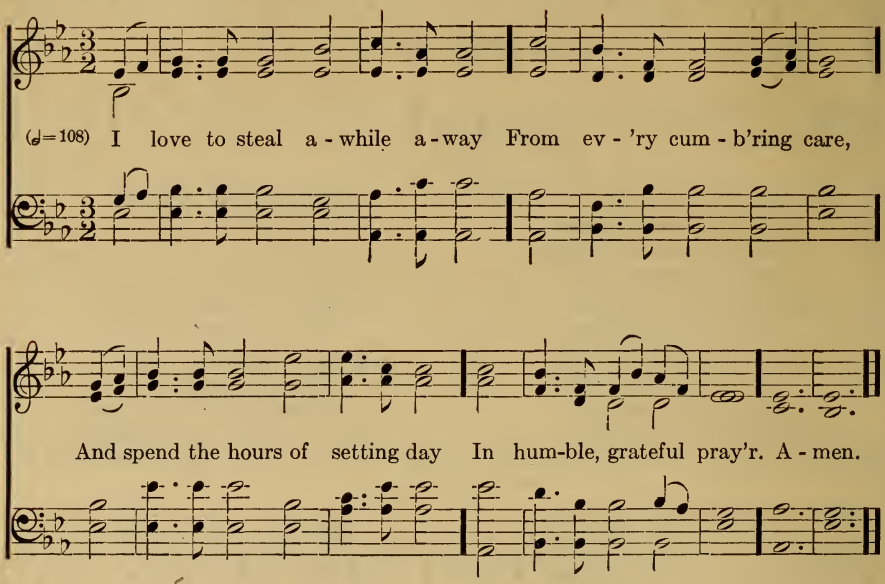
3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity!
Darkness is not dark to Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time. Amen.

RICHARD H. ROBINSON

22 SOUTHPORT C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY



2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

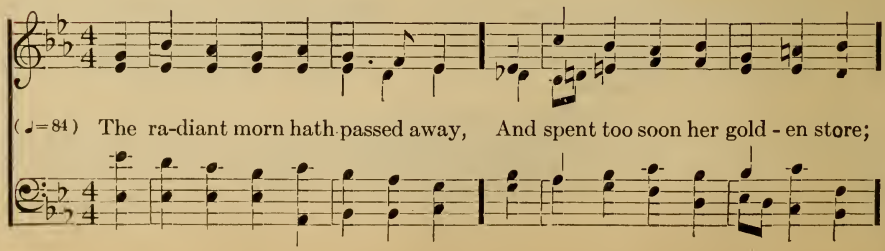
4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brightest scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

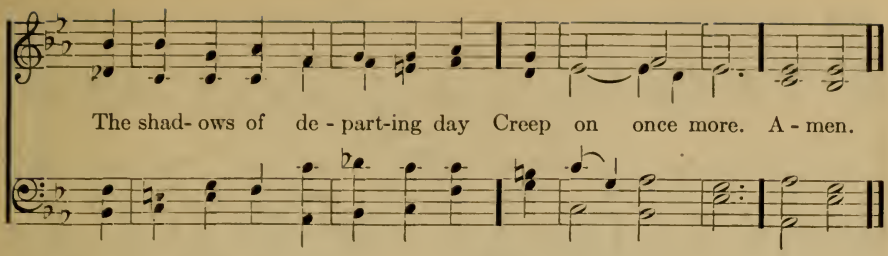
PHŒBE H. BROWN

23 ST. GABRIEL 8.8.8.4.

FREDERICK A. G. OUSELEY



Evening



2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon, how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

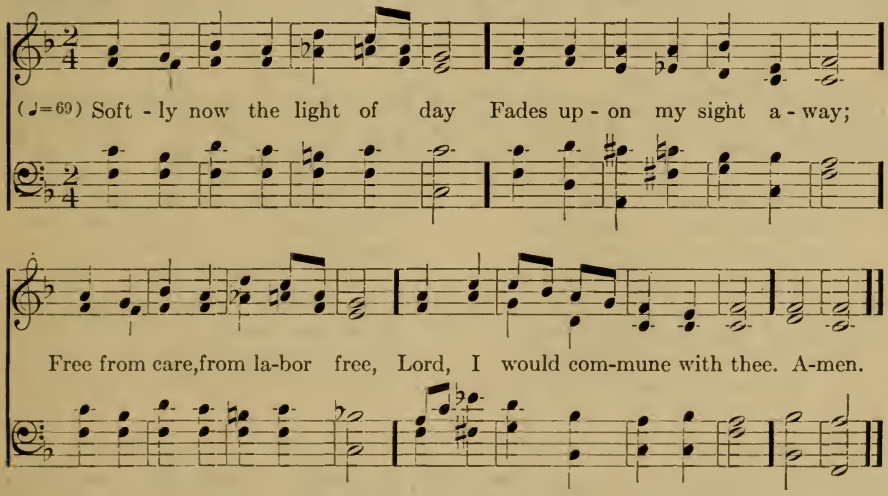
4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all. Amen.

GODFREY THRING

24 SEYMOUR 7s.

Arr. fr. CARL M. VON WEBER



2 Thou, Whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou, Who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye. Amen.

GEORGE W. DOANE

25 ST. VINCENT L. M.

Arr. fr. SIGISMUND NEUKOMM by JAMES UGLOW

(♩=90) Great God, to Thee my eve - ning song With hum - ble grat - i - tude..... I raise: Oh, let Thy mer - cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live - ly praise. A - men.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ my Lord; His Name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

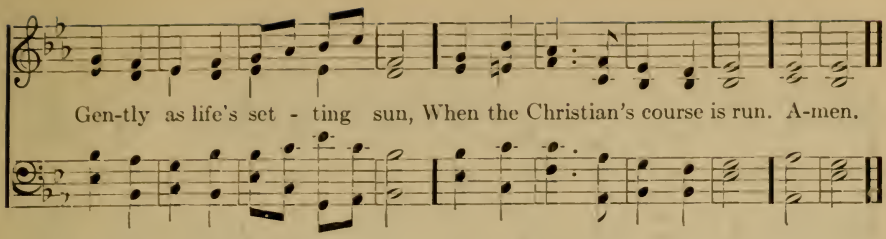
5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose, [Amen.
And wake with praises to Thy Name.

ANNE STEELE

26 HOLLEY 7s.

GEORGE HEWS

(♩=92) Soft-ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day;



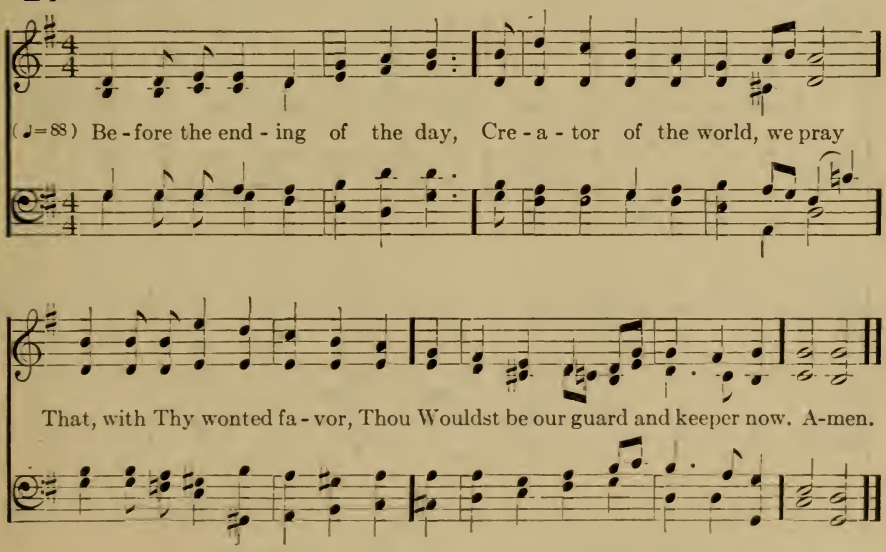
2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God;
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in Thee!
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close. Amen.

SAMUEL F. SMITH

27 KEBLE L. M. JOHN B. DYKES



2 From all ill dreams defend our sight,
From fears and terrors of the night;
Withhold from us our ghostly foe,
That spot of sin we may not know.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen

Old Latin Hymn.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE

28 ST. ANATOLIUS, No. I. 7.6.7.6.8.8

ARTHUR H. BROWN

(♩=88) The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee! I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be: O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me through the com - ing night. A - men.

2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee;
And call on Thee, that sinless
The hours of night may be:
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

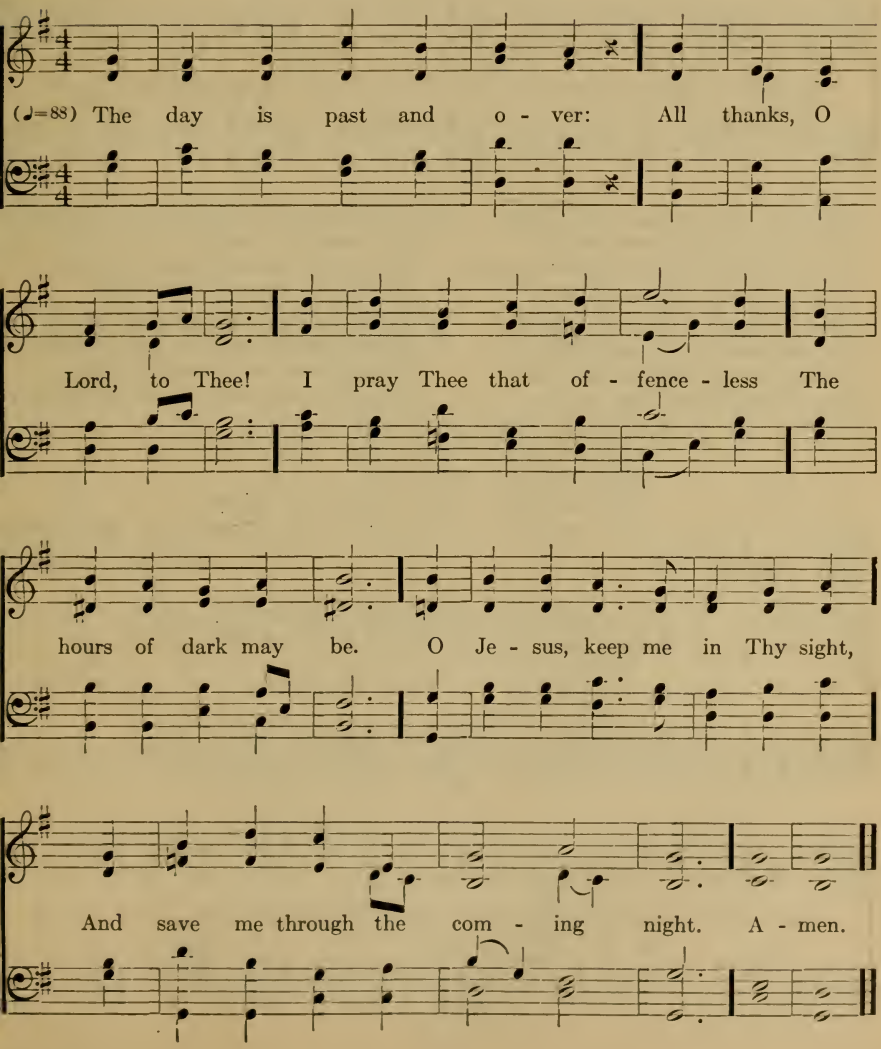
3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be:
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
O loving Jesus, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all. Amen.

Old Greek Hymn. Tr. JOHN M. NEALE

(*Second Tune*)

ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 2. 7.6.7.6.8.8 JOHN B. DYKES



29 HURSLEY L. M.

Arr. fr. PETER RITTER by WILLIAM H. MONK

(♩=100) Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. A-men.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take.
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

JOHN KEBLE

30 ABENDS L. M.

HERBERT S. OAKELEY

(♩=86) A-gain, as evening's shad- ow falls, We gath-er in these hallowed walls;

And vesper hymn and vesper pray'r Rise mingling on the ho-ly air. A - men.

2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

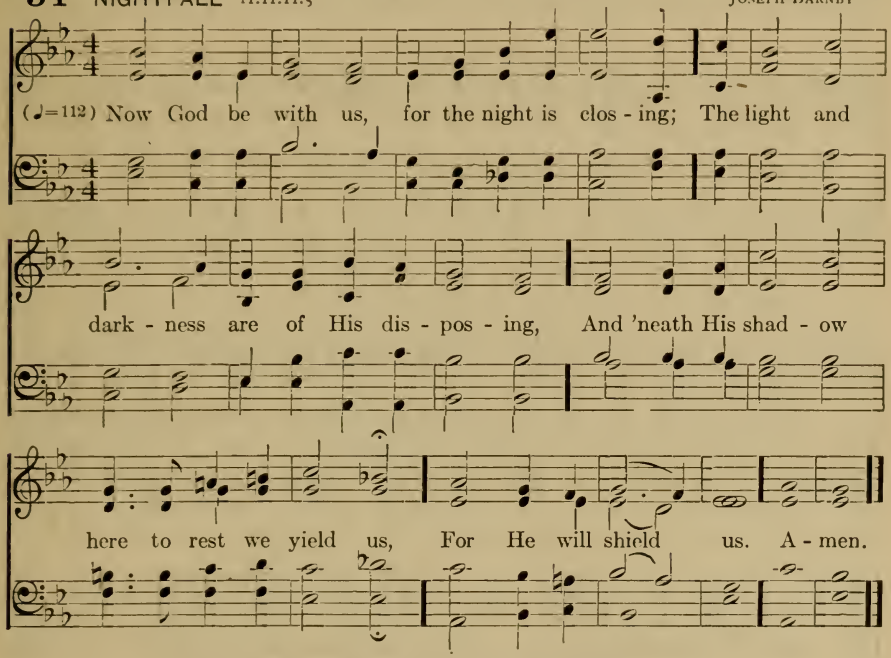
3 O God, our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell [Amen.
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

31 NIGHTFALL 11.11.11.5

JOSEPH BARNBY



2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us.
All sick and mourners we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us
But Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us.
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.

5 Praise be to Thee through Jesus our salvation,
God, Three in One, the Ruler of creation,
High throned, o'er all Thine eye of mercy casting,
Lord everlasting. Amen.

BOHEMIAN BRETHREN. Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH

32 CHAUTAUQUA Irregular

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

(♩=112) Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest;

Wait and worship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro'all the sky.

REFRAIN.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee,

Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord most high... A - men.

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.
Holy, holy, holy, etc.

3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face
Our hearts ascend.
Holy, holy, holy, etc.

4 When, for ever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end.
Holy, holy, holy, etc. Amen.

MARY A. LATHBURY

33 ST. LEONARD C. M. D.

HENRY HILES

(♩=82) The shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky;

Up - on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve-ning lie.

Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;

Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A-men.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose. Amen.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

34 ST. MATTHIAS L. M. 61.

WILLIAM H. MONK

(♩=88) Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - still;

And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low-ly love and fer - vent will;

Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen-tle Je - sus, be our light. A-men.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release,
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

5 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Thro' night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light. Amen.

FREDERICK W. FABER

35 EVENTIDE 10s.

WILLIAM H. MONK

(♩=96) A - bide with me: fast *falls* the | e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens; *Lord*, with | me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers *fail*, and | comforts flee, Help of the helpless, *oh*, a- | bide with me. A - men.

2 Swift to its close ebbs *out* life's | little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its *glories* | pass away,
Change and decay in *all* a- | round I see;
O Thou who changest *not*, a- | bide with me.

3 I need Thy presence *every* | passing hour;
What but Thy grace can *foil* the | tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my *guide* and | stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, *Lord*, a- | bide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with *Thee* at | hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and *tears* no | bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, *grave*, thy | victory?
I triumph still, if *Thou* a- | bide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy Cross be*fore* my | closing eyes:
Shine through the gloom, and *point* me | to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and *earth's* vain | shadows flee;
In life, in death, O *Lord*, a- | bide with me. Amen.

HENRY F. LYTE

(*Second Tune*)

TROYTE'S CHANT

ARTHUR H. D. TROYTE

A - men.

36 VESPER HYMN 8s & 7s. D.

DIMITRI S. BORTNIANSKY

(♩=72) { Saviour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal; }
{ Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal. }

2 Though the night be dark and dreary, Dark-ness can-not hide from Thee;
Thou art He Who, nev - er wea - ry, Watchest where Thy peo-ple be. A-men.

3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

4 Be Thou nigh, should death o'ertake us;
Jesus then our refuge be,
And in Paradise awake us,
There to rest in peace with Thee.

5 Father, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign.
Saviour, Who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine.

6 Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light. Amen.

JAMES EDMESTON and EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH

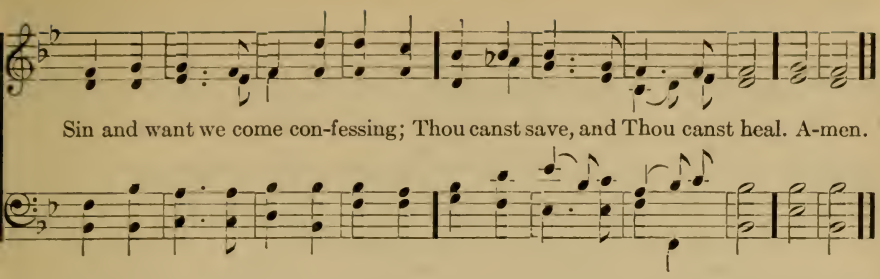
(*Second Tune*)

EVENING PRAYER 8s & 7s.

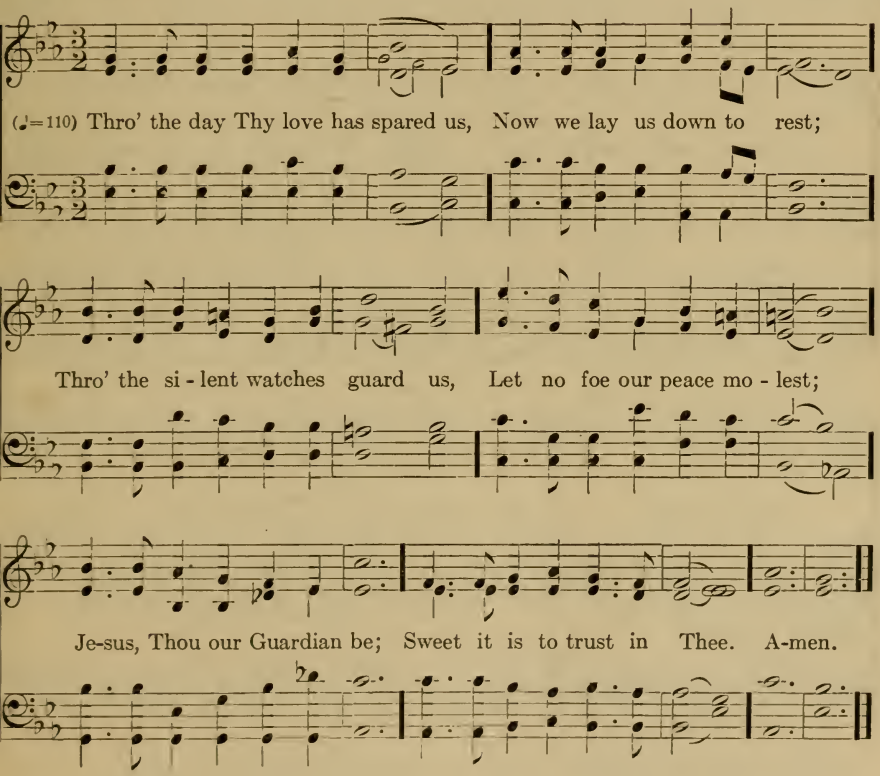
GEORGE C. STEBBINS

(♩=100) Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re -pose our spir - its seal;

Copyright, 1906, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewal



37 KIRKDALE 8.7.8.7.7. JOSEPH BARNBY



2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY

38 KOTZSCHMAR 7s.

HERMANN KOTZSCHMAR

Unison.

(♩=92) Slow - ly by God's hand un - furled, Down a-

round the wea - ry world Falls the dark - ness,

Oh, how still Is the work - ing of His will! A - men.

2 Mighty Maker, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me Heaven's eternal lights.

3 Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires
Flaming like these upper fires.

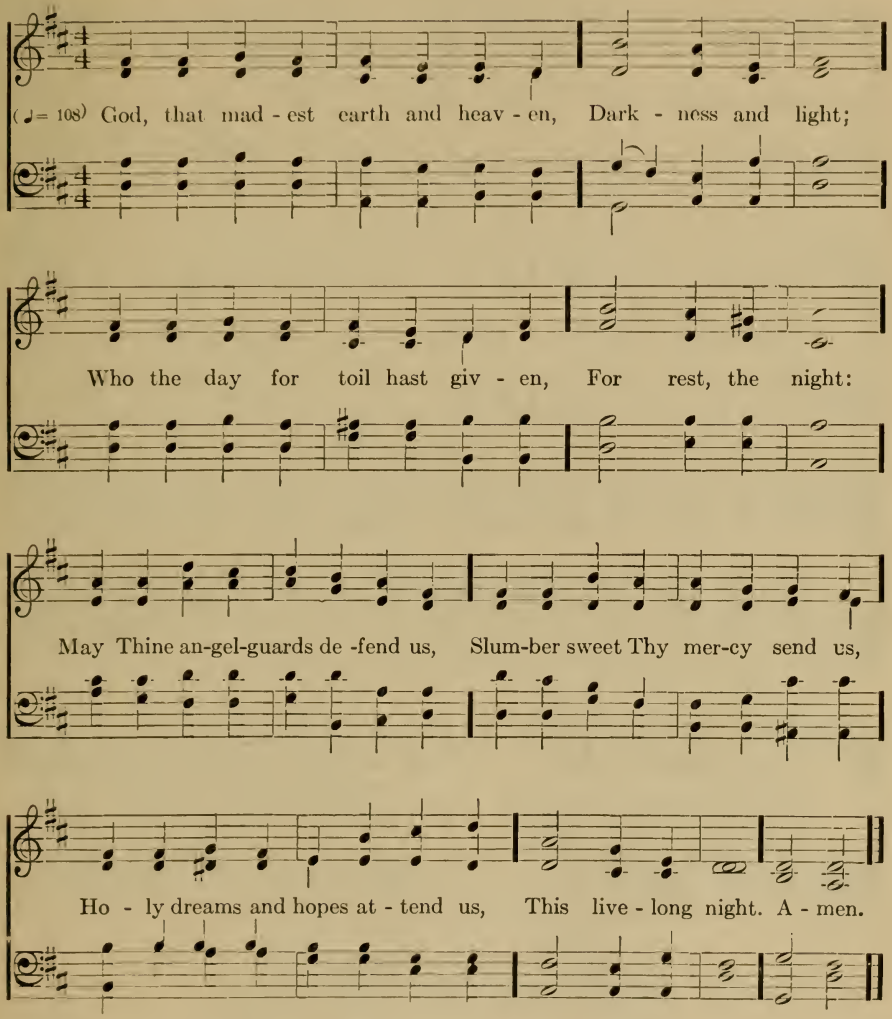
4 Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine, serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

5 Let my soul attuned be
To the heavenly harmony,
Which beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around. Amen.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS

Evening

39 TEMPLE 8.4.8.4.8.8.4. EDWARD J. HOPKINS



2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

REGINALD HEBER and RICHARD WHATLEY

Evening

40 NACHTLIED 10s. 6l. HENRY SMART

(♩=108) The day is gen - tly sink - ing to a close, Faint - er and yet more

faint the sun-light glows: O Bright-ness of Thy Father's glo- ry, Thou

E - ter - nal Light of Light, be with us now: Where Thou art pres - ent,

darkness cannot be; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A-men.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O Conquerer of the grave, be Thou our guide;
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide:
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

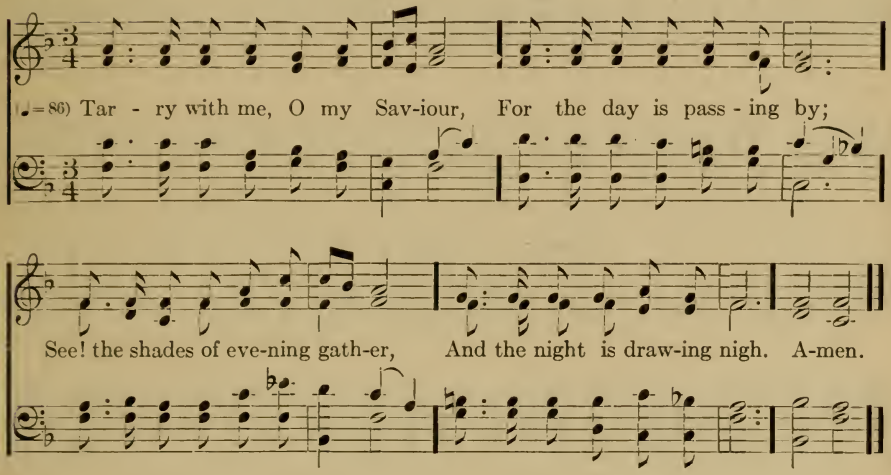
3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide. Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

41 ST. SYLVESTER 8s & 7s.

JOHN B. DYKES



2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

4 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me,
Morning of eternal rest! Amen.

CAROLINE L. SMITH

42

1 Part in peace! is day before us?
Praise His Name for life and light:
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless His care who guards the night.

2 Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving;
Rend'ring, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

3 Part in peace! such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

4 Part in peace! our duties call us;
We must serve as well as praise;
Ask not what may here befall us;
Leave to God the coming days. Amen.

SARAH F. ADAMS

43 ST. ANSELM 7s & 6s. D.

JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=96) O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and

O balm.....

sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright; On thee, the high and low-ly, Thro' a-ges

joined in tune, Sing, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the great God Tri-une. A-men.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise,
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls,
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing,
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One. Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

The Lord's Day

44 MENDEBRAS 7s & 6s. D. German Melody. Arr. by LOWELL MASON

(♩=108) { The dawn of God's dear Sab - bath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain,
As some sweet sum - mer morn-ing Af - ter a night of pain. }

It comes as cool - ing show - ers, To cheer a thirst - ing land,

As shade of clus - tered palm-trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand. A - men.

2 Lord, we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labor,
Of steady, faithful toil;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit,
In our humility.

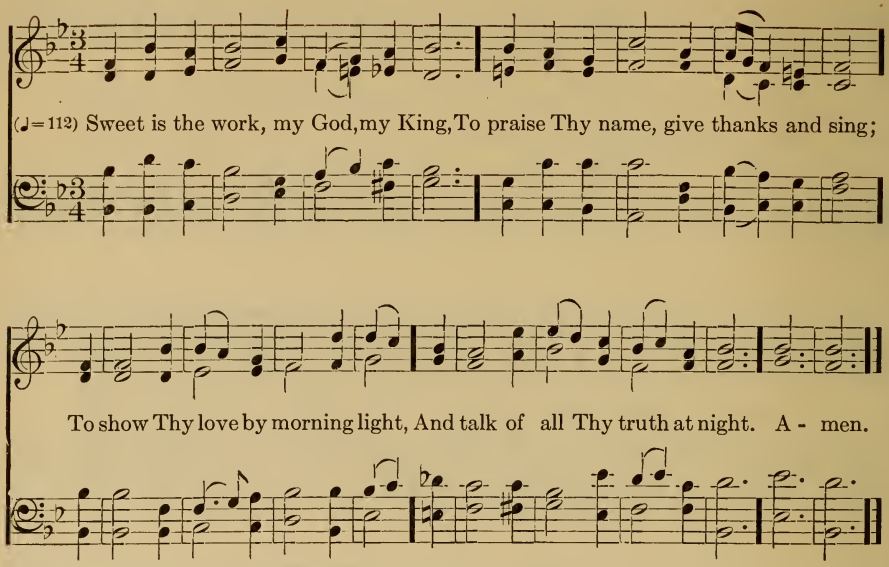
3 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone—
So many talents wasted!
So few bright laurels won!

4 And with that sorrow mingling,
A steadfast faith, and sure,
And love so deep and fervent,
That tries to make it pure;
In His dear presence finding
The pardon that we need,
And then the peace so lasting—
Celestial peace indeed.

5 So be it, Lord, for ever.
Oh, may we evermore,
In Jesus' holy presence
His blessed name adore.
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
Within His temple-walls—
Type of the stainless worship
In Zion's golden halls. Amen.

ADA C. CROSS

45 GERMANY L. M. (?)



2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

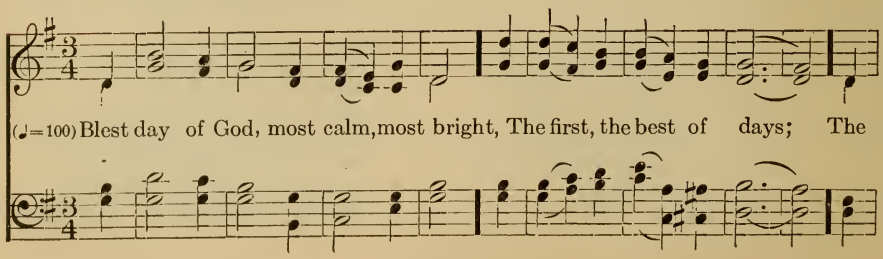
3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

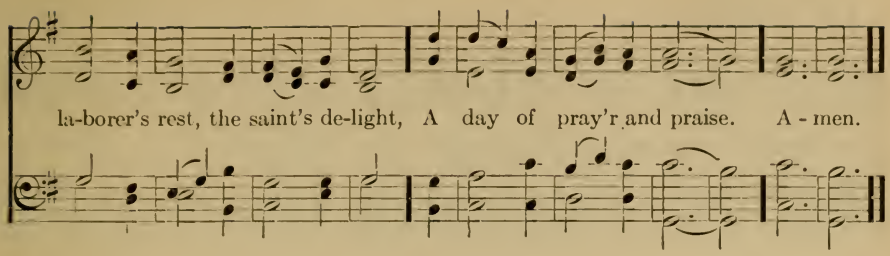
4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS

46 BELMONT C. M. (?)





2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine,
He rising did thee raise;
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

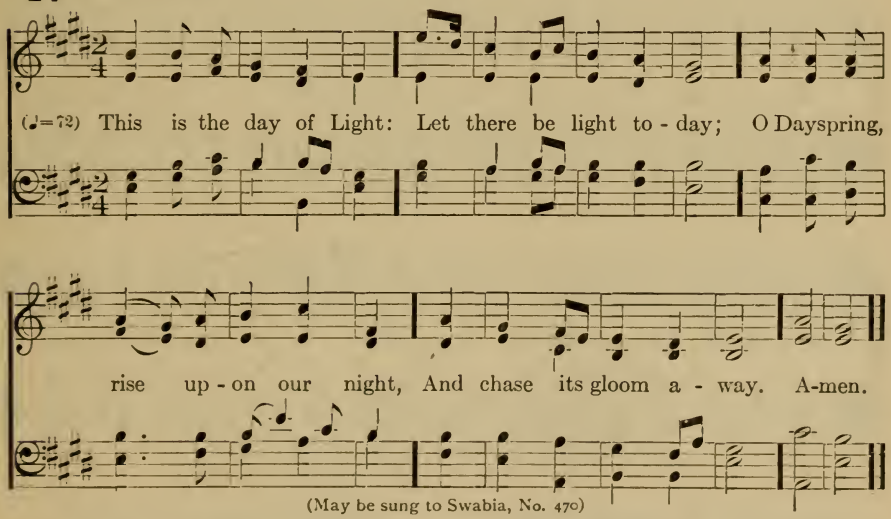
3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God appear,
For, Lord, the day is Thine;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine. Amen.

JOHN MASON

47 MORNINGTON S. M.

EARL OF MORNINGTON



(May be sung to Swabia, No. 470)

2 This is the day of Rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of Peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of Prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the First of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death! Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON

48 SABBATH 7s. 6 l.

LOWELL MASON

(♩=54) Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day;

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest. Amen.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face;
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

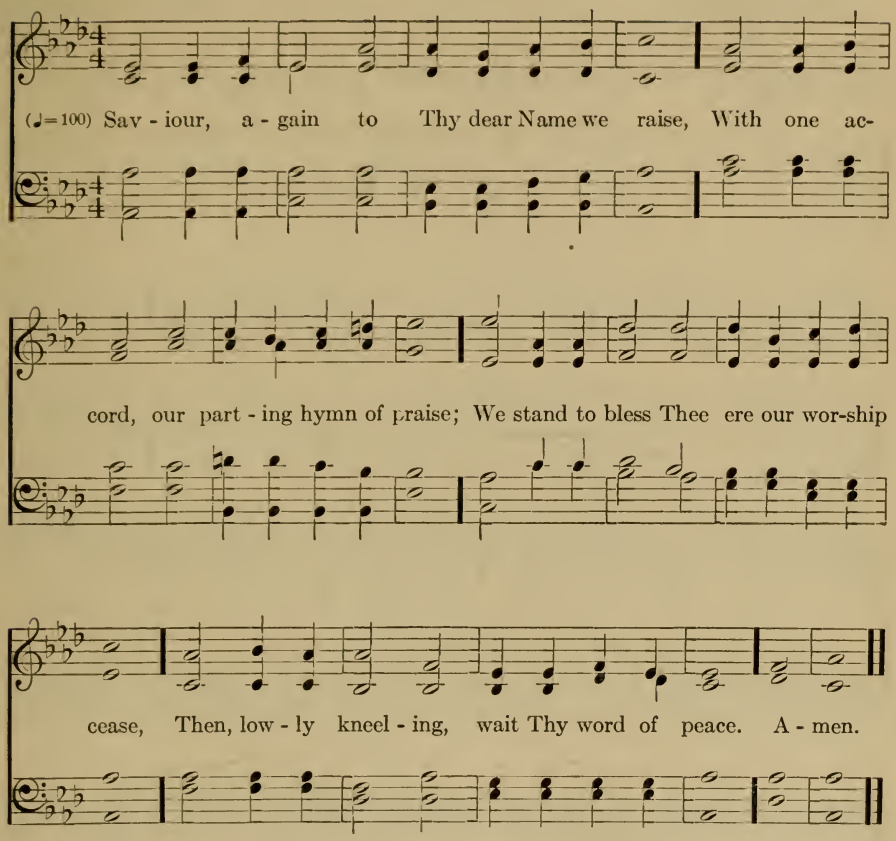
3 Here we come Thy name to praise,
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
May the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove
Till we join the Church above. Amen.

JOHN NEWTON, alt.

49 BENEDICTION 10s.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS



2 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

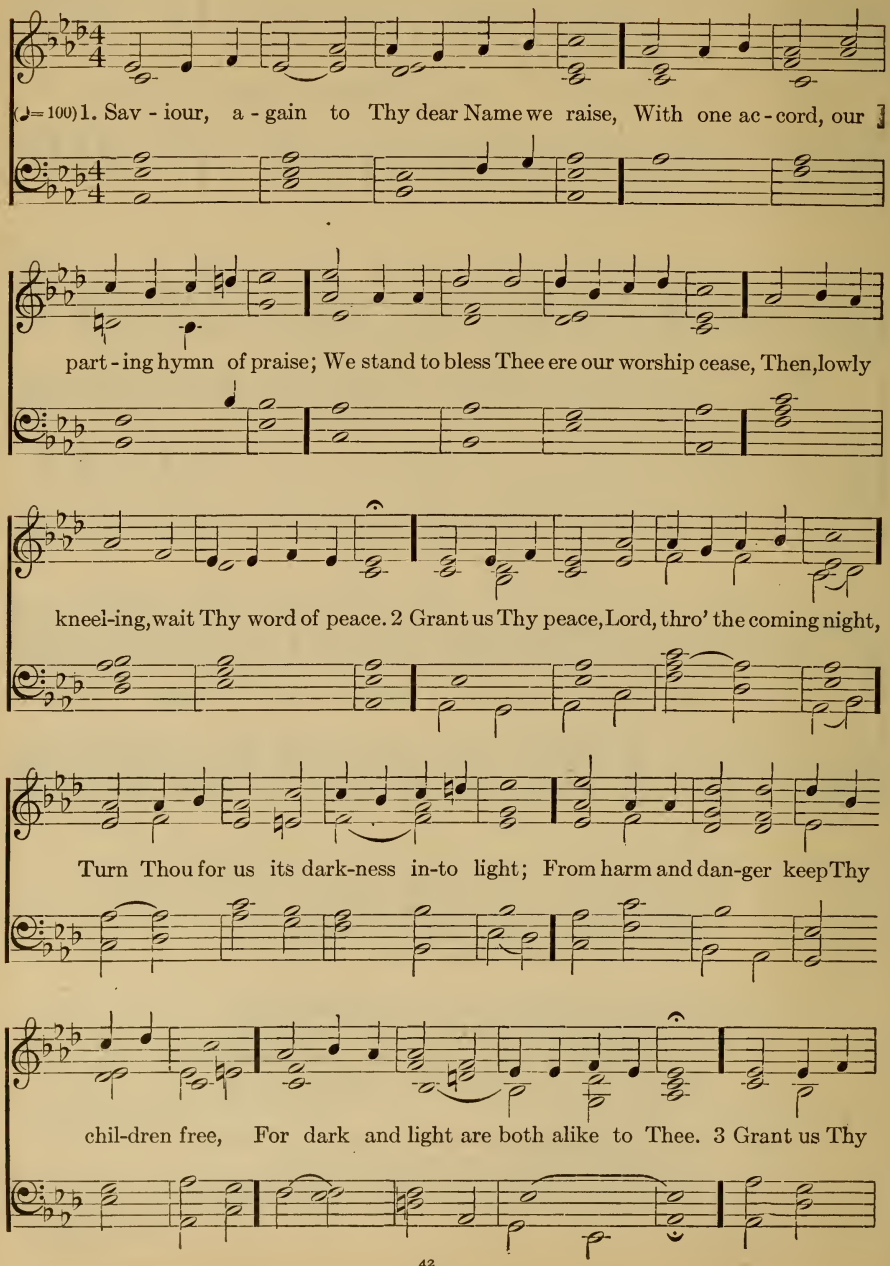
4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON

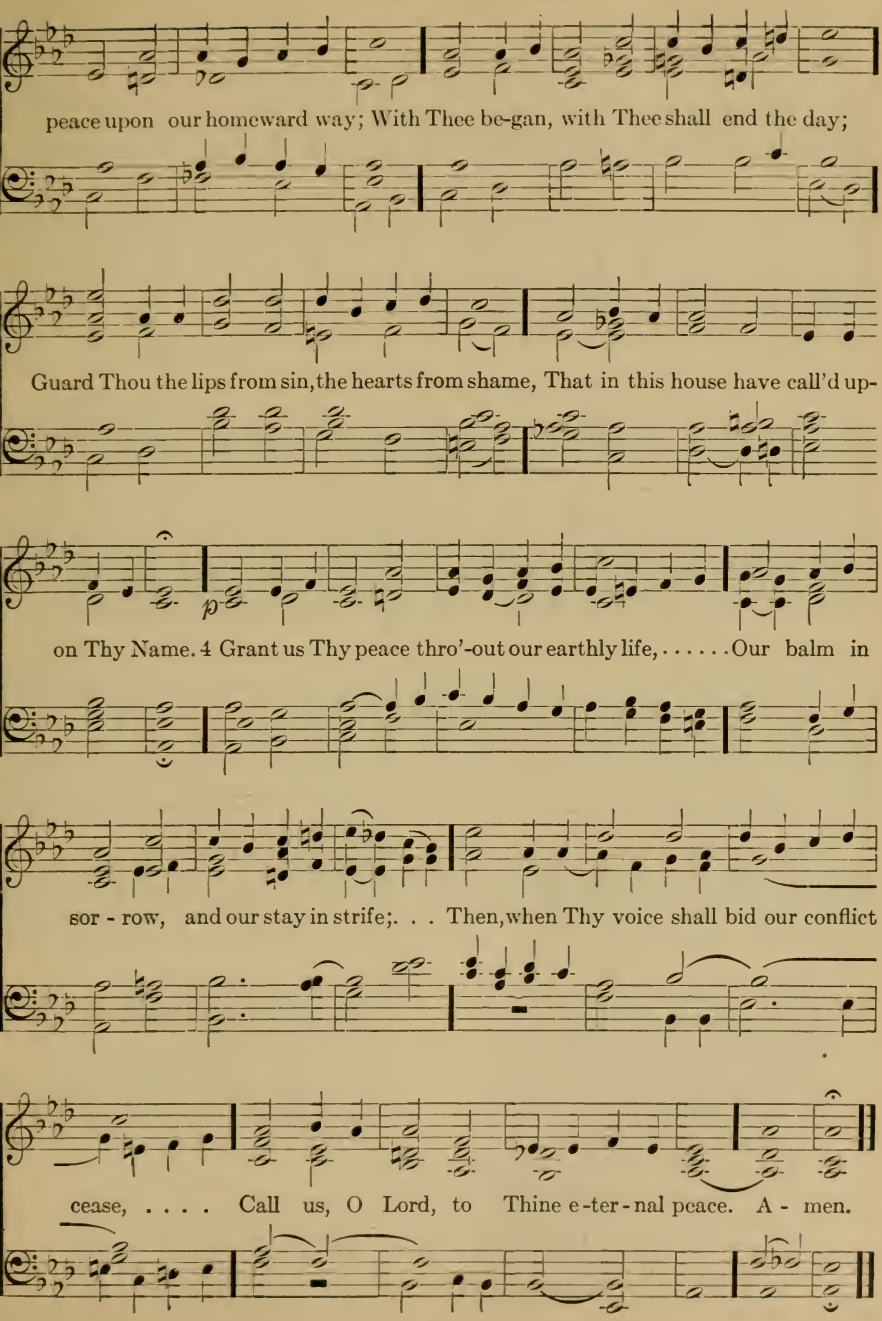
The Lord's Day

(*Second Tune, Unison Setting*)

BENEDICTION 10s. EDWARD J. HOPKINS

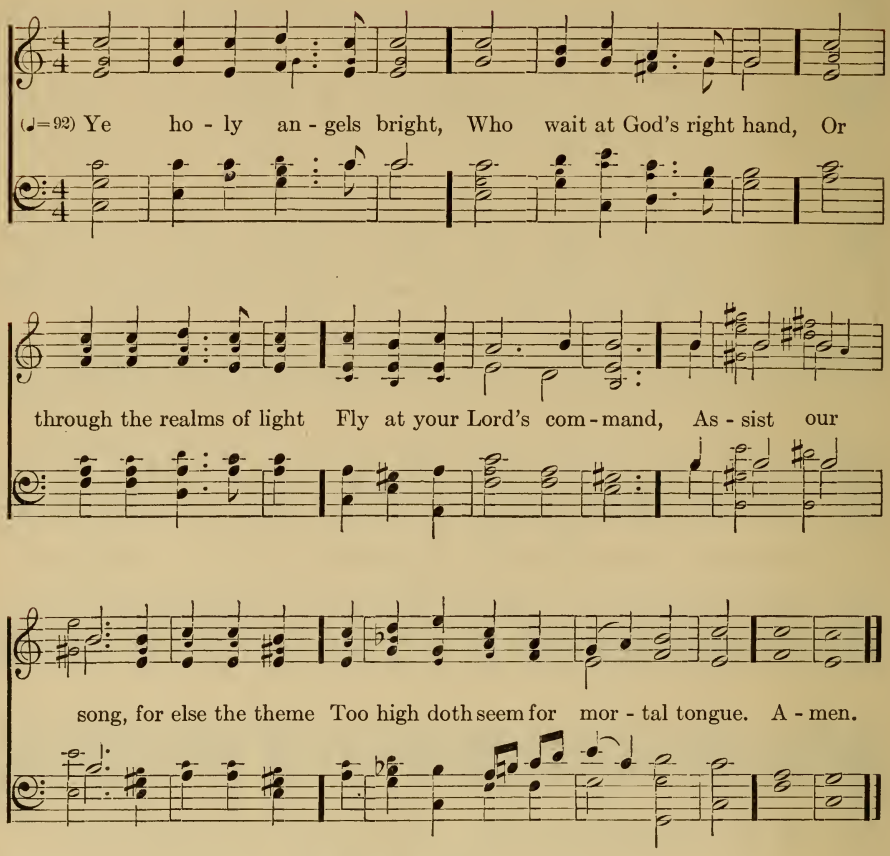


The Lord's Day



50 ST. GREGORY 6.6.6.6.8.8.

Gregorian, arr. by JOSEPH BARNBY



2 Ye blessed souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now from sin released,
Behold your Saviour's face,
God's praises sound, as in His Light
With sweet delight ye do abound.

3 Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives and praise Him still,
Through good and ill, Who ever lives.

4 My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love:
Let all thy days till life shall end,
Whate'er He send, be filled with praise. Amen.

RICHARD BAXTER and RICHARD R. CHOPE

God the Father

51 COVENANT 6.6.8.4. D. JOHN STAINER

(♩=80) The God of A - braham praise, Who reigns en-thron'd a - bove;

An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love:

Je - ho - vah, Great I AM, By earth and heav'n con - fest;

I bow and bless the sa -cred Name, For ev - er blest. A - men.

2 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord, our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise. Amen.

THOMAS OLIVERS

God the Father

52 MOULTRIE 8s & 7s. D. GERARD F. COBB

(♩=100) Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim

Filled His tem - ple, and re-peat-ed Each to each th' al - ter-nate hymn:

"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with Thy ful - ness stored:

Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord." A - men.

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High."
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below;
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
With Thine angel hosts we cry
"Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high.
Amen.

RICHARD MANT

53 THE HYMN TO JOY 8s & 7s. D.

BEETHOVEN, arr. from Ninth Symphony

(♩=112) Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns, a-dore Him, Praise Him, an-gels, in the height;

Sun and moon, re - joice be-fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might-y voice o- beyed;

Laws which nev-er shall be bro - ken, For their guidance He hath made. A-men.

2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

3 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto Thee;
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
In glad homage bend the knee.
All the saints in heaven adore Thee;
We would bow before Thy throne:
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done. Amen.

Verses 1, 2, Anonymous. Verse 3, EDWARD OSLER

God the Father

54 MAGDALENA 7s & 6s. D. JOHN STAINER

(♩=92) O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,

What time the tem-pest rag - es, Our dwell - ing place se - rene;

Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,

To end-less gen-er - a - tions, The Ev - er-last - ing Thou! A-men.

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, Who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blest.

God the Father

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light forever,
We see Thee face to face:

A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er;
An endless flow of pleasures;
An ocean without shore. Amen.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH

(*Second Tune*)

MIRIAM 7s 6s. D. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK

(♩= 132) O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,

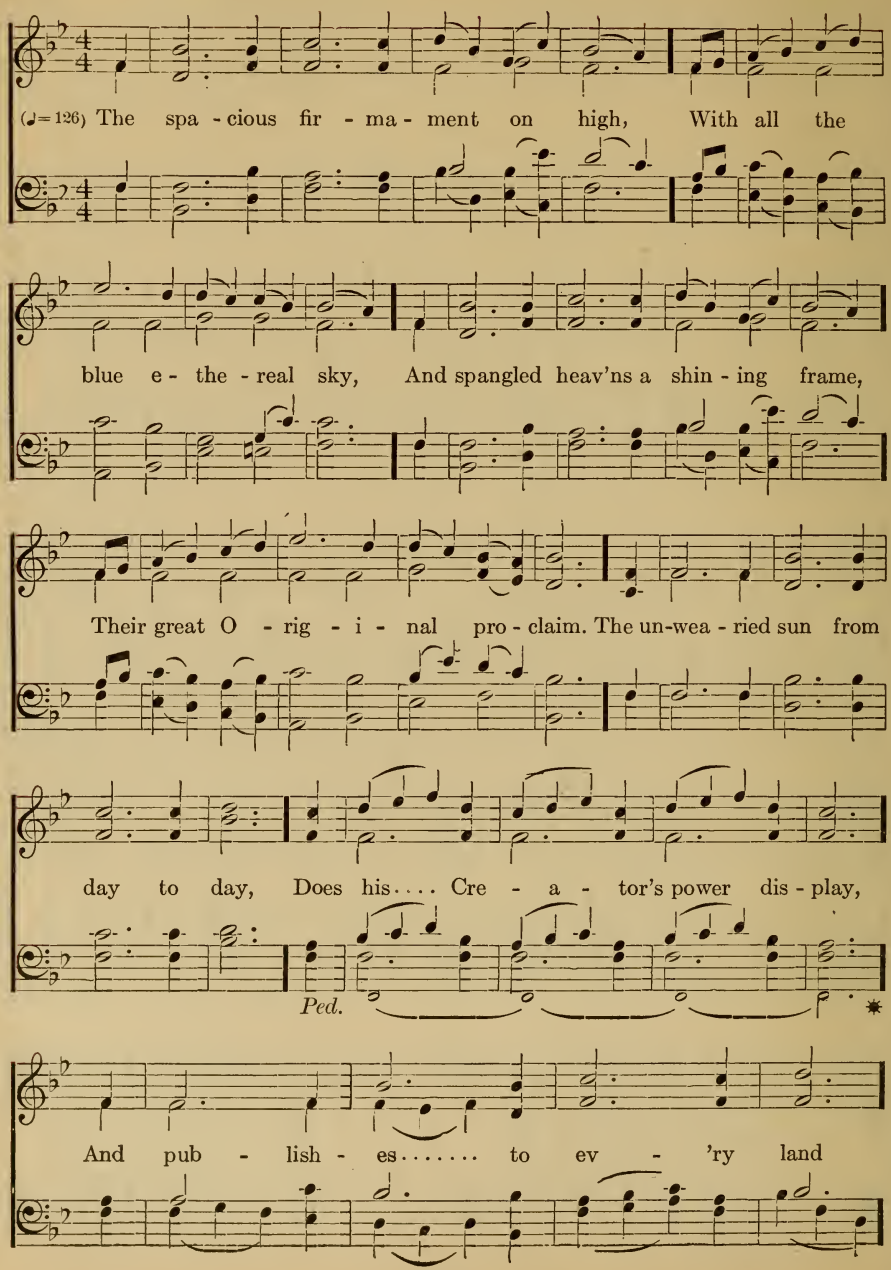
What time the tem - pest rag - es, Our dwell - ing place se - rene:

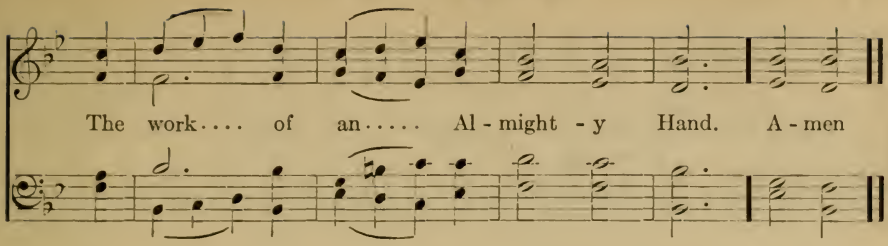
Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,

To end - less gen - er - a - tions, The Ev - er - last - ing Thou ! A - men.

Used by permission

55 CREATION L. M. D. FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN





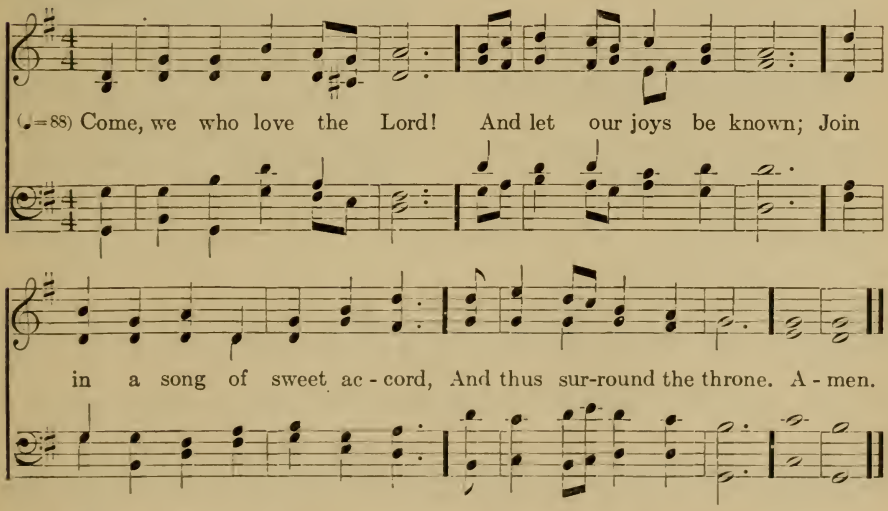
2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."
Amen.

JOSEPH ADDISON

56 ST. THOMAS S. M.

AARON WILLIAMS



2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry: [ground
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS

God the Father

57 ST. ANNE C. M. WILLIAM CROFT

(♩=69) Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shelter from the storm-y blast And our e - ter - nal home: A - men.

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS

AUDITE C. M. D. (*Second Tune*) ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

Slowly. Voices in Unison

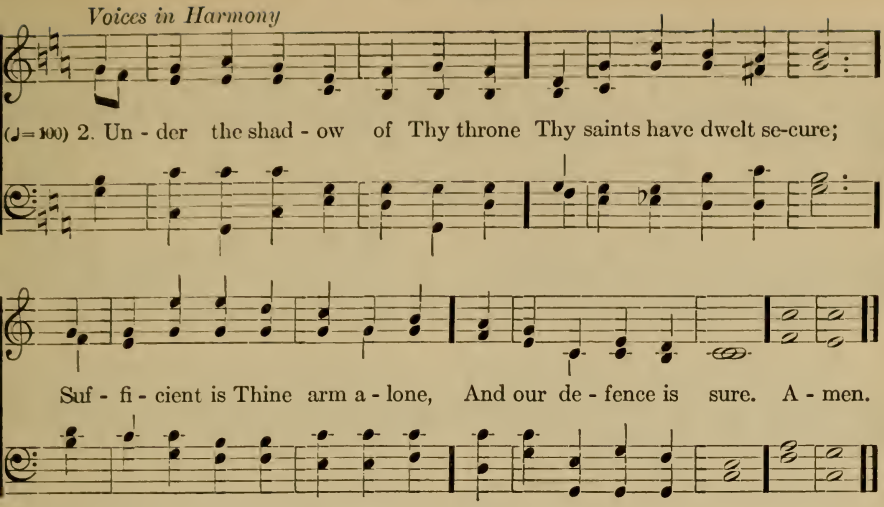
Org.

(♩=76) 1. Our God, our help in a - ges past Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast And our e - ter - nal home:

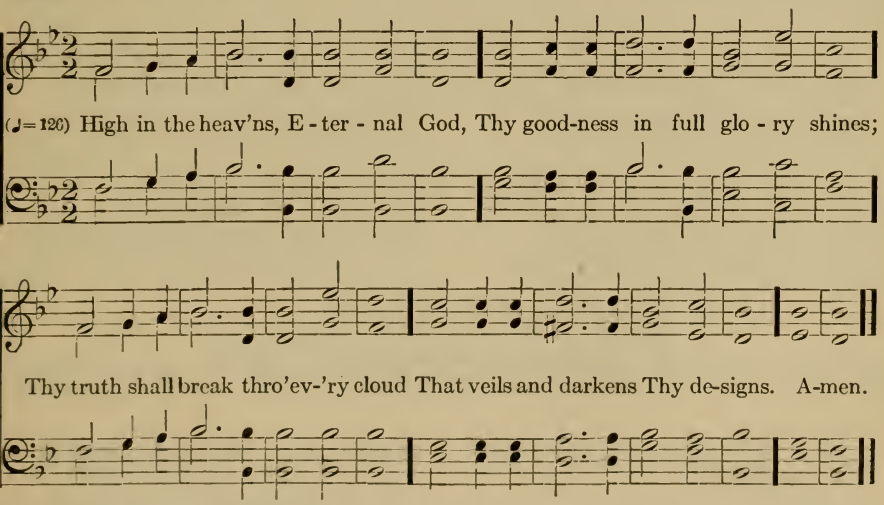
God the Father

Voices in Harmony



58 GILEAD L. M.

ETIENNE H. MEHUL



2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

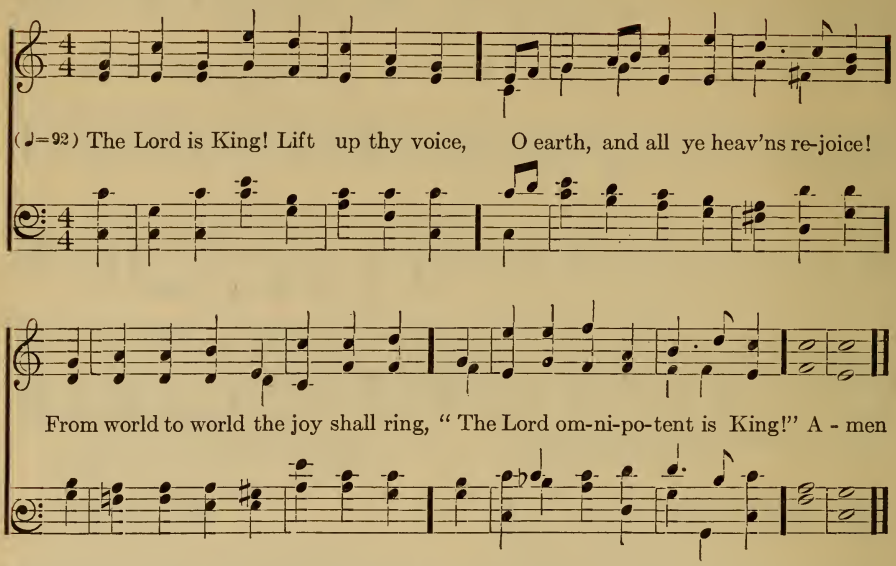
3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.

4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.
Amen.

ISAAC WATTS

59 CHURCH TRIUMPHANT L. M.

JAMES W. ELLIOTT



2 The Lord is King! Who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care?
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways,
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
" The Lord omnipotent is King!"

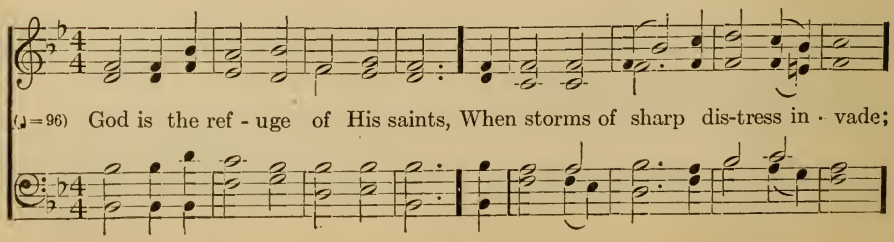
5 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.

6 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns! and life and death are yours;
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
" The Lord omnipotent is King!" Amen.

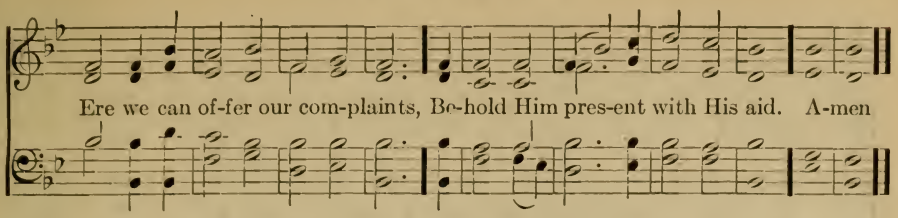
JOSIAH CONDER

60 WARD L. M.

Old Scotch Melody
Arr. by LOWELL MASON



God the Father



2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

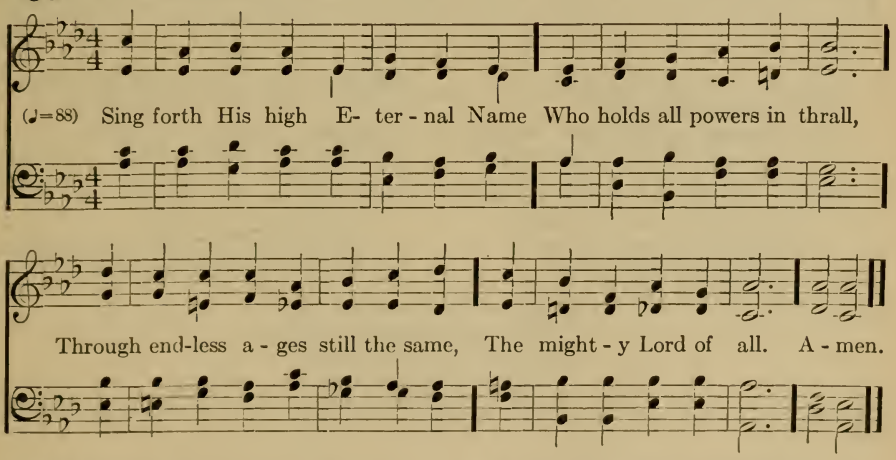
4 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS

61 ST. MARGUERITE C. M.

EDWARD C. WALKER



2 His goodness, strong and measureless,
Upholds us lest we fall;
His hand is still outstretched to bless,
The loving Lord of all.

3 His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
Our strong defence and wall;
His providence our life surrounds,
The saving Lord of all.

4 He every thought and every deed
Doth to His judgment call,
Oh, may our hearts obedient heed
The righteous Lord of all!

5 When, turning from forbidden ways,
Low at His feet we fall,
His strong and tender arms upraise,
The pardoning Lord of all.

6 Unwearied He is working still,
Unspent His blessings fall,
Almighty, Loving, Righteous One,
The only Lord of all. Amen.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

62 YORK C. M.

Scotch Psalter

(♩=69) God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form;

He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm. A - men.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. Amen.

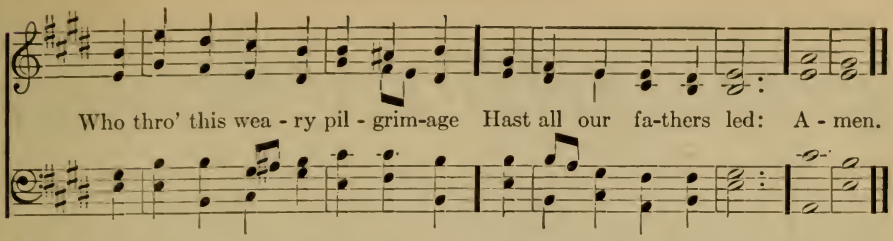
William Cowper

63 DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter

(♩=72) O God of Beth - el, by Whose hand Thy peo -ple still are fed;

God the Father



2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

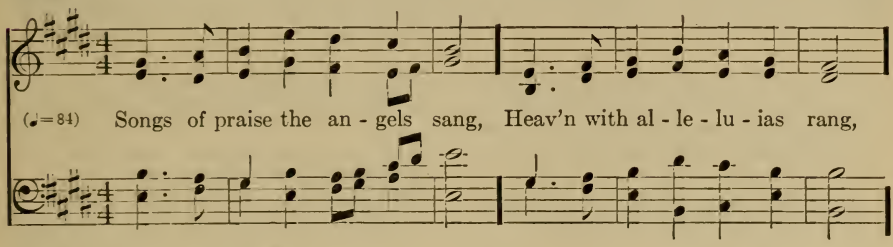
3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

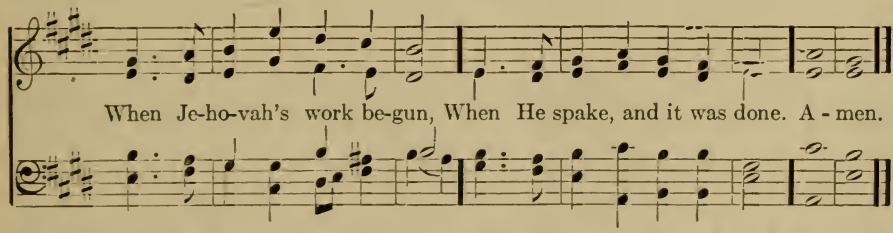
4 Oh, spread Thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore. Amen.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

64 INNOCENTS 7s. (?)





2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

65 ST. MARTIN'S C. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR

(♩=88) Let chil - dren hear the might - y deeds, Which God per-formed of old,

Which in our youn-ger years we saw, And which our fathers told. A-men.

2 He bids us make His glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus they shall learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practice His commands. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS

66 WINDSOR C. M.

GEORGE KIRBYE

(♩=63) My God, how won - der - ful Thou art, Thy maj - es - ty how bright!

How glo - rious is Thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn-ing light! A - men.

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

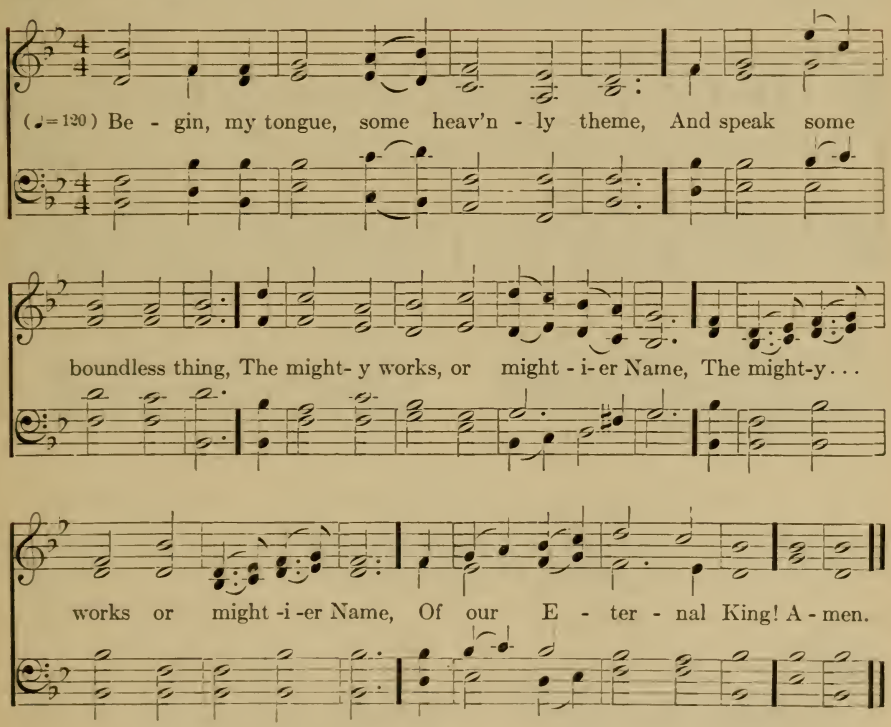
4 Oh, how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart. Amen.

FREDERICK W. FABER

67 LANESBORO' C. M.

WILLIAM DIXON. Arr. by LOWELL MASON



2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad!
||: Sing the sweet promise of His grace, :||
And the performing God!

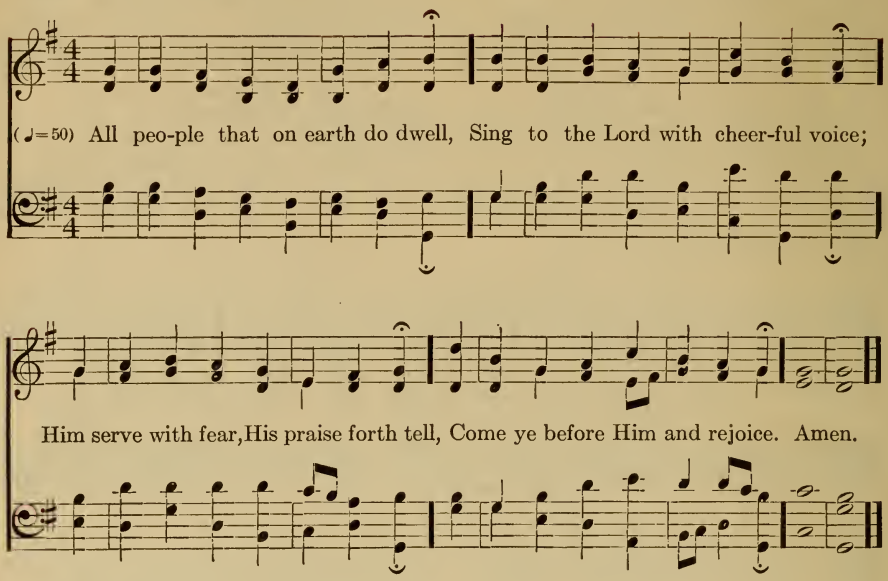
3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
||: The voice that rolls the stars along :||
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper "Thou art mine!"
||: Those gentle words should raise my song :||
To notes almost divine. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS

68 OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

GENEVAN PSALTER



2 Know that the Lord is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure Amen.

STERNHOLD and HOPKINS

69

1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS and THOMAS KEN

God the Father

70 LOUVAN L. M. — VIRGIL C. TAYLOR

(♩=88) Lord of all be-ing, thron'd a-far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;

Cen - tre and soul of ev-'ry sphere, Yet to each lov-ing heart how near! A-men.

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame. Amen.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

(*Second Tune*)

GROSTETE L. M. — HENRY W. GREATOREX

(♩=72) Lord of all be - ing, thron'd a - far, Thy glo-ry flames from sun and star;

Cen - tre and soul of ev -'ry sphere, Yet to each loving heart how near! A-men.

God the Father

71 ST. RAPHAEL 8.7.8.7 4.7 — EDWARD J. HOPKINS

(♩=76) God is Love, by Him up-hold-en Hang the glo-rious orbs of light,

In their lan-guage, glad and gold-en, Speaking to us day and night

Their great sto-ry, God is Love, and God is Might. A-men.

2 And the teeming earth rejoices
In that message from above,
With ten thousand thousand voices
Telling back from hill and grove,
Her glad story,
God is Might and God is Love.

3 With these anthems of creation,
Mingling in harmonious strife,
Christian songs of Christ's salvation,
To the world with blessings rife,
Tell their story,
God is Love, and God is Life.

4 Thro' that precious Love He sought us,
Wand'ring from His holy ways,
With that precious Life He bought us;
Then let all our future days
Tell this story:
Love is Life—our lives be Praise.

Up to Him let each affection
Daily rise and round Him move
Our whole lives, one Resurrection
To the Life of life above;
Their glad story,
God is Life, and God is Love. Amen.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

God the Father

72 LYONS 10.10.11.11. Arr. fr. J. Michael Haydn

(♩=88) Oh, wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove! Oh, grate - ful - ly

sing His pow'r and His love! Our Shield and De - fend - er, the

An - cient of days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird -ed with praise. A - men.

2 Oh, tell of His might! Oh, sing of His grace!
Whose robe is the light; Whose canopy, space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend! Amen.

William Kethe and Robert Grant

73 DULCE CARMEN 8s & 7s. 6l.

Arr. fr. J. Michael Haydn

(♩=94) Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en; To His feet thy trib - ute bring;

Ransomed, heal'd, re-stored, for -giv - en, Ev- er- more His prais-es sing:

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King! A-men.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hand He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace. Amen.

Henry F. Lyte

God the Father

74 PARK STREET L. M. 51. FREDERICK M. A. VENUA

(♩=100) Be-fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na-tions bow with

sa - cred joy; Know that the Lord is God a-lone, He can cre-

ate, and He des-troy, He can cre - ate, and He des-troy. A - men.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS and JOHN WESLEY

God the Father

75 ST. WINIFRED'S 8.7.8.8.7. FREDERICK A. G. OUSELEY

(♩=112) An - gels ho - ly, high and low - ly, Sing the prais-es of the Lord!

Earth and sky, all liv - ing na - ture, Man, the stamp of

thy Cre - a - tor, Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord! A - men.

2 Sun and moon bright,
Night and noonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored;
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

3 Rock and highland,
Wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared;
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

4 Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured;
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

5 Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord! Amen.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE

Jesus Christ

76 LAUDES DOMINI 6s. 61 — JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=96) When morn-ing gilds the skies,.. My heart a - wak - ing cries,

May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r,

To Je - sus I re - pair;—.. May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - men.

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Oh, hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised! Amen.

German. Tr. EDWARD CASWALL

77 CANTATE DOMINO L. M. D.

JOSEPH BARNBY

♩=88) O God of God! O Light of Light! Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of Kings, To

Thee where an-gels know no night, The Song of praise for - ever rings: To

Him Who sits up - on the throne, The Lamb once slain for sin-ful men, Be

hon-or, might; all by Him won; Glo -ry and praise! A- men, A - men. A - men.

Small notes for the organ

2 Deep in the Prophets' sacred page,
Grand in the poets' wingèd word,
Slowly in type, from age to age,
Nations beheld their coming Lord;
Till through the deep Judean night
Rang out the song, "Good-will to men!"
Hymned by the first-born sons of light,
Re-echoed now, "Good-will!" Amen.

3 That life of truth, those deeds of love,
That death of pain, 'mid hate and scorn;
These all are past, and now above,
He reigns our King! once crowned with thorn.
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
So sang His hosts, unheard by men;
Lift up your heads, for you He waits.
We lift them up! Amen, Amen!

4 Nations afar, in ignorance deep;
Isles of the sea, where darkness lay;
These hear His voice, they wake from sleep,
And throng with joy the upward way.
They cry with us, "Send forth Thy light,"
O Lamb, once slain for sinful men;
Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might;
Set all men free! Amen, Amen!

5 Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
Sing to His name, His love forth tell;
Sing on, heaven's hosts, His praise prolong;
Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell;
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
From angels, praise; and thanks from men;
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,
Glory and power! Amen, Amen! Amen.

JOHN JULIAN

78 RATISBON 7s. 6l. Werner's Choralbuch

(♩=76) Christ, Whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light,

Sun of Right-eous - ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night;

Day-spring from on high, be near; Day - star, in my heart ap - pear. A - men.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine!
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day! Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY

79 ANTIOCH C. M.

George F. Händel. Arr. by Lowell Mason

(♩=76) Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-

ceive her King: Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture

And heav'n and na-ture sing, And

sing, And heaven, and heav-en and na - -ture sing. A - men.

heaven and na - ture sing,

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and [plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

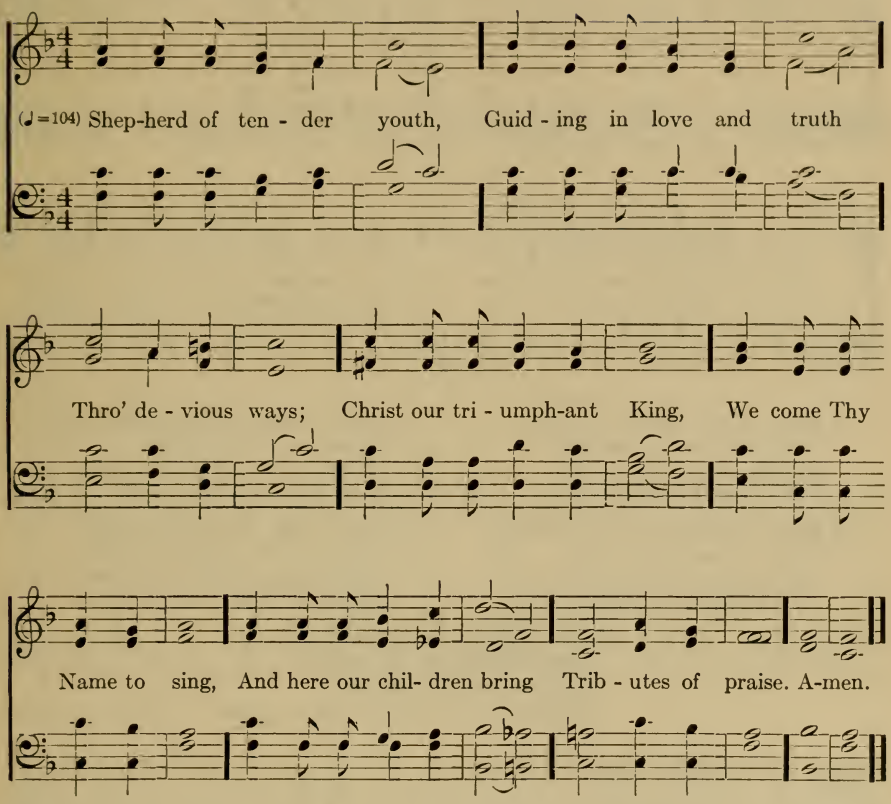
3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love. Amen.

Isaac Watts

80 KIRBY BEDON 6.6.4.6.6.4

EDWARD BUNNETT



2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

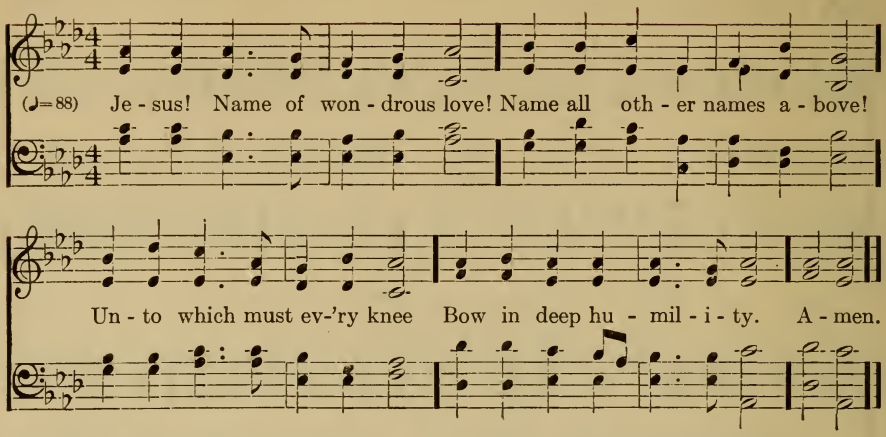
3 Thou art the great High-Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
In all our mortal pain
None call on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

4 Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King! Amen.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. Said to be the earliest known hymn of the Primitive Christian Church. About 200 A.D. Tr. HENRY M. DEXTER.

81 ST. BEES 7s. JOHN B. DYKES



2 Jesus! Name decreed of old:
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

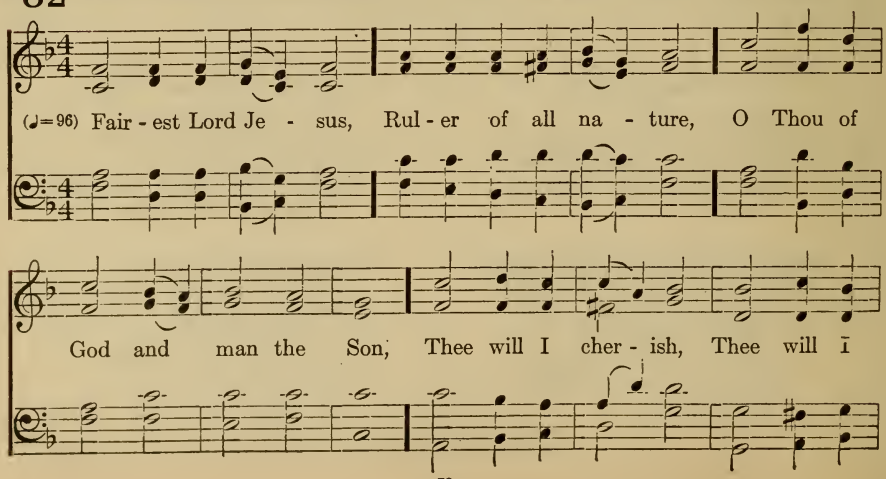
3 Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,
"Jesus shall His people save."

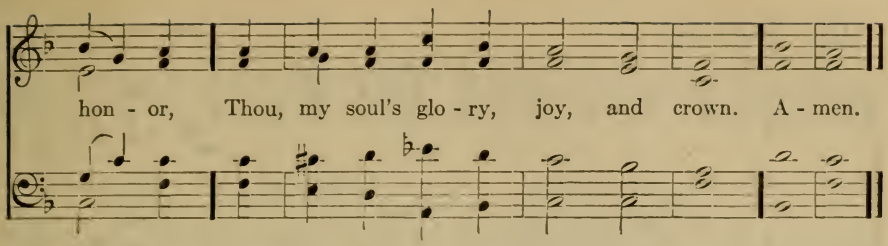
4 Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

5 Jesus! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee. Amen. WILLIAM W. HOW

82 CRUSADERS' HYMN 5.6.8.5.5.8. German. Arr. by R. STORRS WILLIS





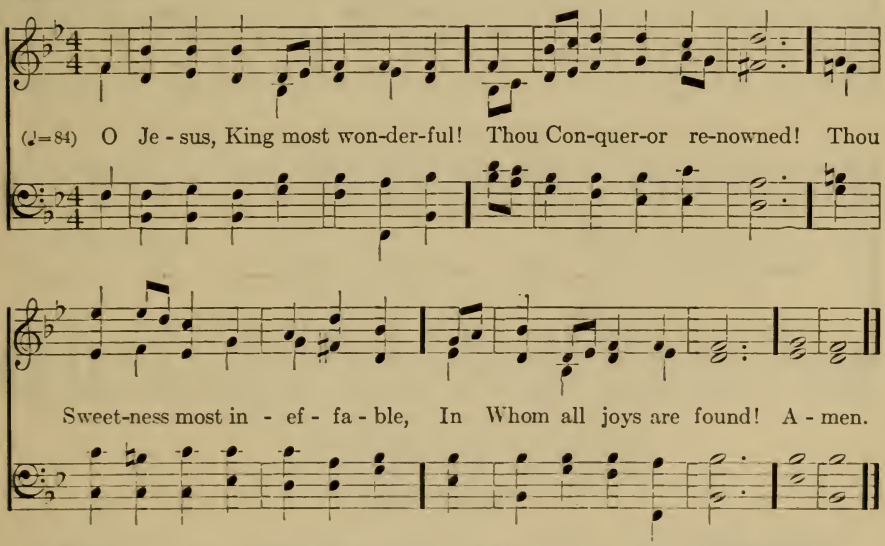
2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.
Amen.

German. Tr. Anonymous

83 MIRFIELD C. M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN



2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart;
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus! Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire—

4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues forever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own. Amen.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. Tr. EDWARD CASWALL

84 MILES LANE C. M.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE

(♩=84) All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all! A-men.

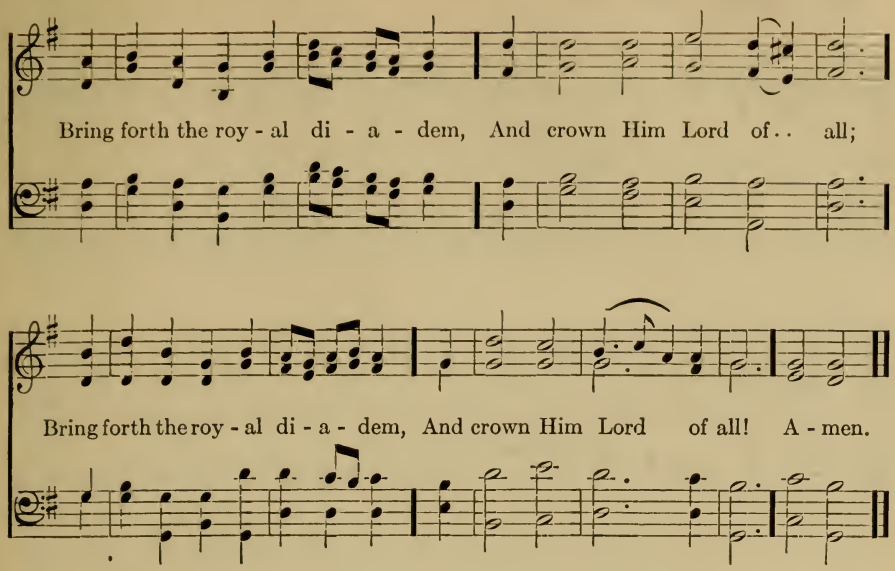
(*Second Tune*)

CORONATION C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN

(♩=84) All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;

Jesus Christ



2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

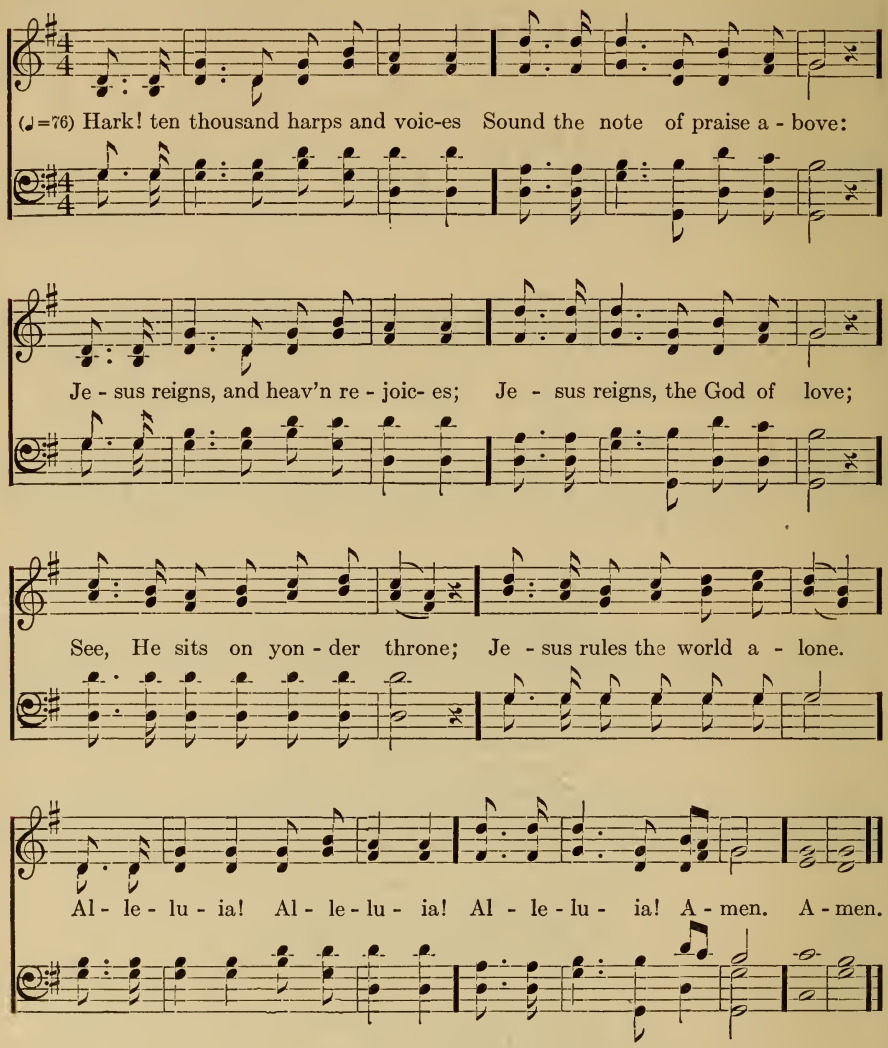
5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all! Amen.

EDWARD PERRONET and JOHN RIPPON

85 HARWELL 8.7.8.7.7.7.8.6

LOWELL MASON



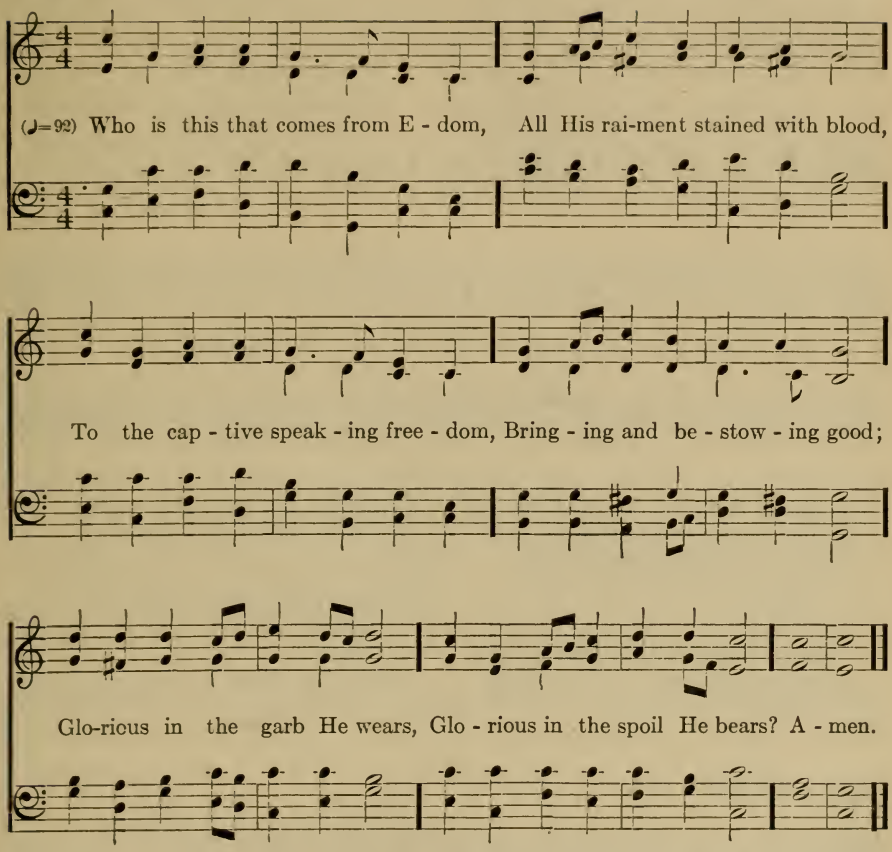
2 King of glory, reign forever!
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.
Alleluia! Amen.

3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"
Alleluia! Amen. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY

86 ALL SAINTS 8.7.8.7.7.

Darmstädter Gesangbuch



(May be sung to Harwell, with Refrain, opposite page)

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might;
'Tis the Saviour; O how glorious,
To His people is the sight!
Satan conquered, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

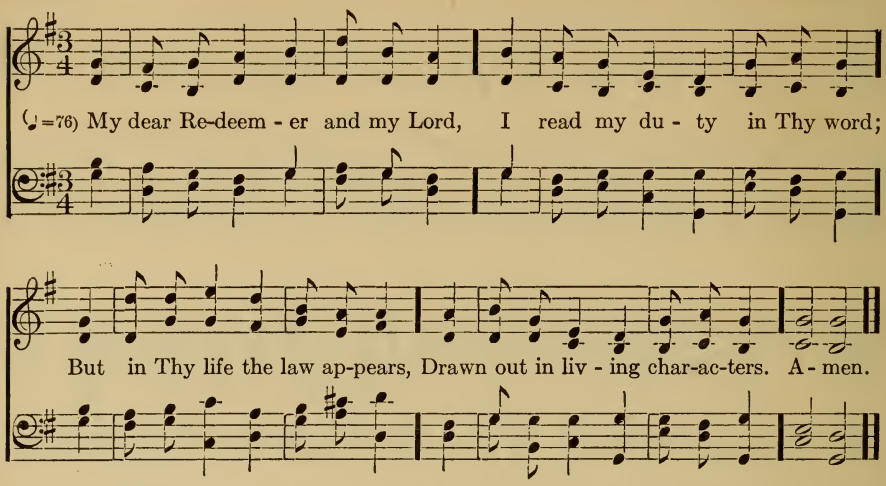
3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of His foes there's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain:
Fallen they are, no more to rise;
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever;
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never,
Cease to sing what Thou hast done;
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY

87 ROCKINGHAM, NEW L. M.

LOWELL MASON



2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

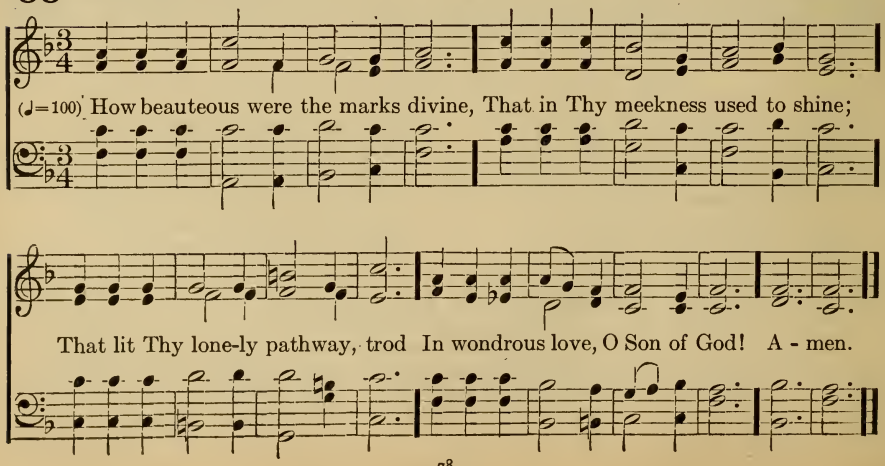
3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS

88 HESPERUS L. M.

HENRY BAKER



2 Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

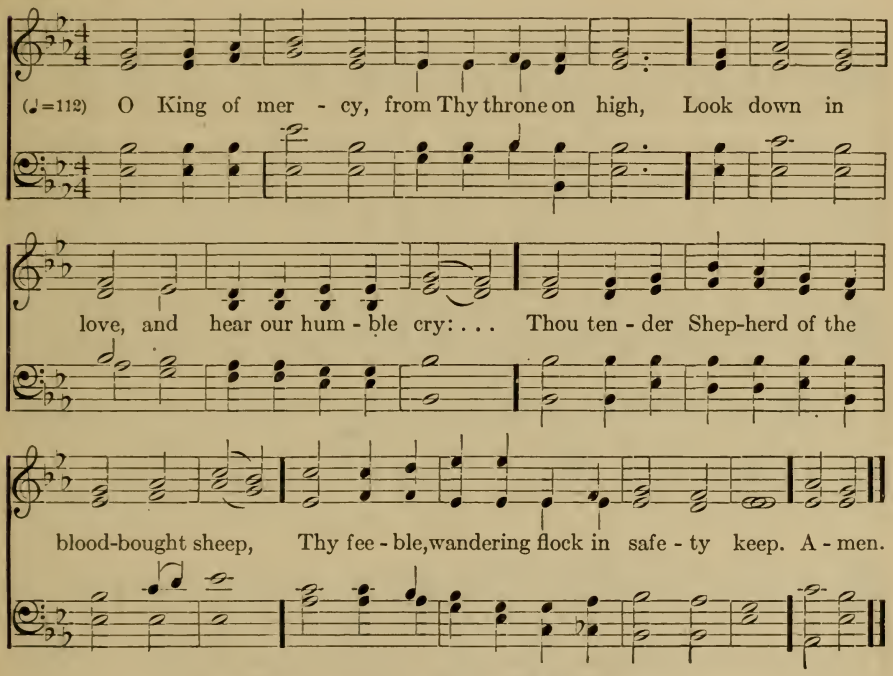
4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pain, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love thro' all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy foot-steps, Son of God! Amen.

ARTHUR C. COXE

89 BATTELL 10s.

ROBBINS BATTELL



2 O gentle Saviour, by Thy death we live;
To contrite sinners life eternal give:
Thou art the Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.

3 Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's friend,
Sweet Fount of Joy and blessings without end;
Oh, come and cheer us with Thy heavenly grace;
Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face.

4 Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our comfort, strength, and guide:
Oh, lead us daily with Thine eye of love,
And bring us safely to our home above. Amen.

THOMAS R. BIRKS

90 JESUS MAGISTER BONE 7s & 6s. D.

JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=92) O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wound - ed side!

'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.

What foes and snares sur - round me! What doubts and fears with - in!

The grace that sought and found me, A - lone can keep me clean. A - men.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above. Amen.

JAMES G. DECK

91 WATERMOUTH 7s & 6s. D.

ARTHUR H. MANN

(♩=90) O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love!

O Name of might and fav - or, All oth - er names a - bove!

We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;

We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King. A - men.

2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

4 Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love!
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King. Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

Jesus Christ

92 ST. LEONARD C. M. D. HENRY HILES

(♩=100) Ma - jes - tic sweet-ness sits en-throned Up - on the Sav-iour's brow;

His head with ra - diant glo - ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow:

No mor - tal can with Him com-pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair-

er is He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train. A - men.

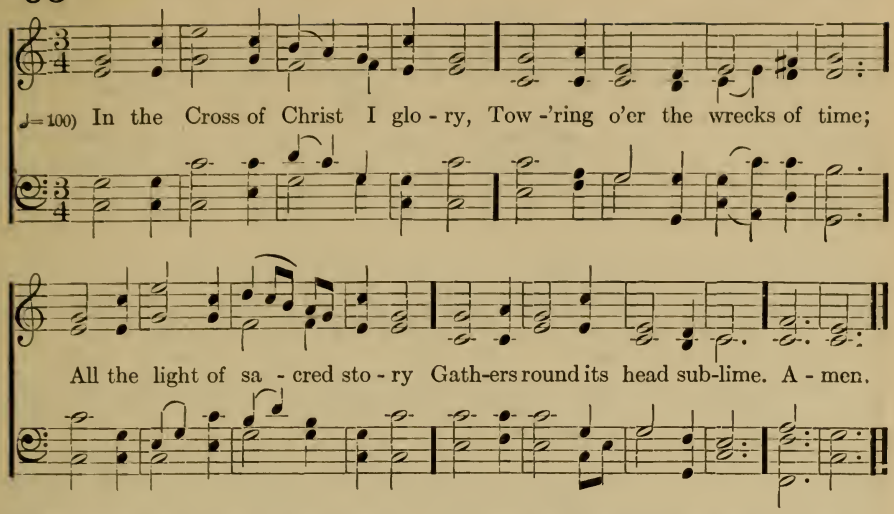
2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful Cross,
And carried all my grief:
To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

3 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete:
Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be Thine! Amen.

SAMUEL STENNETT

93 RATHBUN 8s & 7s.

ITHAMAR CONKEY



2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

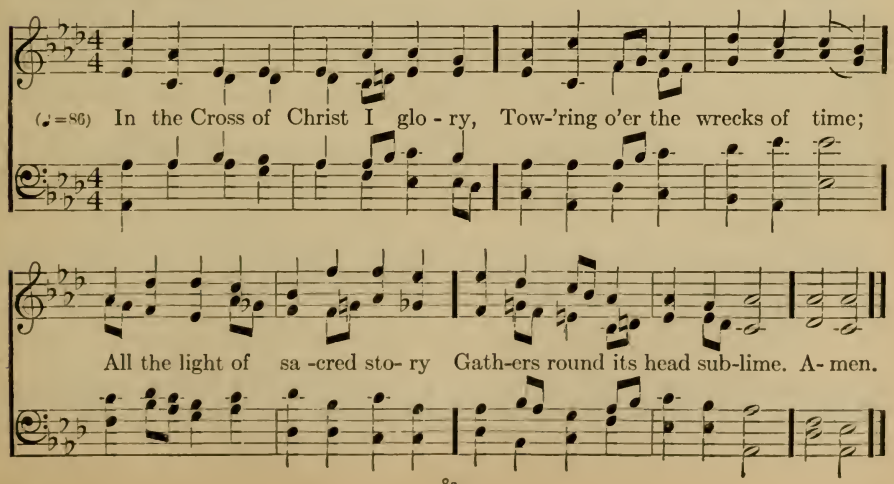
5 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime. Amen.

JOHN BOWRING

(*Second Tune*)

CROSS OF JESUS 8s & 7s.

JOHN STAINER



94 TRUST 8s & 7s.

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN

(♩=84) Sav-iour, source of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays;

Streams of mer - cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for cease- less songs of praise. A - men.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe thro' life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home. Amen.

ROBERT ROBINSON

(*Second Tune*)

SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN 8s & 7s.

Sicilian Melody

(♩=126) Sav-iour, source of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to grate-ful láys;

Streams of mer-cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for cease-less songs of praise. A -men.

Jesus Christ

95 DIADEMATA S. M. D. GEORGE J. ELVEY

(♩=100) Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;

Hark, how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,

And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

2 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a scepter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years;
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres
Ineffably sublime:
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity. Amen.

MATTHEW BRIDGES

96 ST. MATTHEW C. M. D.

WILLIAM CROFT

(♩=166) O Love! O Life! our faith and sight Thy pres - ence

mak - eth one; As through trans - fig - ured clouds of white

We trace the noon - day sun: 2 So to our mor - tal

eyes sub - dued, Flesh-veiled, but not con - cealed, We know in

Thee the Fa - ther - hood And heart of God re - vealed. Amen.

(May be sung to Serenity, opposite page)

3 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

4 Apart from Thee, all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

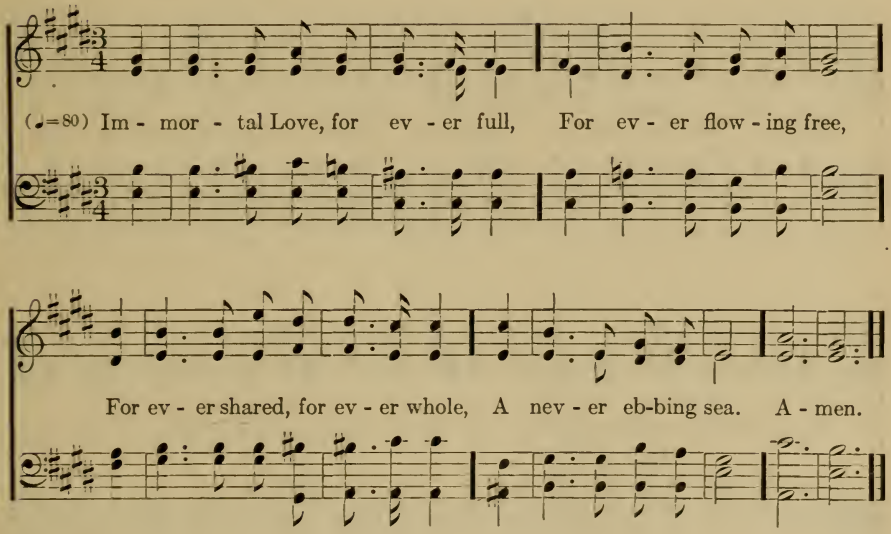
5 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word;
But simply—following Thee.

6 The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope, Thy canticles;
And its obedience, praise. Amen.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

97 SERENITY C. M.

Arr. fr. WILLIAM V. WALLACE



2 Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away;
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain; [press,
We touch Him in life's throng and
And we are whole again.

6 Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

7 O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine. Amen.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

98 GOUNOD 8.7.8.7.7.7 CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD

(♩=112) One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of Friend;

His is love be -yond a broth-er's, Cost-ly, free, and knows no end:

They, who once His kind-ness prove, Find it ev - er- last - ing love. A - men.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was His name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought. Amen.

JOHN NEWTON

99 STONEFIELD L. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY

(♩=96) Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates! Be - hold the

King of glo - ry waits; The King of kings is draw - ing

near; The Sav - iour of the world is here. A - men.

2 The Lord is just, a helper tried;
Mercy is ever at His side;
His kingly crown is holiness;
His sceptre, pity in distress.

3 Oh, blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confest!
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King of triumph comes!

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart!
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee: here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel:
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

6 So come, my Sovereign! enter in!
Let new and nobler life begin!
Thy Holy Spirit, guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won! Amen.

GEORG WEISSEL. Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH

100 MORECAMBE 10s.

FREDERICK C. ATKINSON

(♩=116) O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men, Who once ap - peared in hum-blest guise be - low, Sin to re - buke, to break the captive's chain, To call thy breth - ren forth from want and woe,— A - men.

2 Thee would I sing: Thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

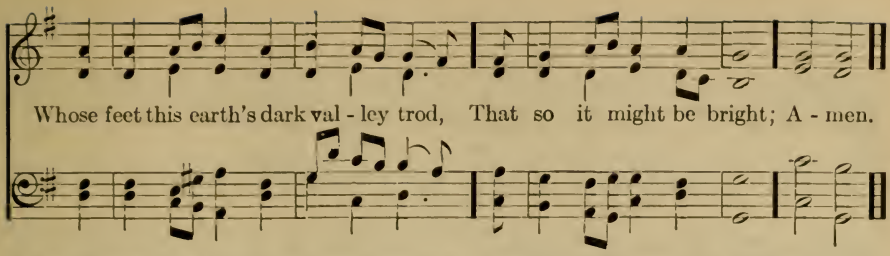
3 Yes: Thou art still the life; Thou art the way
The holiest know,—light, life, and way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,
Toil by the truth, life, way, that Thou hast given. Amen.

THEODORE PARKER

101 DEDHAM C. M.

WILLIAM GARDINER

(♩=70) O ver - y God of ver - y God, And ver - y Light of Light,



2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night; Thy people long
That Thou, their Sun, wouldst rise.

3 And even now, though dull and gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect day,
That never shall be past.

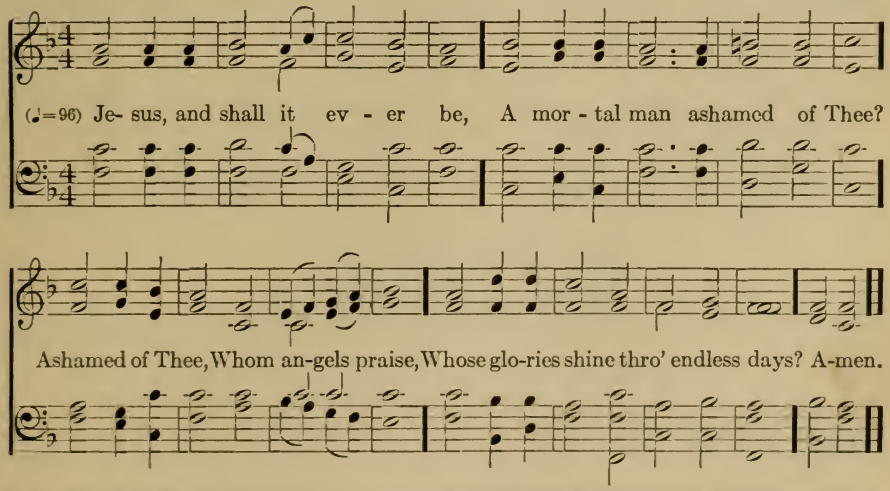
4 Oh, guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore!

5 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
With healing in Thy wings. Amen.

JOHN MASON NEALE

102 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

HENRY K. OLIVER



2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

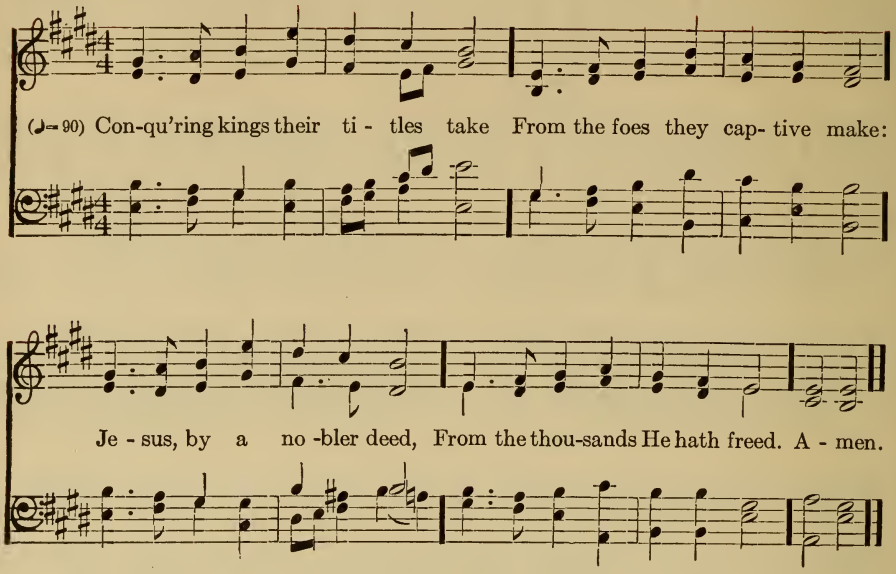
3 Ashamed of Jesus! oh, as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame.
That I no more revere His Name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride!
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And oh, may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me. Amen.

JOSEPH GRIGG

103 INNOCENTS 7s. (?)



2 Yes: none other Name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

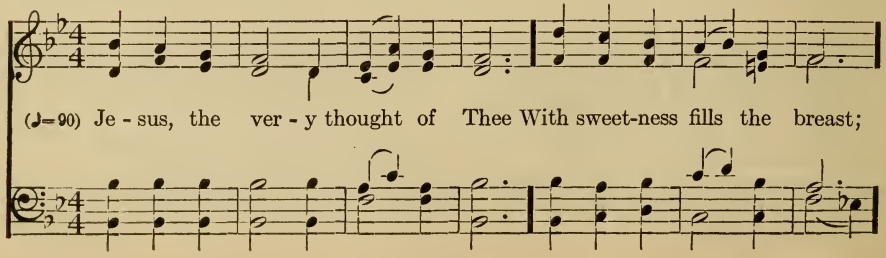
3 We would gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame:
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death but victory.

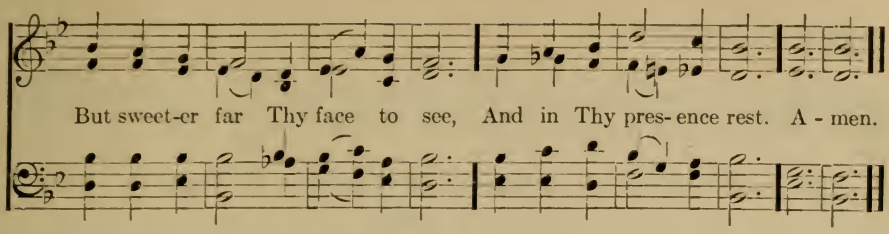
4 Jesus, Who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us, as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy Name to-day. Amen.

Latin Hymn. Tr. JOHN CHANDLER

104 SAWLEY C. M.

JAMES WALCH





2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

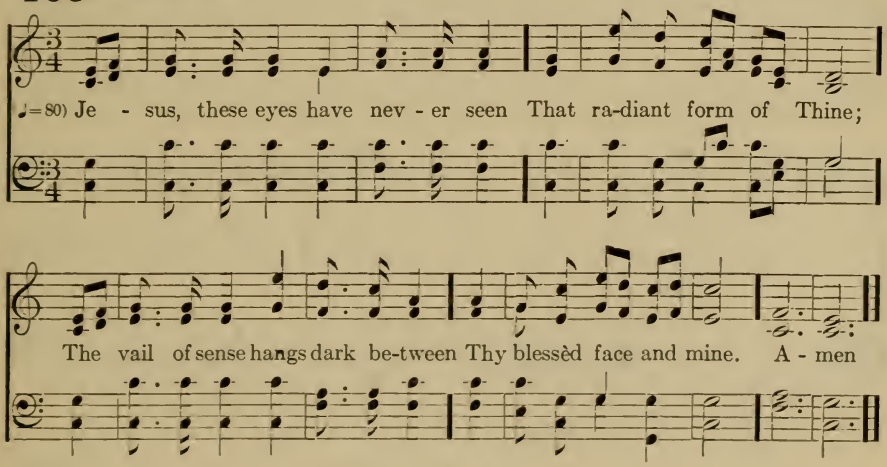
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. Tr. EDWARD CASWALL

105 HEBER C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY



2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

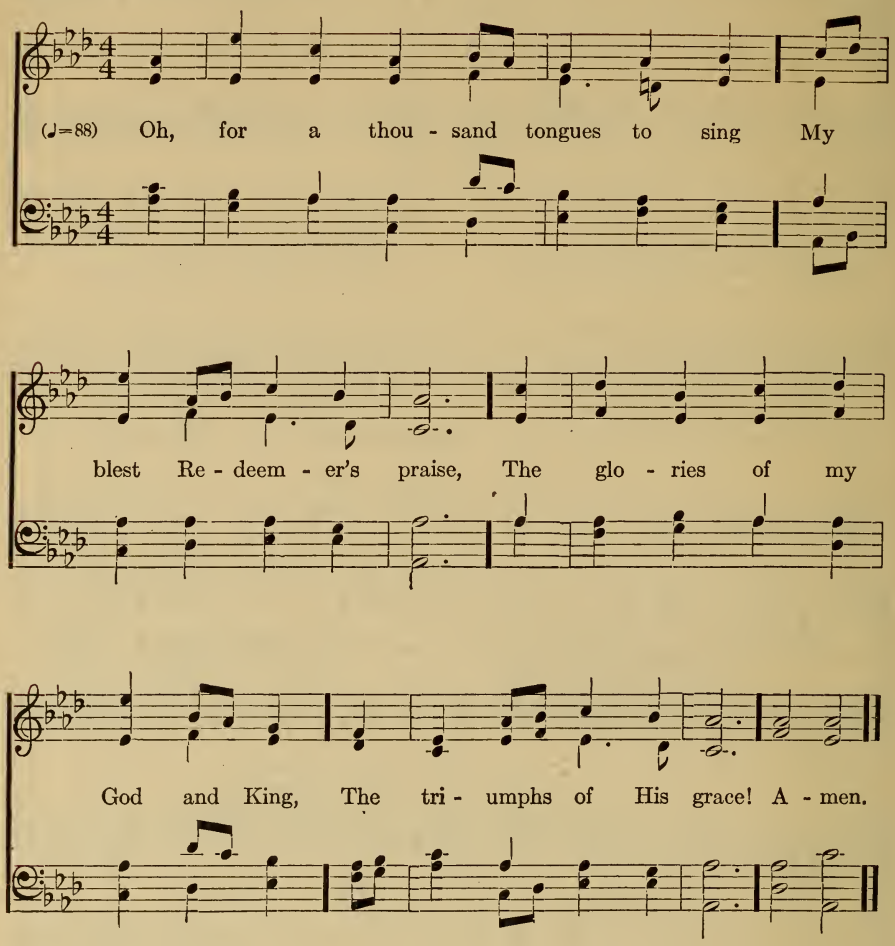
3 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord! and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

4 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending vail shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art! Amen.

RAY PALMER

106 ST. STEPHEN C. M.

WILLIAM JONES



2 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He speaks; and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

4 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

5 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread through all the world abroad
The honors of Thy Name. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY

107 ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M.

ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE

(♩=84) How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In

a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sor - rows,

heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. A - men.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

JOHN NEWTON

108 HANOVER 10.10.11.11.

WILLIAM CROFT

(♩=100) Ye ser-vants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-

broad His won-der-ful Name; The Name all vic-to-rious of

Je-sus ex-tol; His king-dom is glo-ri-ous, He rules over all. A-men.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh, His presence we have:
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 Salvation to God, Who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY, alt.

Jesus Christ

109 LUX EOI 8s & 7s. D. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

(♩=104) Hail, Thou once de - spis-èd Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal- i - le - an King!

Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst full sal - va - tion bring.

Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!

By Thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv-en thro' Thy Name. A-men.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of Heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits!
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise! Amen.

JOHN BAKEWELL

110 ST. LUKE C. M. D.

JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=100) Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;

It tri-umphed o'er dis - ease and death, O'er dark - ness and the grave.

To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal - sied and the lame,

The lep - er with his taint-ed life, The sick with fe- vered frame. A - men.

2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light.
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesereth's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death,
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong
May praise Thee evermore. Amen.

EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE

The Holy Spirit

111 MORECAMBE 10s. FREDERICK C. ATKINSON

(♩=116) Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from earth; thro'

all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak - ness, might - y as Thou art,

And make me love Thee as I ought to love. A - men.

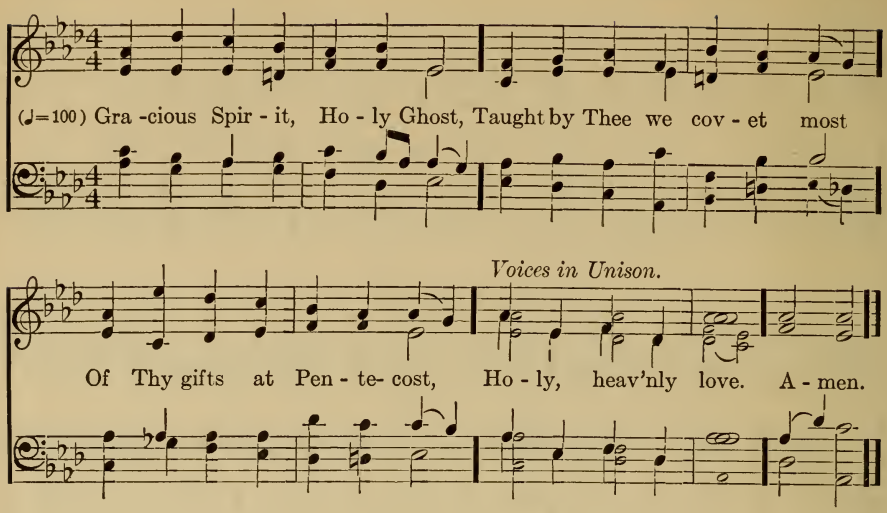
2 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King,
All, all Thine own, soul, heart and strength and mind?
I see Thy Cross, there teach my heart to cling:
Oh, let me seek Thee, and oh, let me find.

3 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer;

4 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame,
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame. Amen.

GEORGE CROLY

112 CHARITY 7.7.7.5. JOHN STAINER



2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love, than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us love.

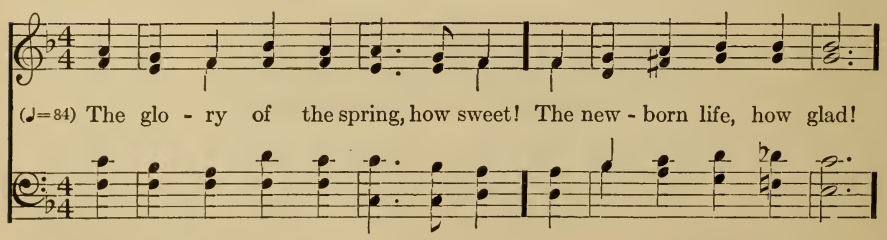
4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

5 Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree,
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

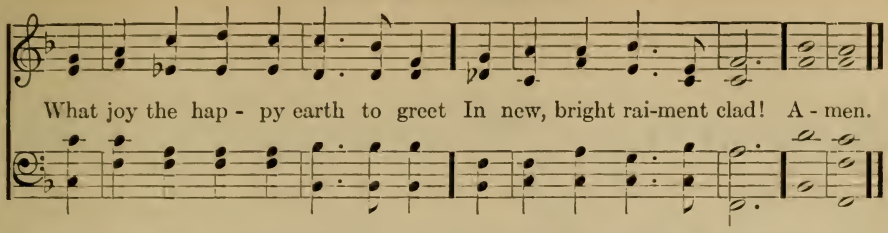
6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love. Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

113 DALEHURST C. M. ARTHUR COTTMAN



The Holy Spirit



2 Divine Renewer! Thee I bless;
I greet Thy going forth:
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewèd earth.

3 But oh, these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new-births more divine!

4 These sinful souls Thou hallowest,
These hearts Thou makest new,
These mourning souls by Thee made blest,
These faithless hearts made true:

5 This new-born glow of faith so strong,
This bloom of love so fair;
This new-born ecstasy of song
And fragrancy of prayer!

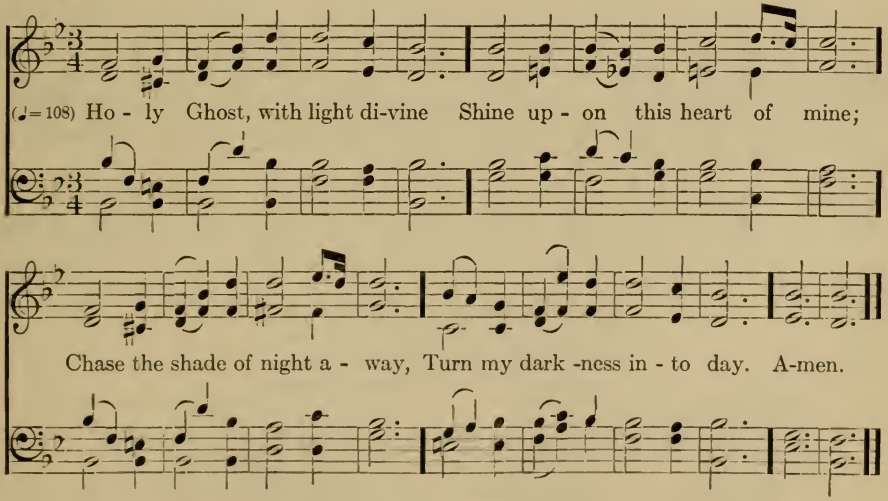
6 Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine:
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine!

7 Still let new life and strength upspring,
Still let new joy be given:
And grant the glad new song to ring
Thro' the new earth and heaven. Amen.

THOMAS H. GILL

114 GOTTSCHALK 7s.

Arr. fr. LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK



2 Holy Ghost, with power divine
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone. Amen.

ANDREW REED

115 ZEPHYR L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

(♩=112) Come, O Cre a - tor Spir - it blest! And in our

souls take up Thy rest; Come, with Thy grace and heav'n - ly

aid, To fill the hearts which Thou hast made. A - men.

2 Great Comforter, to Thee we cry;
O highest Gift of God most high,
O Fount of life, O Fire of love,
And sweet anointing from above!

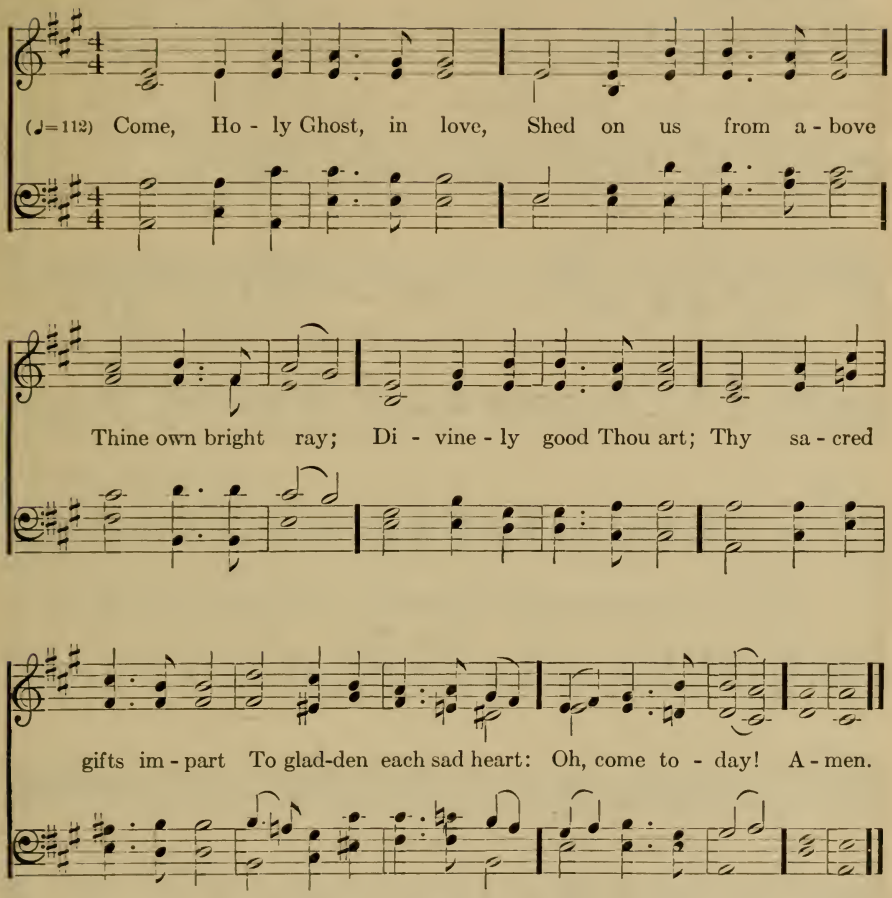
3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside. Amen.

Latin Hymn, 8th cent. Tr. EDWARD CASWALL

116 BETHEL 6.6.4.6.6.4

JOHN H. CORNELL



2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine,
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

4 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward,
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy! Amen.

Latin Hymn, 13th cent. Tr. RAY PALMER

117 HERMAS 6s & 5s. D. With Refrain

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

(♩=108) Hark! the voice e - ter - nal, Robed in maj-es - ty, Call- ing in - to be - ing

Earth and sea and sky; Hark! in count-less num-bers All the an - gel- throng

Hail cre - a - tion's morn-ing With one burst of song. High in re - gal glo - ry,

'Mid e -ter-nal light, Reign, O King im-mor - tal, Ho - ly, in - fi - nite. A-men.

2 Bright the world and glorious,
Calm both earth and sea,
Noble in its grandeur
Stood man's purity;
Came the great transgression,
Came the saddening fall,
Death and desolation
Breathing over all.
Still in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

3 Long the nations waited,
Through the troubled night,
Looking, longing, yearning
For the promised light.
Prophets saw the morning
Breaking far away,
Minstrels sang the splendor
Of that opening day.
Whilst in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

4 Brightly dawned the Advent
Of the new-born King,
Joyously the watchers
Heard the angels sing.
Sadly closed the evening
Of His hallowed life,
As the noontide darkness
Veiled the last dread strife.
Lo! again in glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigns the King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

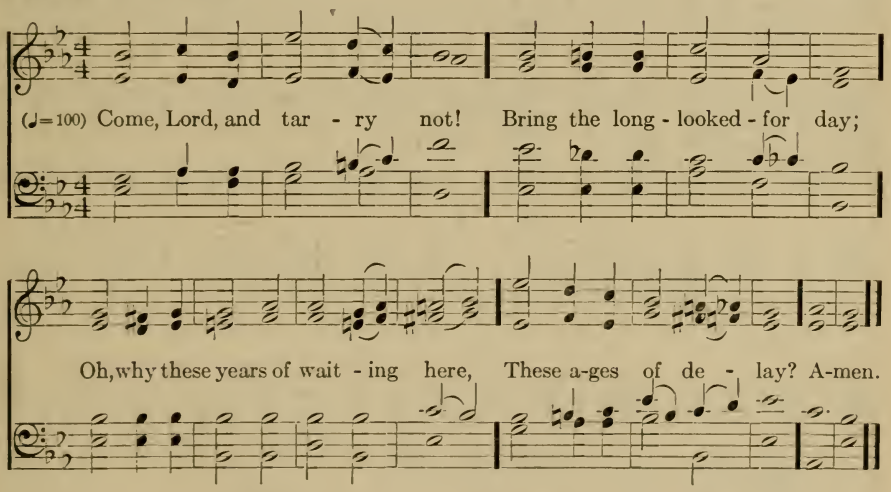
5 Lo! again He cometh,
Robed in clouds of light,
As the Judge eternal,
Armed with power and might.
Nations to His footstool
Gathered then shall be;
Earth shall yield her treasures,
And her dead, the sea.
Till the trumpet soundeth,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, Thou King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

6 Jesus! Lord and Master,
Prophet, Priest and King,
To Thy feet, triumphant,
Hallowed praise we bring.
Thine the pain and weeping,
Thine the victory;
Power, and praise, and honor,
Be, O Lord, to Thee.
High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King immortal,
Holy, infinite. Amen.

JOHN JULIAN

118 SIENNA S. M.

JOHN H. DEANE



2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!"
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of righteousness. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR

119 VENI EMMANUEL, No. 1 L. M. 61.

Ancient Plain Song

(♩=92) O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive

Is - ra - el; That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here,

Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em-

man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el! A - men.

2 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! etc.

3 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! etc.

4 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! etc. Amen.

Latin Hymn, 12th Cent. Tr. JOHN M. NEALE

(*Second Tune*)

VENI EMMANUEL, No. 2 L. M. 61. CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD

(♩=66) O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som

cap - tive Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here,

REFRAIN

Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! re - joice! Em-

man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el! A - men.

120 MELITA L. M. 61

JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=104) Oh, quick - ly come, dread Judge of all; For, aw - ful though Thine Ad - vent be, All shad - ows from the truth will fall, And false - hood die, in sight of Thee: Oh, quick - ly come: for doubt and fear Like clouds dis - solve when Thou art near. A - men.

2 Oh, quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
Oh, quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

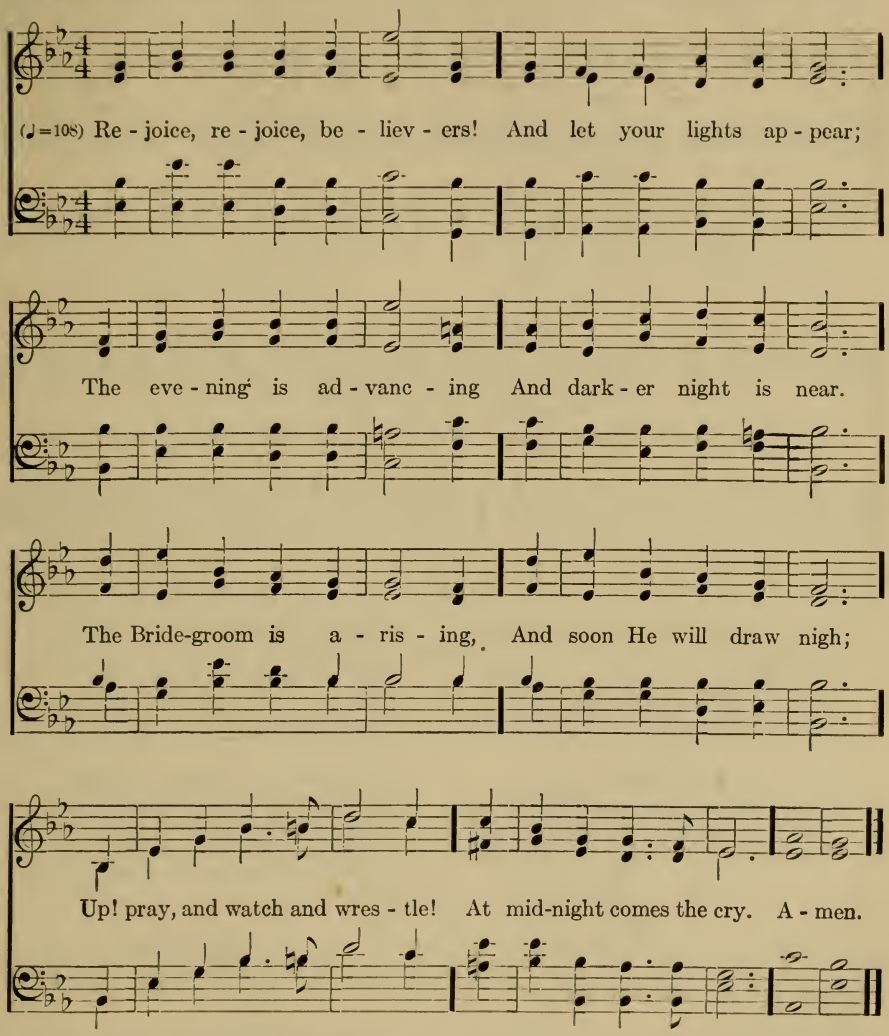
3 Oh, quickly come, true Life of all,
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
Oh, quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4 Oh, quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And fainting souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
Come, quickly come: for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known. Amen.

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT

121 GREENLAND 7s & 6s. D.

Arr. fr. J. Michael Haydn



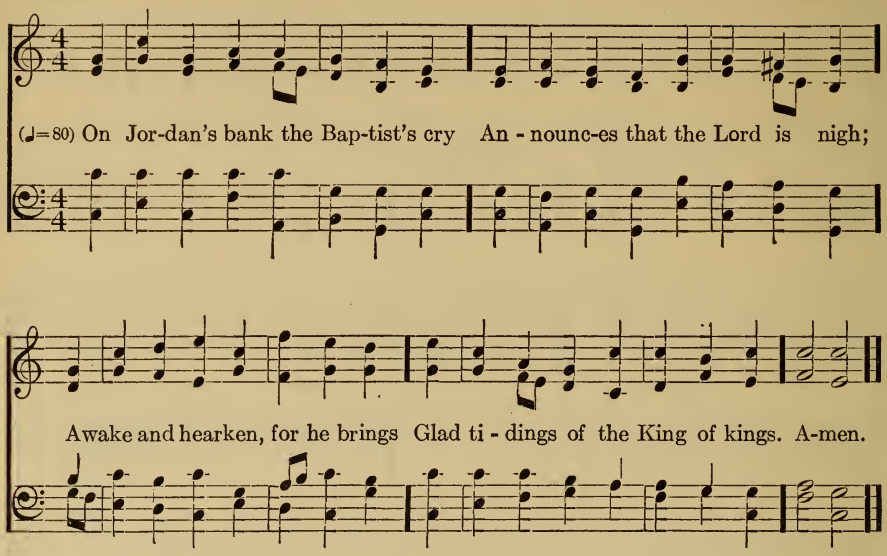
2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.

3 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed-for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee! Amen.

Latin Hymn, 17th Cent. Tr. Sarah B. Findlater

122 WINCHESTER, NEW L. M.

German



2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast
And furnished for so great a Guest;
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

3 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward;
Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

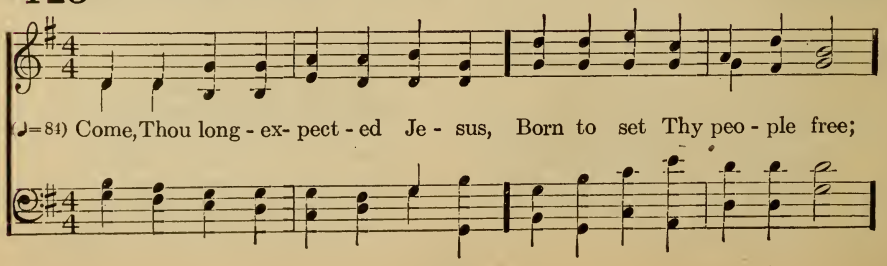
4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

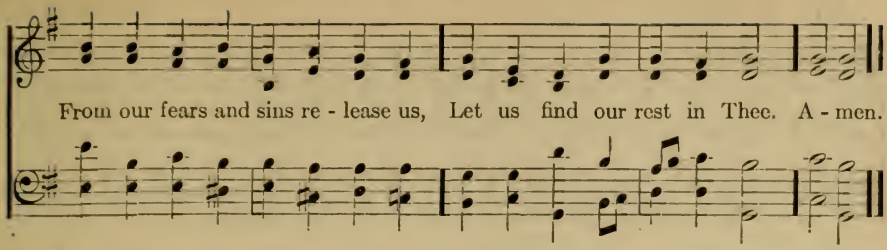
5 All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose Advent set Thy people free,
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Latin Hymn, 18th Cent. Tr. JOHN CHANDLER

123 STUTTGARD 8s & 7s.

German





2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

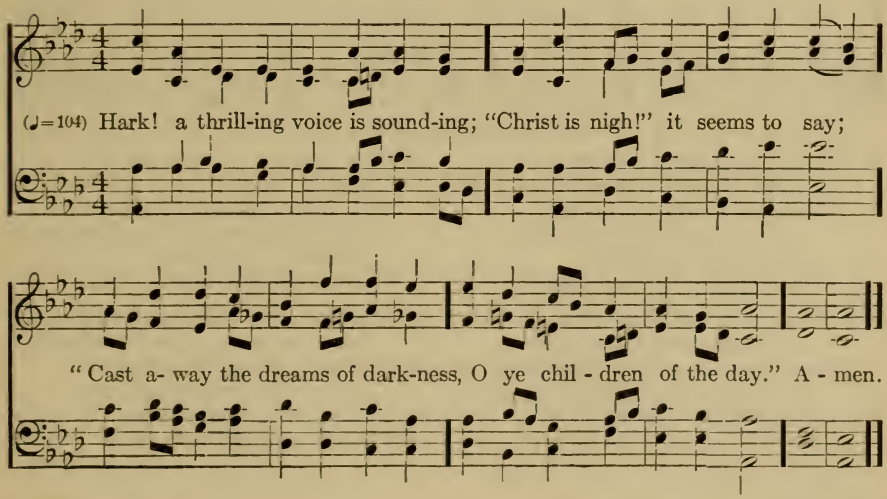
3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY

124 CROSS OF JESUS 8s & 7s.

JOHN STAINER



2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earthbound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven;

4 So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the world in fear,
May He with His mercy shield us,
And with words of love draw near. Amen

Latin Hymn, 5th Cent. Tr. EDWARD CASWALL

125 ST. PANCRAS 8s & 7s. 61.

HENRY SMART

(♩=90) Je - sus came, the heav'ns a - dor- ing, Came with peace from realms on high;

Je - sus came for man's re - demp-tion, Low - ly came on earth to die;

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

(May be sung to Regent Square, No. 133)

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest heartfelt prayer;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Cheering e'en our failing years.

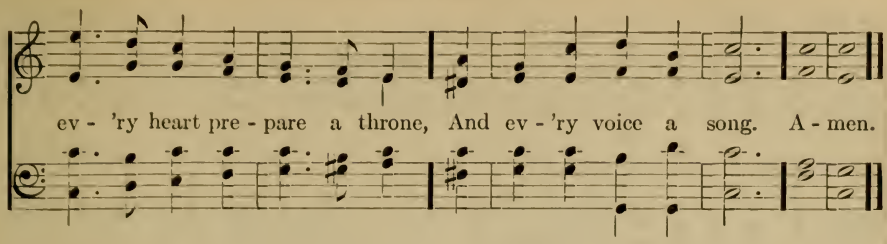
5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia! ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day. Amen.

GODFREY THRING

126 ST. SAVIOUR C. M.

FREDERICK G. BAKER

(♩=92) Hark! the glad sound! the Sav-iour comes, The Sav-iour prom-ised long; Let]



2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

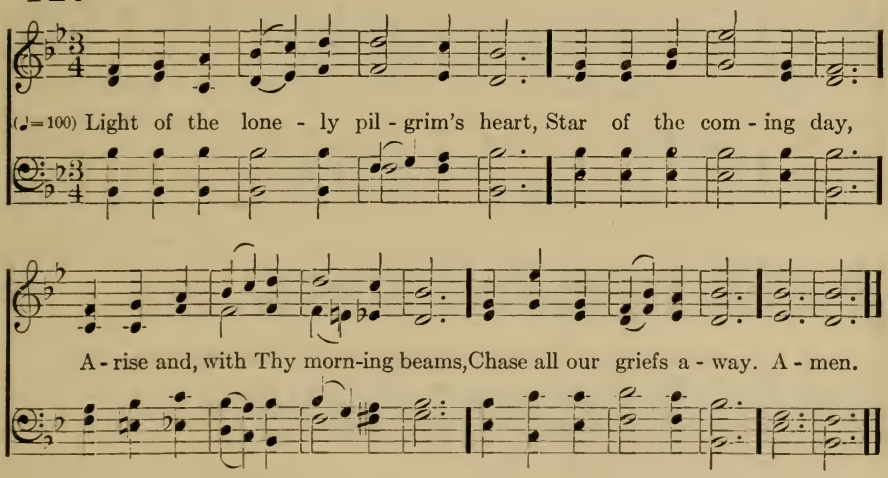
4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd Name. Amen.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

127 EAGLEY C. M.

JAMES WALCH



2 Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal Name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
In memory of Thy love.

4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

5 Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine:
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine. Amen.

EDWARD DENNY

128 AVISON Irregular

CHARLES AVISON

(♩=126) Shout the gladti-dings, ex-ult- ing-ly sing; . . . . . Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-

Stanzas commence here

si - ah is King! Zi - on, the mar-vel-lous sto - ry be tell - ing, The

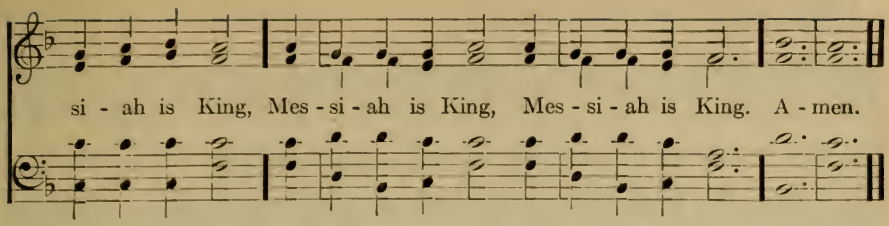
Son of the High-est, how low - ly His birth! The bright-est arch-an - gel in

Repeat 1st Chorus

glo - ry ex - cel-ling, He stoops to re-deem thee, He reigns up - on earth:

Chorus after last verse

Shout the glad ti-dings, ex - ult- ing-ly sing; . . . . . Je - ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-



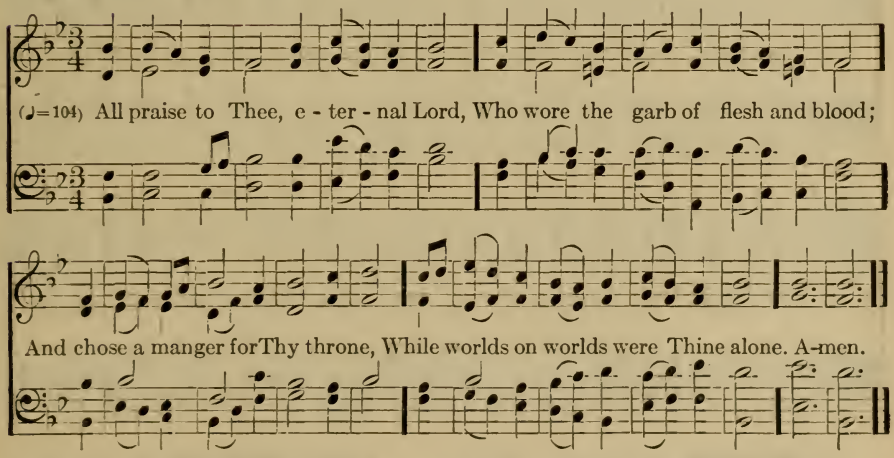
2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
His people with joy everlasting are crowned:
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:
Ye angels, the full Alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound thro' the earth and the skies:
Shout the glad tidings, etc. Amen.

WILLIAM A. MÜHLENBERG

129 WAREHAM L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP



2 Once did the skies before Thee bow;
A virgin's arms contain Thee now;
While angels who in Thee rejoice
Now listen for Thine infant voice.

3 A little child Thou art our guest,
That weary ones in Thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light,
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like Thine own angels, round Thee shine.

5 All this for us Thy love hath done;
By this to Thee our love is won;
For this our joyful songs we raise;
For this we sing Thee ceaseless praise.
Amen.

MARTIN LUTHER. Tr. Anonymous

130 ADESTE FIDELES Irregular (?)

(♩=92) O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy- ful and tri -umph-ant, O come ye, O

come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him born the King of

an - gels; O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a-

dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord! A - men.

2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God, begotten, not created;
O come, etc.

3 Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above:
Glory to God in the highest;
O come, etc.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesus, to Thee be glory giv'n;
Word of the Father, now in flesh apearing;
O come, etc. Amen.

Latin Hymn, 17th Cent. Tr. Frederick Oakley

131 MENDELSSOHN 7s. D.

Arr. fr. Mendelssohn by William H. Cummings

(♩=88) Hark! the her- ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth and

mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled! Joy-ful all ye na-tions, rise,

Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th' an-gel-ic host pro-claim Christ is born in

Beth-le-hem. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King. A-men.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald angel sing
Glory to the new-born King.

3 Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King. Amen.

Charles Wesley, alt.

132 YORKSHIRE 10s. 6l.

JOHN WAINWRIGHT

(♩=118) Chris-tians, a - wake! sa - lute the hap - py morn Where - on the

Sav-iour of man - kind was born; Rise to a - dore the mys-ter - y of love

Which hosts of an - gels chant-ed from a - bove; With them the joy - ful

ti-dings first be -gun Of God in- car-nate and the Vir - gin's Son. A - men.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man:
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;

Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.

5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King. Amen.

JOHN BYROM

133 REGENT SQUARE 8 7 8.7.4.7

HENRY SMART

♩=108) An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth,

Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth;

Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship, Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King. A - men.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

134 SANCTUARY 8s & 7s. D.

JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=92) Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet - ly sound-ing thro' the skies?

Lo! th' an - gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'n-ly al - le - lu - ias rise.

2 List - en to the won- drous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy;

"Glo- ry in the high-est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high! A - men.

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!"

5 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

6 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name to magnify;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
"Glory be to God most high!" Amen.

JOHN CAWOOD

135 CAROL C. M. D. R. Storrs Willis

(♩=66) It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo-rious song of old,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heav'n's all- gra- cious King;"

The world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing. A-men.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

4 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing. Amen.

Edmund H. Sears, v. 5 alt.

136 RATISBON 7s. 6l.

Werner's Choralbuch

(♩=76) Sing, O sing, this bless - ed morn; Un - to us a Child is born,

Un - to us a Son is giv-en, God Him - self comes down from heaven.

Sing, O sing, this bless-ed morn, Je - sus Christ to - day is born. A-men.

2 God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

3 God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fulness of His grace.
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

4 God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by him to the skies,
He is the Son of Man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

5 Oh, renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born. Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

137 GABRIEL C. M. D.

Traditional. Arr. by Arthur S. Sullivan

(♩=104) While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

"Fear not," said he, for might - y dread Had seized their trou-bled mind;

"Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you, and all man-kind. A-men.

(May be sung to Christmas, No. 376)

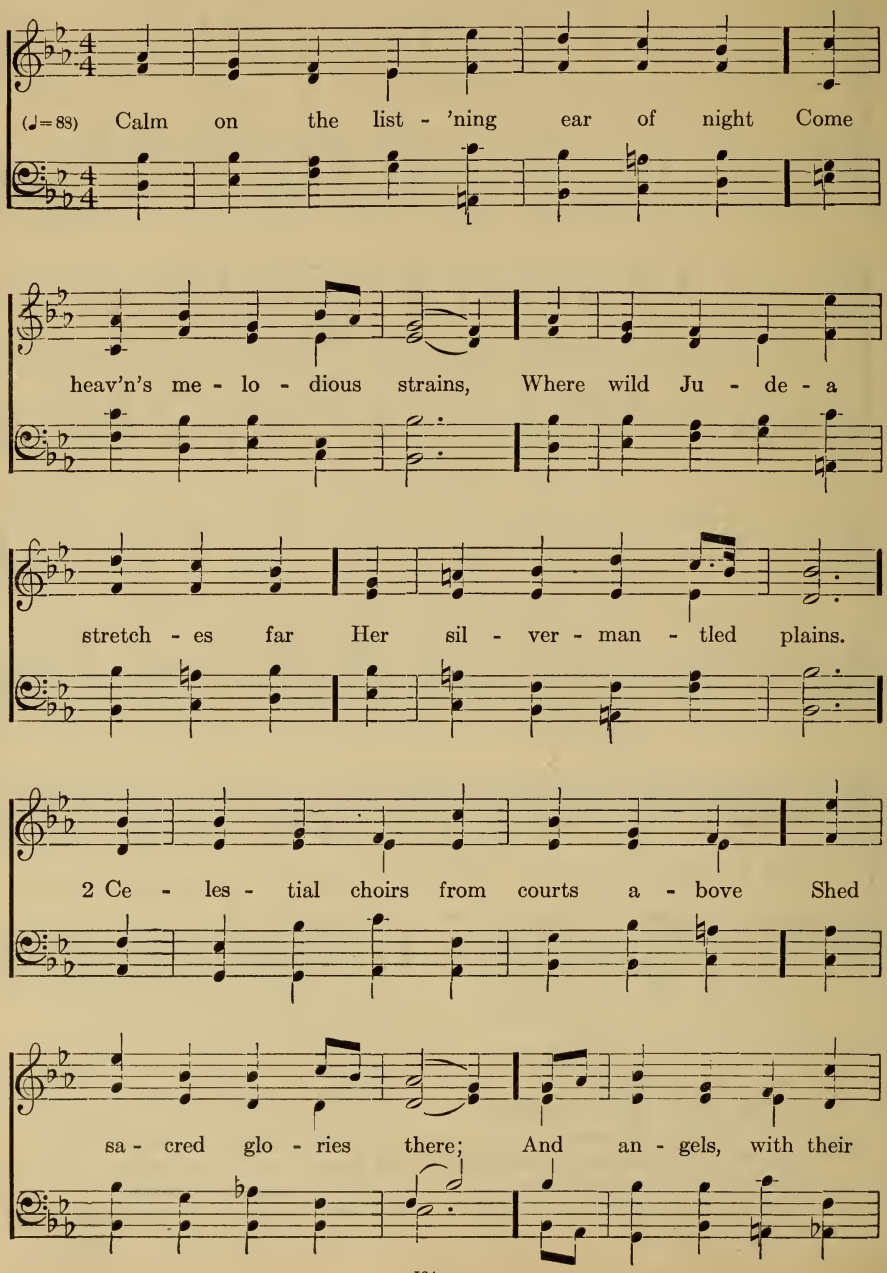
2 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid"

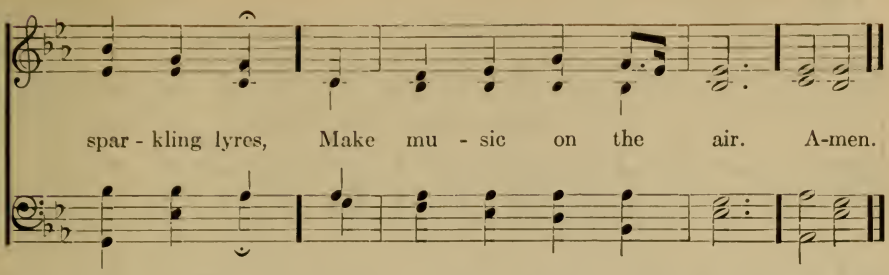
3 Thus spake the seraph: and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease." Amen.

Nahum Tate

138 ANGELS' SONG C. M. D.

Arr. fr. Mendelssohn by Edward J. Hopkins





3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Day-Spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

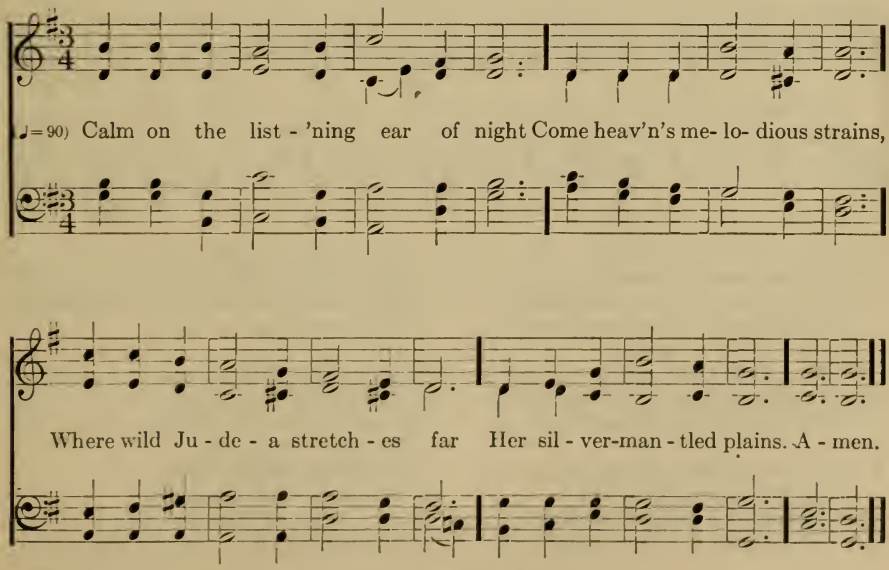
5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born:
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plain
Breaks the first Christmas morn.
Amen.

EDMUND H. SEARS

(*Second Tune*)

ST. AGNES C. M. JOHN B. DYKES



139 ST. LOUIS 8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6

LEWIS H. REDNER

(♩=112) O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie;

A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - men.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel! Amen.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

Christmas

(*Second Tune*)

BETHLEHEM 8.6.8.6.7 6.8.6 JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=108) O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee

lie;.... A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The

si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth

The ev - er - last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of

all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - men.

140 MARGARET Irregular

TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS

(♩=80) Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou

cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le - hem's home was there

found no room For Thy ho - ly Na - tiv - i - ty. Oh,

come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee. A - men.

Use the slurs and quarter notes as the words require

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the desert of Galilee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy Cross is my only plea.

5 When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for Thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest me. Amen.

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT

141 STELLA 8.3.3.6 HORATIO PARKER

All my heart this night re - joic - es, As I hear, far and near,
Sweet - est an - gel voic - es: "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,
Till the air ev - 'ry - where Now with joy is ring - ing. A - men.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all that grieves you
You are freed; all you need
I will surely give you."

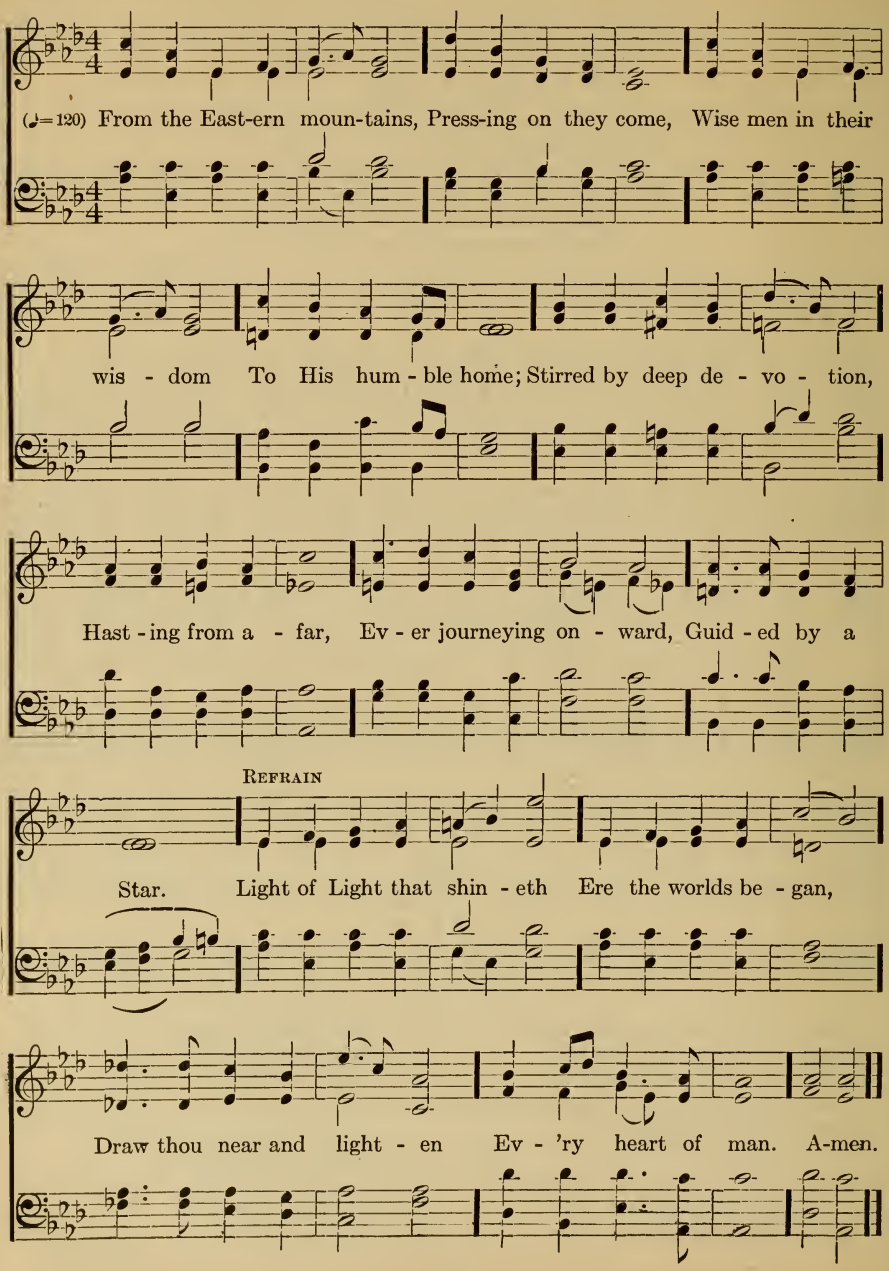
3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder;
Love Him Who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star that from far
Bright with hope is burning!

4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, and with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high, in the joy
That can alter never. Amen.

PAULUS GERHARDT. Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH

142 ROSMORE 6s & 5s. D. Refrain

HENRY G. TREMBATH



2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.
Light of Light, etc.

3 Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
Light of Light, etc.

4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way,
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Lead them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
Light of Light, etc.

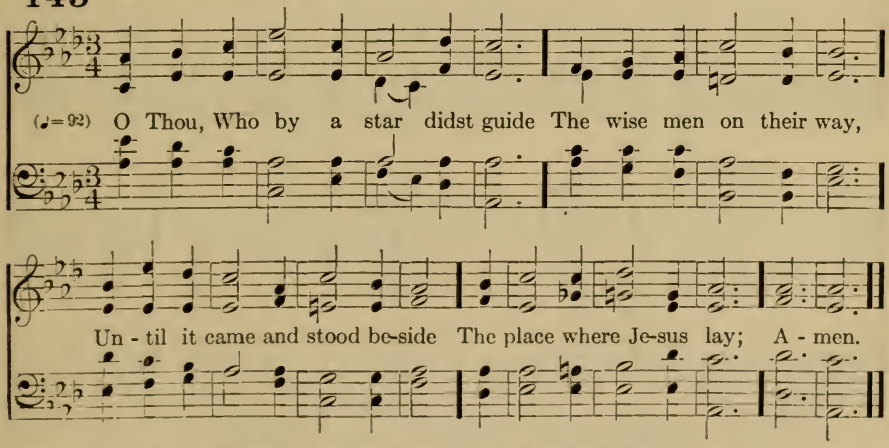
5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them,
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star.
Light of Light, etc.

6 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.
Light of Light, etc. Amen.

(May be sung to Hermas, No. 117) GODFREY THRING

143 BEATITUDO C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES



2 Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need
Will show them how to go.

3 As yet we know Thee but in part;
But still we trust Thy word
That blessèd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

4 O Saviour, give us then Thy grace
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter as Thou art. Amen.

JOHN M. NEALE

144 EPIPHANY No 1 11s & 10s.

Arr. fr. Mozart by Lowell Mason

(♩=108) Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing,

Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine aid;

Star of the East the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,

Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid. A - men.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. Amen.

REGINALD HEBER

(*Second Tune*)

MORNING STAR 11s & 10s. J. P. HARDING

(♩=104) Bright- est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our

dark - ness and lend us thine aid;..... Star of the East, the ho-

ri - zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid. A-men.

145 SWEDEN L. M.

HENRY H. HILES

(♩=108) King - dom of light! whose morn - ing star To Bethl'hem's man - ger led the way, Not yet up - on our long - ing eyes Shines the full splen - dor of thy day: A-men.

2 Yet still across the centuries falls,
Solemn and sweet, our Lord's command;
And still with steadfast faith we cry,
"Lo, the glad kingdom is at hand!"

3 Kingdom of heaven! whose dawn began
With Love's divine, incarnate breath,
Our hearts are slow to understand
The lessons of that Life and Death:

4 Yet, though with stammering tongues we tell
Redemption's story, strange and sweet,
The world's Redeemer, lifted up,
Shall draw the nations to His feet.

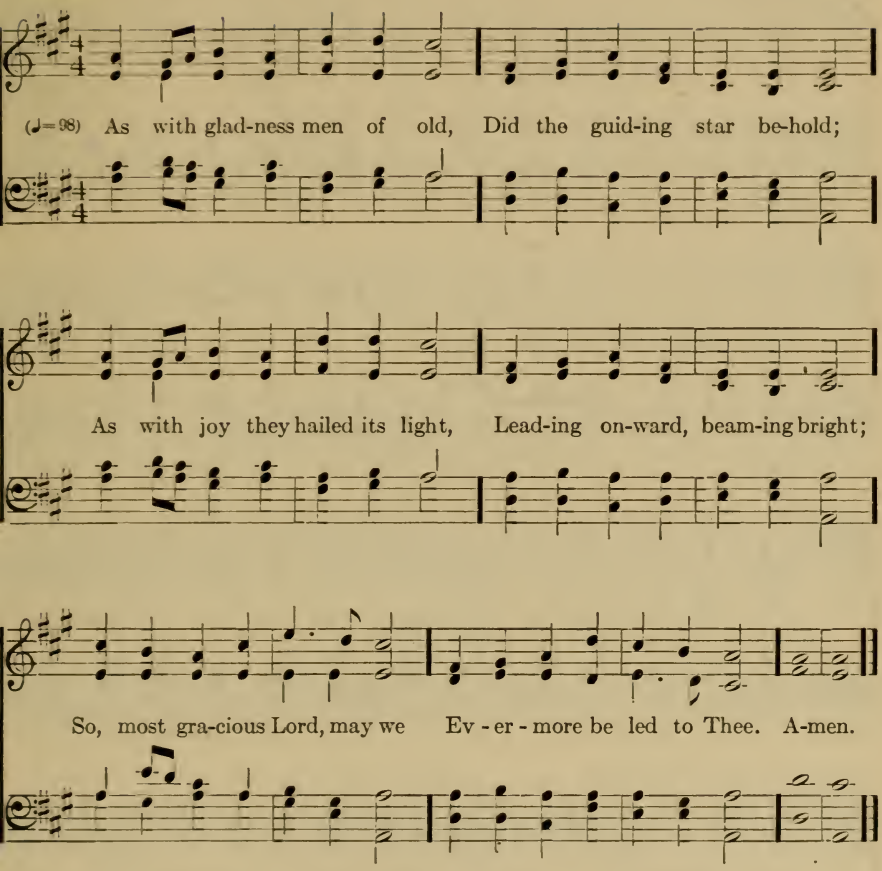
5 Kingdom of peace! whose music clear
Swept through Judea's starlit skies,
Still the harsh sounds of human strife
Break on thy heavenly harmonies:

6 Yet shall thy song of triumph ring
In full accord, from land to land,
And men with angels learn to sing,
"Behold, the kingdom is at hand!" Amen.

EMILY H. MILLER

146 DIX 7s. 6l.

Arr. fr. Conrad Kocher



2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet,
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare,
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

William C. Dix

147 WESTWOOD 7s & 6s. D. ROBERT H. MCCARTNEY

(♩=88) O One with God the Fa - ther In maj - es - ty and might,

The bright-ness of His glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of Light;

O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy rays are stream-ing now;

The shad-ows flee be - fore Thee, The world's true Light art Thou. A-men.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
O heavenly Light, arise!
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod:
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee, our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of Righteousness. Amen.

WILLIAM W. HOW

148 ST. CHRISTOPHER 7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6

FREDERICK C. MAKER

(♩=84) Be - neath the Cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,

The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,

From the burn - ing of the noon-tide heat, And the bur-den of the day. A - men.

2 Upon the Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears,
These wonders I confess,
The wonder of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O Cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding place:
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the Cross. Amen.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE

149 SPANISH HYMN 7s. D.

Spanish Melody. Arr. by Benjamin Carr

(♩=76) Sav - iour! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th' a - dor - ing knee,

When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes,

Oh! by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low,

Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny! A - men.

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread permitted hour
Of the mighty tempter's power:
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By the burden Thou didst bear,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the Cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sealed sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany! Amen.

ROBERT GRANT

(*Second Tune*)

HERVEY 7s. D. Arr. fr. FREDERICK A. J. HERVEY by BENJAMIN CARR

(♩=76) Sav - iour! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a - dor - ing knee,

When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes,

Oh, by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fer'd once for man be - low,

Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny! A - men.

150 LANDON 7.7.7.6

FREDERICK A. J. HERVEY

(♩=92) Fa-ther, hear Thy chil - drens' call: Hum-bly at Thy feet we fall,

Prod - i - gals, con- fess - ing all: We be-seech Thee, hear us. A-men.

2 Christ, beneath Thy Cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
Penitent, we breathe Thy Name:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Love that caused us first to be,
Love that bled upon the tree,
Love that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed
And repentance have delayed:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Thou Who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die:
We beseech Thee, hear us. Amen.

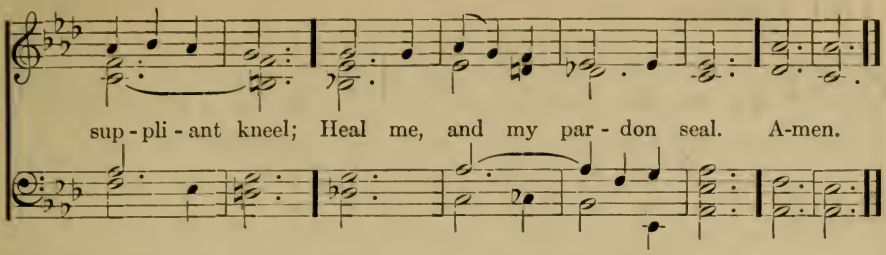
THOMAS B. POLLOCK

151 HOLY CROSS 7s. 3l.

JOHN E. WEST

Voices in unison

(♩=80) Heal me, O my Sav - iour, heal; Heal me as I



2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

3 Helpless, none can help me now;
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.

4 Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

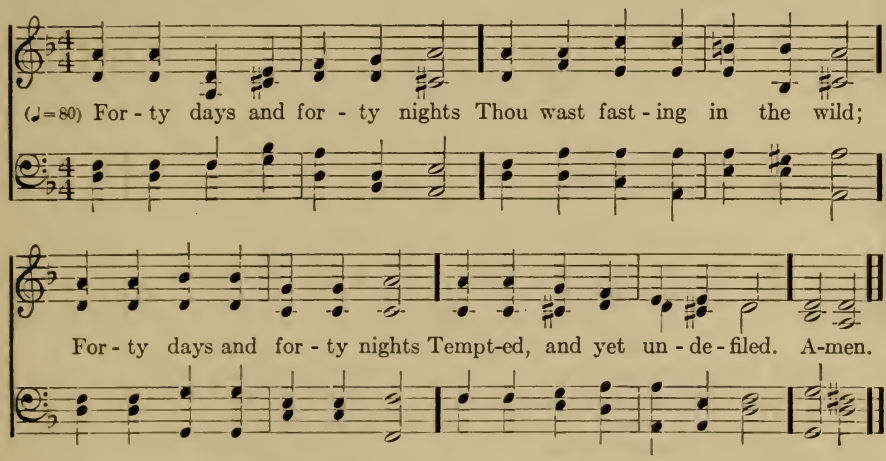
5 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

6 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
To Thy mercy I appeal. Amen.

GODFREY THRING

152 HEINLEIN 7s.

PAUL HEINLEIN



2 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

3 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

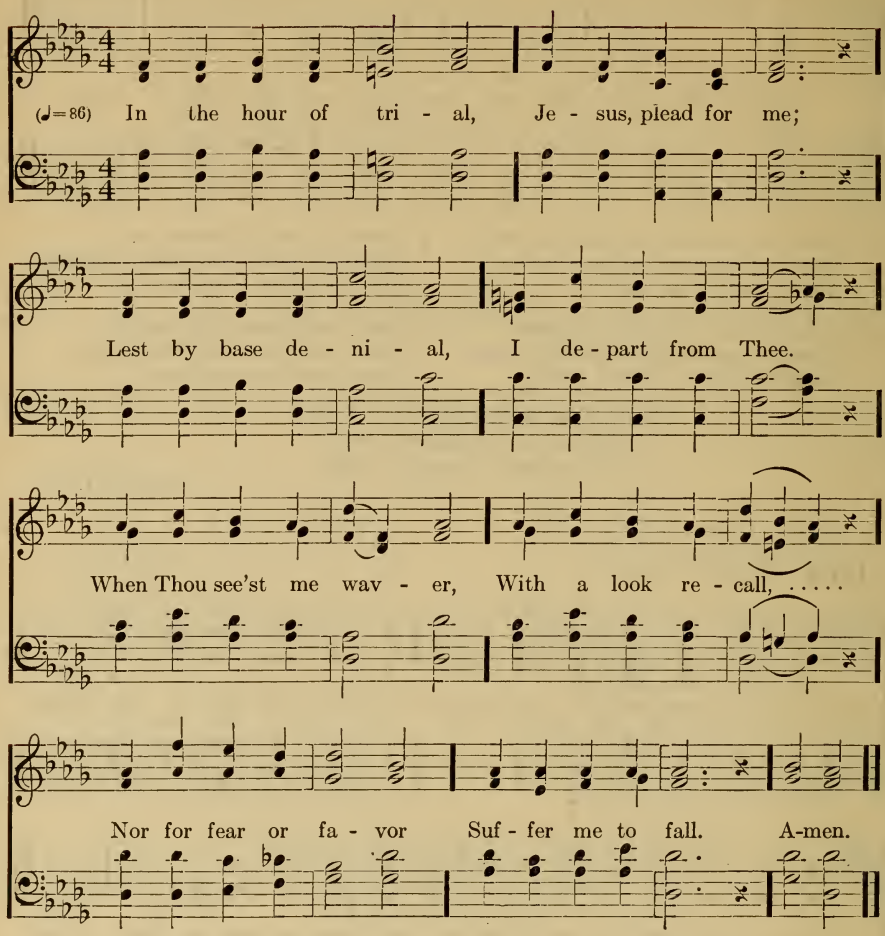
4 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

5 Keep, oh keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Easter-tide. Amen.

GEORGE H. SMYTTAN

153 PENITENCE 6s & 5s. D.

SPENCER LANE



2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

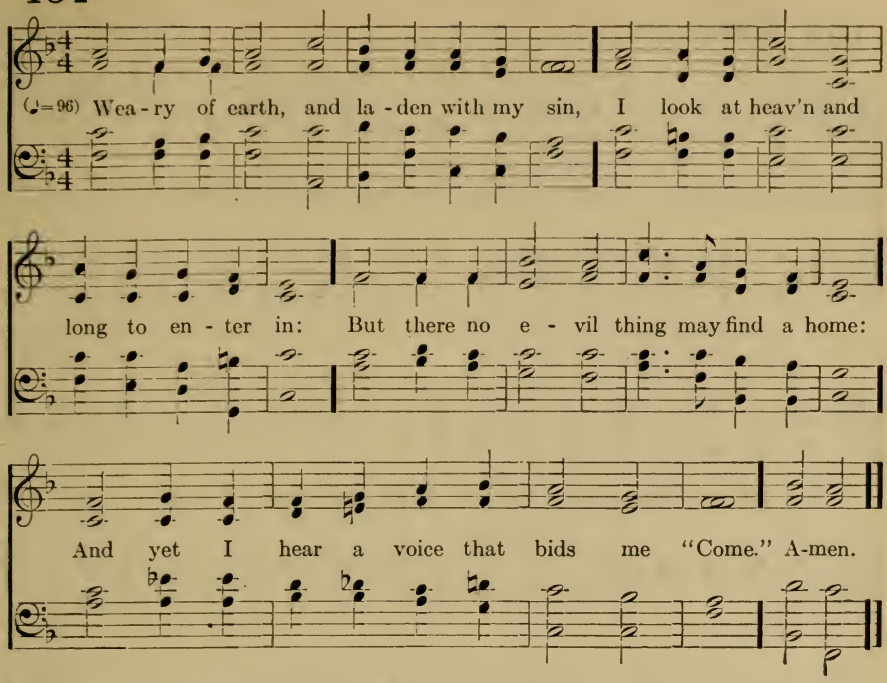
3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, alt.

154 LANGRAN 10s.

JAMES LANGRAN



2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

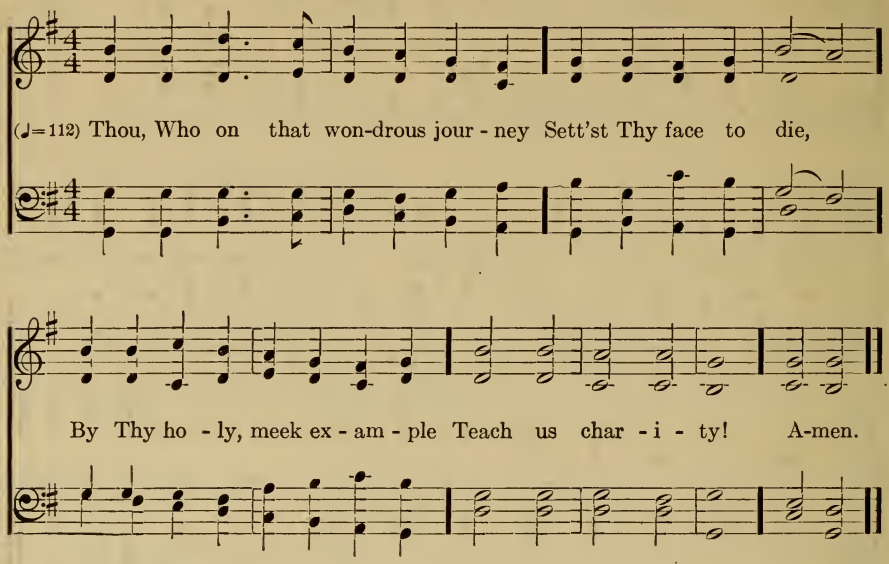
6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down. Amen.

SAMUEL J. STONE

155 CAIRNBROOK 8s & 5s.

EBENEZER PROUT



2 Thou, Who that dread cup of suffering
Didst not put from Thee;
O most Loving of the loving,
Give us charity!

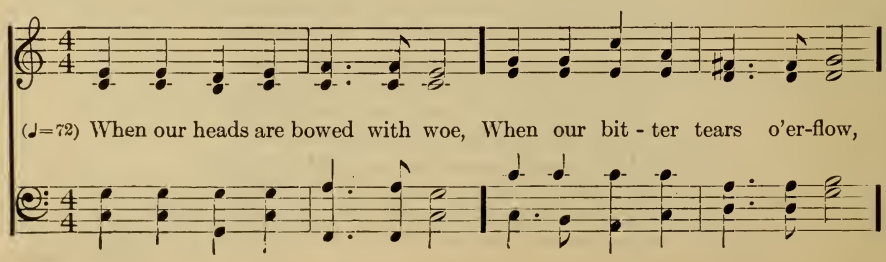
3 Thou, Who reignest, bright in glory,
On God's throne on high,
O that we may share Thy trimuph,
Grant us charity!

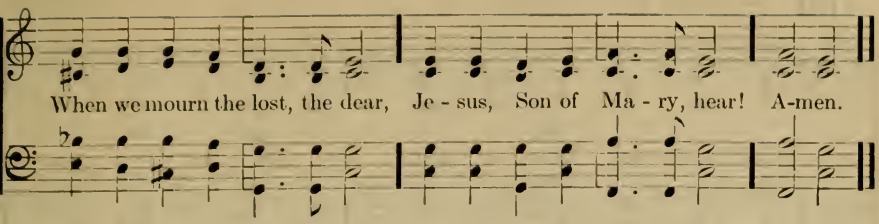
4 Send us Faith, that trusts Thy promise;
Hope, with upward eye;
But more blest than both, and greater,
Send us charity! Amen.

HENRY ALFORD

156 REDHEAD, No. 47 7s.

RICHARD REDHEAD





2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou has filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

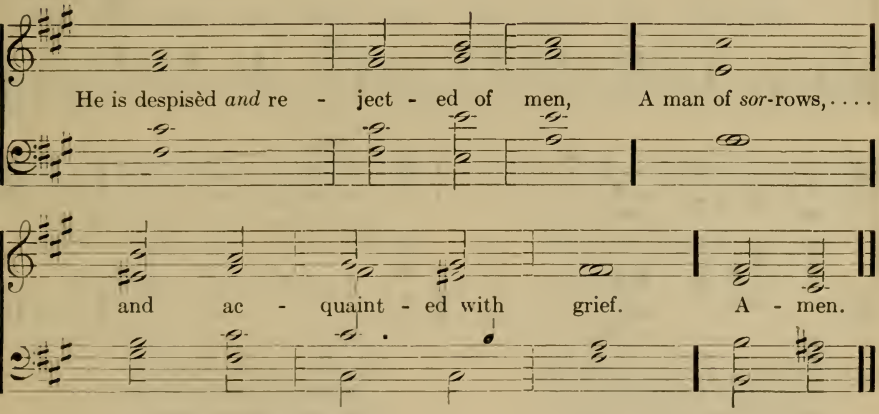
5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear! Amen.

HENRY H. MILMAN

157 BLOW'S CHANT

JOHN BLOW



2 And as one from *Whom* men | hide their | face; ||
He was des*pis'd*, and | we es- | teemèd · Him | not. ||

3 Surely He hath borne our *griefs* and | carried · our | sorrows. ||
Yet we did esteem Him *strick*en | smitten · of | God, · and af- | flicted ||

4 But He was *wound*ed for | our trans- | gressions, ||
He was | *bruis*èd · for | our in- | iquities, ||

5 The chastisement *of* our | peace · was up- | on Him; ||
And with | His stripes | we are | healèd. || Amen.

158 ST. ANDREW OF CRETE 6s & 5s. D.

JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=100) Chris - tian! dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
How the powers of dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round?
Chris-tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
In the strength that com - eth By the ho - ly Cross. A-men.

2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

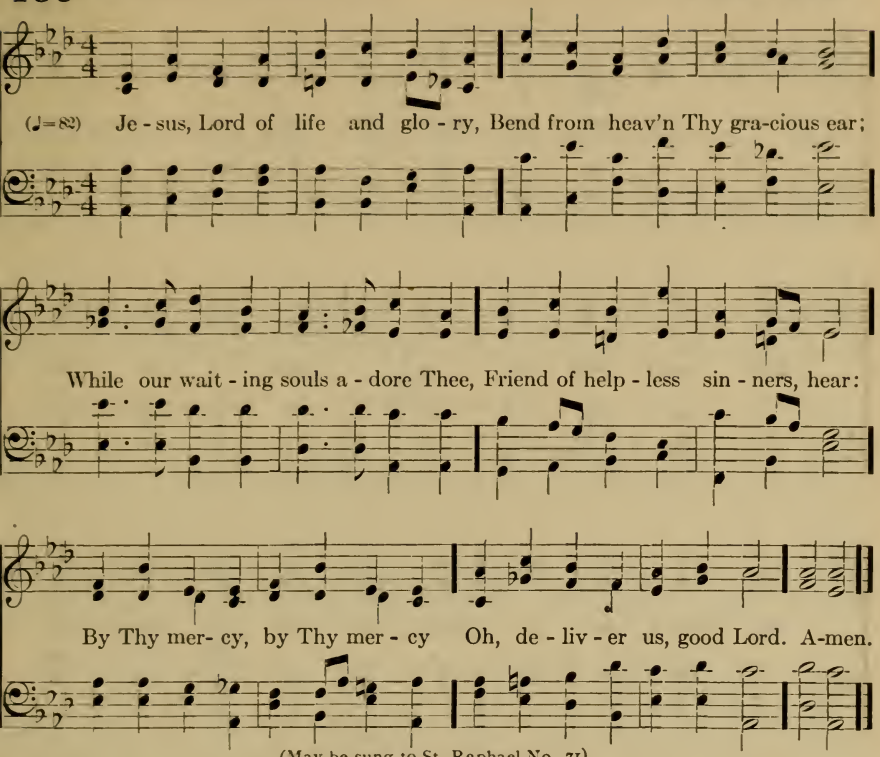
3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne." Amen.

Greek Hymn, 7th Cent. Tr. JOHN M. NEALE

159 MARGARET STREET 8.7.8.7.4.7

WILLIAM S. HOYTE



(May be sung to St. Raphael No. 71)

2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
||: By Thy mercy, :||
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
||: By Thy mercy, :||
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
||: By Thy mercy, :||
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness
When all human help is vain,
||: By Thy mercy, :||
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our hope and stay:
||: By Thy mercy :||
Oh, deliver us, good Lord. Amen.

JOHN J. CUMMINS

160 CONTRITION 8.7.8.7

JOHN STAINER

(♩=82) Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could ev - er be When I let the Sav - iour's pit - y Plead in vain, and proud - ly an - swered, "All of self, and none of Thee." A - men.

2 Yet He found me: I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree;
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father;"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of Thee."

3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;
Grant me now my soul's desire,
"None of self, and all of Thee." Amen.

THEODORE MONOD

161 ST. THEODULPH 7s & 6s. D.

MELCHOIR TESCHNER

(♩=92) All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem - er, King!

To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring.

Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,

Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless-ed One. A-men.

2 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

3 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King. Amen.

THEODULPH OF ORLEANS Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, alt.

162 ST. ANSELM 7s & 6s. D.

JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=100) Oh, how shall I re - ceive Thee, How meet Thee on Thy way;
Blest hope

Blest Hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, My soul's de - light and stay?

O Je - sus, Je - sus, give me Now by Thine own pure light,

To know what-e'er is pleas - ing And wel - come in Thy sight. A-men.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
With branches fresh and fair;
My soul, in praise awaking,
Her anthem shall prepare.
Perpetual thanks and praises
Forth from my heart shall spring;
And to Thy Name the service
Of all my powers I bring.

3 Ye who with guilty terror
Are trembling, fear no more:
With love and grace the Saviour
Shall you to hope restore.
He comes, Who contrite sinners
Will with the children place,
The children of His Father,
The heirs of life and grace. Amen.

PAULUS GERHARDT. Tr. ARTHUR T. RUSSELL

163 TOURS 7s & 6s. D.

BERTHOLD TOURS

(♩= 126) When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,

The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His Name;

Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long, He

let them still at - tend Him, Well pleased to hear their song. A - men.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And raise a loud Hosanna,
To David's royal Son.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's. Amen.

JOHN KING

164 ST. DROSTANE L. M.

JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=86) Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho - san - na cry;

O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd. A-men.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.
Amen.

HENRY H. MILMAN

165 SAWLEY C. M.

JAMES WALCH

(♩=78) O Thou, Who thro' this ho - ly week, Didst suf - fer for us all;

The sick to heal, the lost to seek, To raise up them that fall: A - men.

2 We cannot understand the woe
Thy love was pleased to bear:
O Lamb of God, we only know
That all our hopes are there.

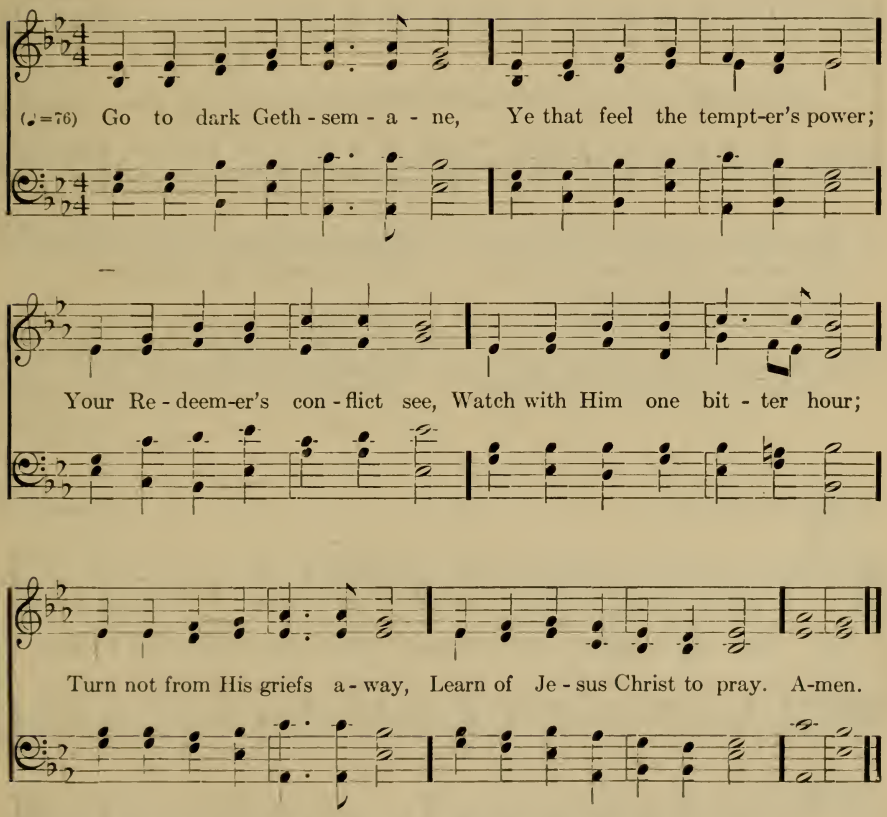
3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod,
Thy hand the victory won:
What shall we render to our God
For all that He hath done?

4 To God, the Blessèd Three in One,
All praise and glory be:
Crown, Lord, Thy servants who have won
The victory through Thee. Amen.

JOHN M. NEALE

166 REDHEAD 7s. 6l.

RICHARD REDHEAD



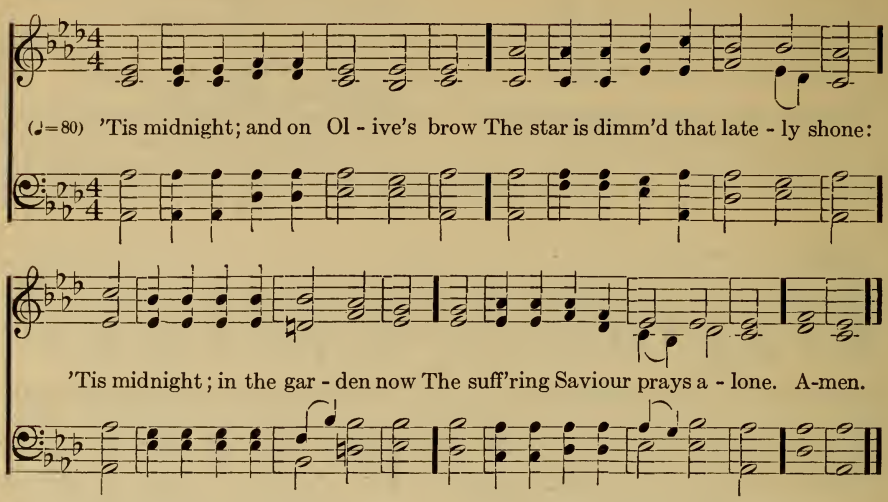
2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear Him cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

167 OLIVE'S BROW L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

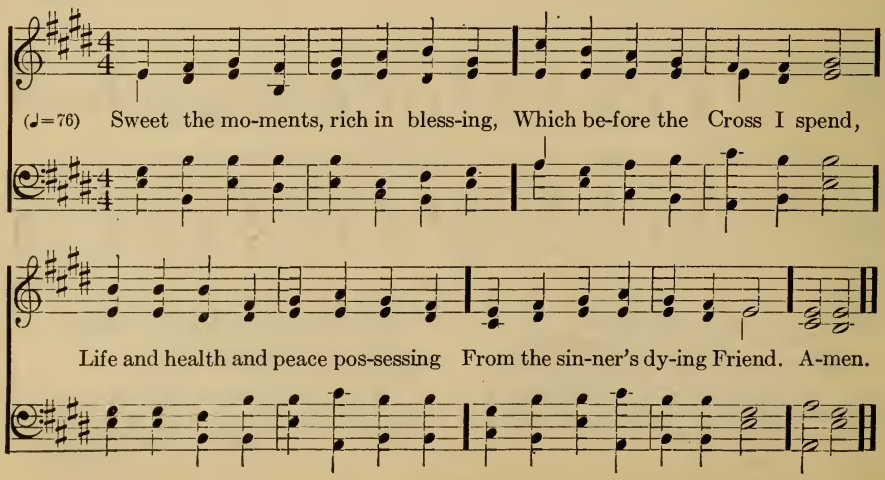
3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.
Amen.

WILLIAM B TAPPAN

168 BATTY 8s & 7s.

German



2 Here I kneel in wonder, viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood;
Precious drops, for pardon suing,
Make and plead my peace with God.

3 Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in His dying eye.

4 Here I find my hope of heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze,
Loving much, and much forgiven,
Let my heart o'erflow with praise.

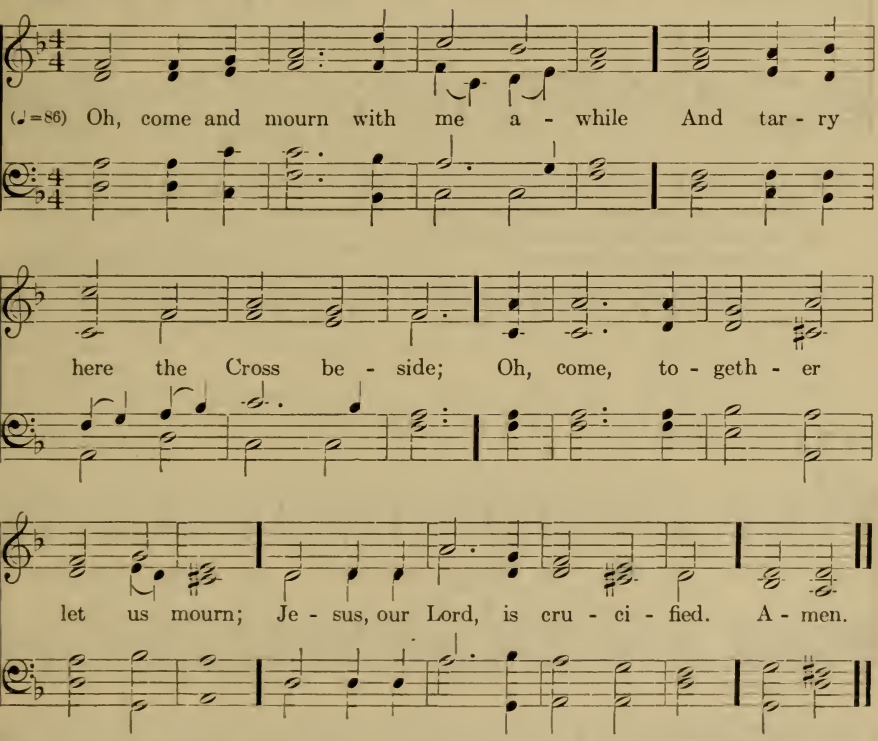
5 Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glories see.

6 For Thy sorrows I adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,
In my heart Thy love increase. Amen.

WALTER SHIRLEY

169 ST. CROSS L. M.

JOHN B. DYKES



2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
For Thou, our Lord, art crucified!
Amen.

FREDERICK W. FABER

170 ROCKINGHAM L. M.

Arr. by Edward Miller

(♩=84) When I sur - vey the wondrous Cross On which the Prince of glo- ry died,

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. A- men.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God,
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.
Amen.

Isaac Watts

171 ST. PHILIP 7s.

William H. Monk

(♩=86) Lord, in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere the time shall

pass a - way, On our knees we fall and pray. A - men.

2 Holy Jesus grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

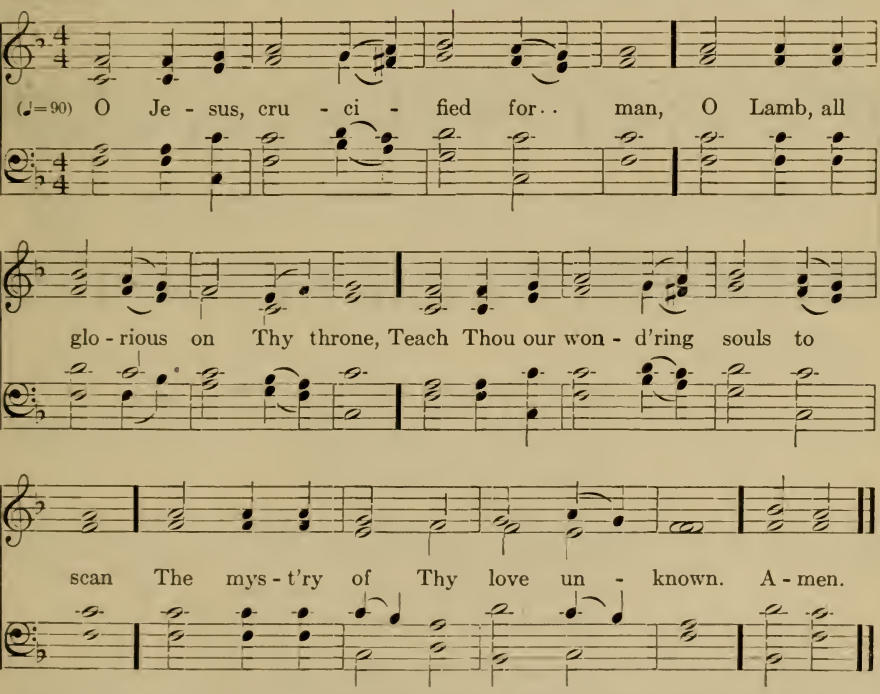
6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love shall then be known
By the pardon'd round Thy throne.
Amen.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

172 HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. fr. a Gregorian Tone by LOWELL MASON



2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly for Thine own dear sake
In paths of pain to follow Thee.

3 As on our daily way we go,
Thro' light or shade, in calm or strife,
Oh, may we bear Thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.

4 And week by week this day we ask
That holy memories of Thy Cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
Win thro' Thy blood our pardon there,
And thro' the cross attain the crown.
Amen.

WILLIAM W. HOW

173 MEDITATION C. M.

JOHN H. GOWER

(♩=96) There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. A-men.

Copyright by John H. Gower

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

Holy Week

(*Second Tune*)

HORSLEY C. M. — WILLIAM HORSLEY

(♩=80) There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci-fied, Who died to save us all. A- men.

174 INTERCESSION L. M. — Ancient Melody

(♩=90) Lord Je - sus! when we stand a-far, And gaze up - on Thy ho - ly Cross,

In love of Thee, and scorn of self, Oh, may we count the world as loss. A - men.

2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

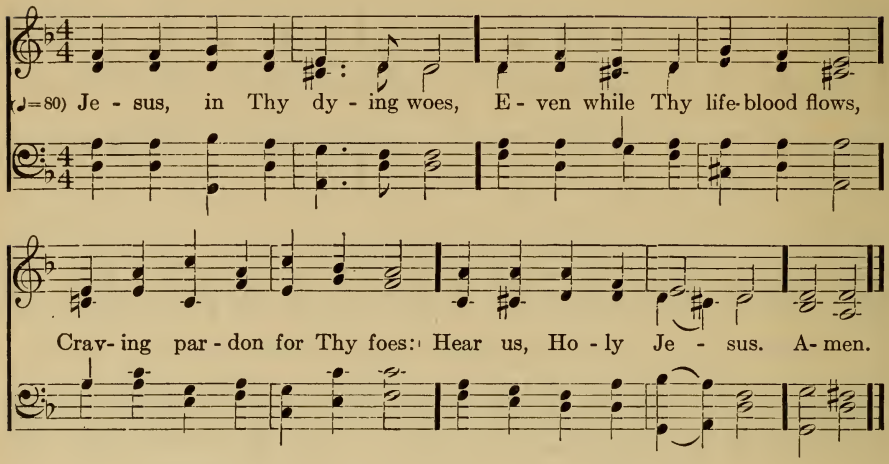
3 O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below;

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see:
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee. Amen.

WILLIAM W. HOW.

The Words on the Cross

175 LITANY, No. 10 7.7.7.6 — WILLIAM H. MONK



PART I

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."—ST. LUKE, xxiii.34

1 Jesus, in Thy dying woes,
Even while Thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for Thy foes:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Oh, may we, who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART II

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." ST. LUKE, xxiii.43

1 Jesus, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,
Promising him Paradise:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 May we, in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy Name:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Oh, remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
Cheer our souls with hope divine:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART III

"Woman, behold thy son!" "Behold thy mother!" ST. JOHN, xix.26, 27

1 Jesus, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,
And enjoy Thy tender care:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART IV

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" ST. MATT. xxvii.46

1 Jesus, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heav'n is shown:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Part V

"I thirst."—St. John, xix. 28

1 Jesus, in Thy thirst and pain,
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Thy holy work fulfil:
Satisfy Thy loving will:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Part VI

"It is finished."—St. John, xix. 30

1 Jesus, all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed,
By Thy suff'rings perfect made:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Save us in our soul's distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Brighten all our heav'nward way,
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Part VII

"Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit"
St. Luke, xxiii. 46

1 Jesus, all Thy labor vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past,
Yielding up Thy soul at last:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 When the death shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

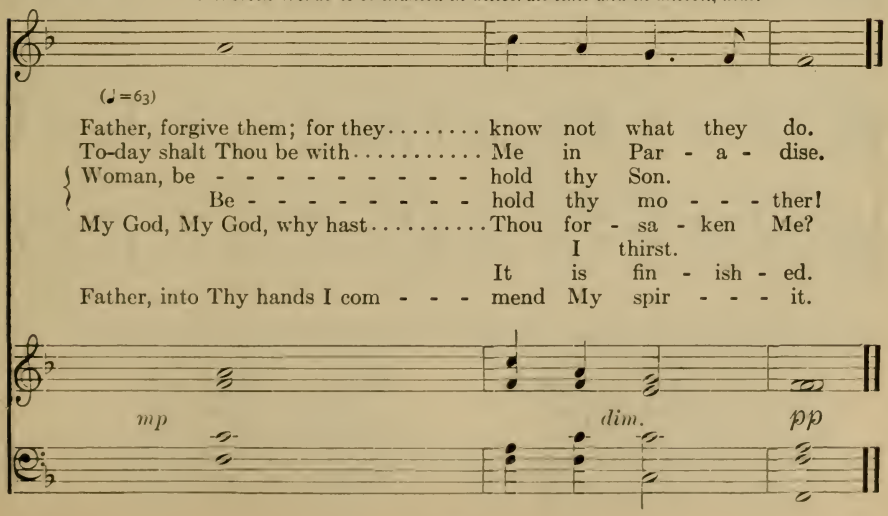
3 May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high:
Hear us, Holy Jesus. Amen.

Thomas B. Pollock

176

William H. Monk

The seven Words to be chanted in deliberate time and in unison, thus:



177 GERHARDT 7s & 6s. D.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK

(♩=104) O sa - cred Head now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now, was Thine!

Yet, though de-spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine! A - men.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here, I fall, my Saviour!
'T is I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
Oh, make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 In this, Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy Cross abiding
Forever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

5 Be near when I am dying;
Oh, show Thy Cross to me;
And to my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely, through Thy love. Amen.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX and PAULUS GERHARDT.
Tr. JAMES W. ALEXANDER

(*Second Tune*)

PASSION CHORALE 7s & 6s. D. HANS LEO HASSLER

(♩=63) O sa - cred Head, now wound-ed, With grief and shame weighed down,

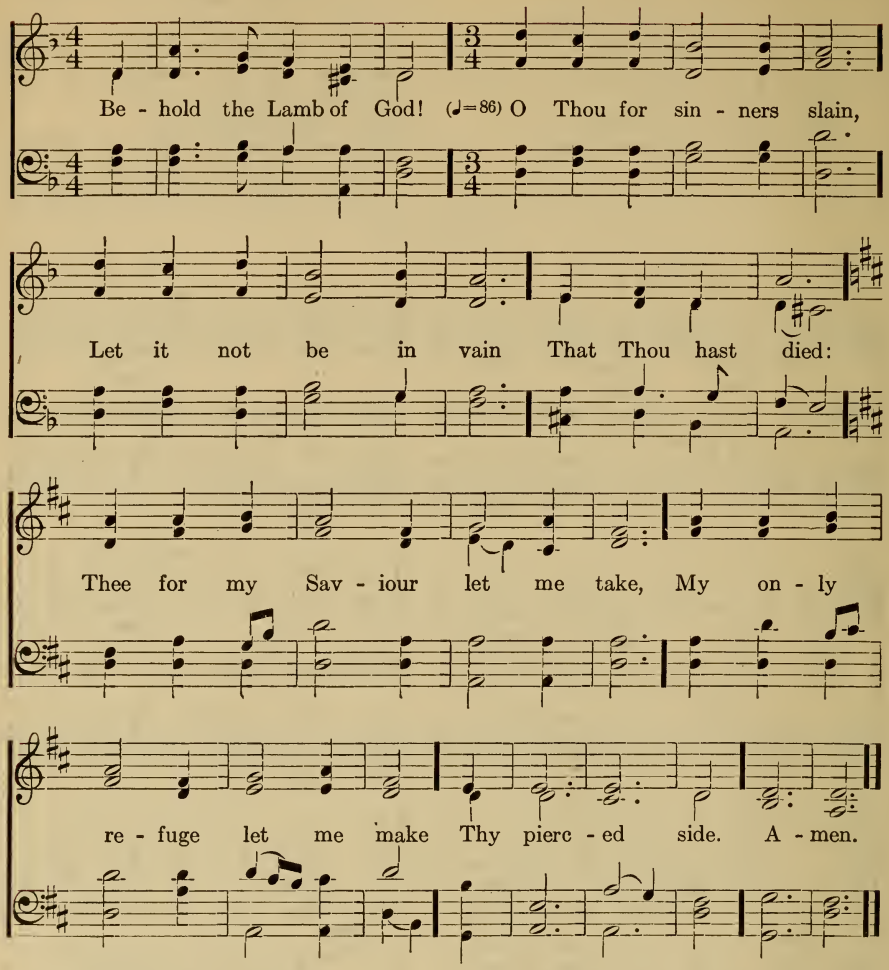
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now, was Thine!

Yet, though de -spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine. A-men.

178 ST. JOHN 6.6.6.4.8.8.4

JOHN B. DYKES



2 Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest;
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all Thy blessèd saints,
Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is He alone,
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All light and love. Amen.

MATTHEW BRIDGES

179 BRESLAU L. M.

JOSEPH CLAUDER'S PSALMODIA NOVA

(♩=66) We sing the praise of Him Who died, Of Him Who died up - on the Cross: The sin - ner's hope let men de - ride: For this we count the world but loss. A - men.

2 Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters, God is love:
He bears our sins upon the tree:
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The Cross—it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY

180 REDHEAD 7s. 6l.

RICHARD REDHEAD

(♩=76) Rest - ing from His work to - day, In the tomb the Sav - iour lay;

Still He slept, from head to feet Shroud - ed in the wind-ing - sheet,

Ly - ing in the rock a - lone, Hid-den by the seal - ed stone. A- men.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend:
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmèd cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again. Amen.

THOMAS WHYTEHEAD

181 STRATTNER 7s.

GEORG CHRISTOPH STRATTNER

(♩=96) Pain and toil are o - ver now, Bring the spice and bring the myrrh,

Fold the limb and bind the brow In the rich man's se-pul-chre. A-men.

2 Sin has bruised the Victor's heel:
Roll the stone and guard it well;
Bring the Roman's boasted seal,
Bring his boldest sentinel.

3 But the morning's purple ray
Shall present a glorious sight:
Stone by earthquake rolled away,
Angel-guards all robed in white. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

182 LACRYMAE 7s. 3l.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

(♩=98) All is o - ver, fought the fight, Heav - i - ness is

for a night, Joy comes with the morn - ing light. A - men.

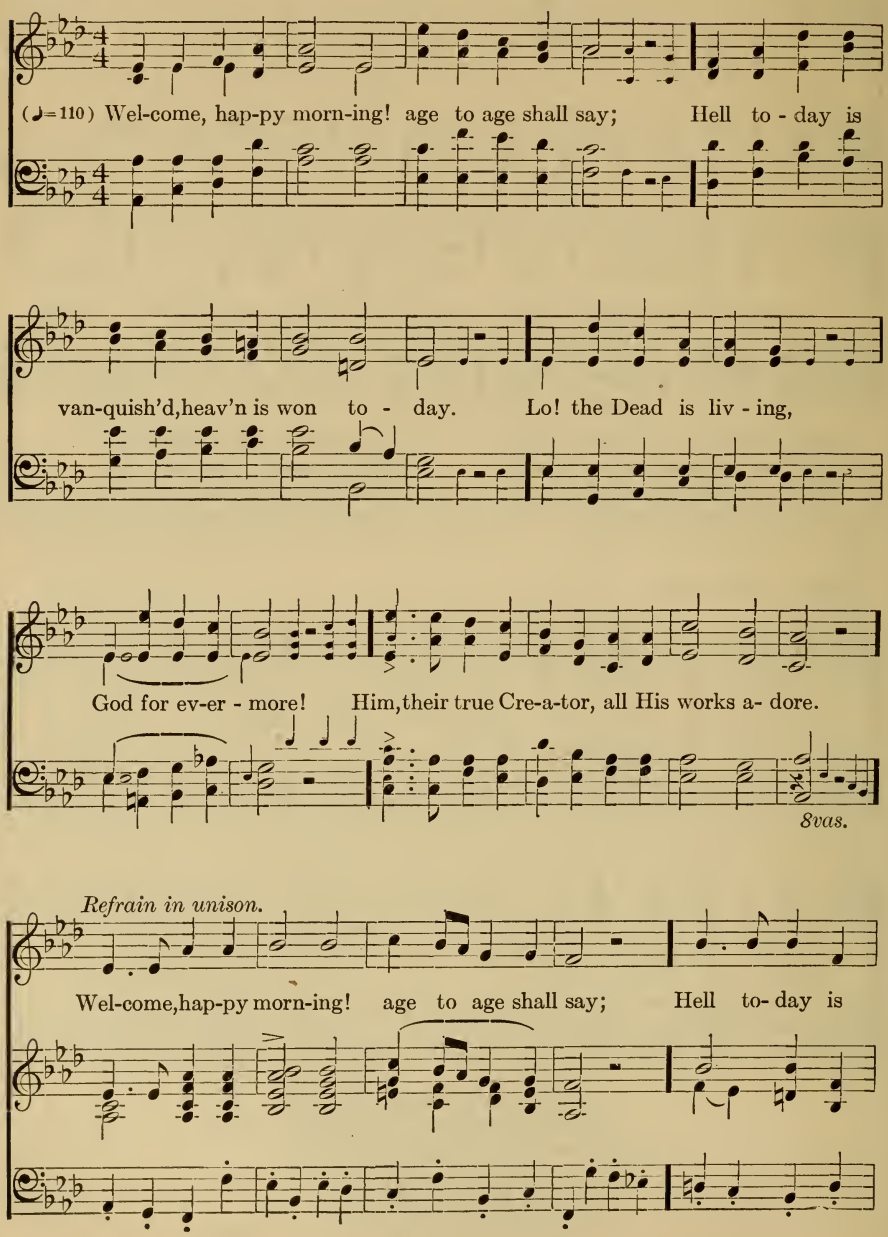
2 Leave we in the grave with Him
Sins that shame and doubts that dim,
If our souls would rise with Him.

3 Glory to the Lord who gave
His pure body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save. Amen.

WILLIAM S. RAYMOND

183 WELCOME HAPPY MORNING 11s. With Refrain

J. Baptiste Calkin



Easter

van-quished, heav'n is won to-day. Lo! the Dead is liv - ing,

God for ev-er-more! Him, their true Cre-a- tor, all His works a-dore. A-men.

2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Welcome, happy morning! etc.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
Welcome, happy morning! etc.

4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all;
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Welcome, happy morning! etc.

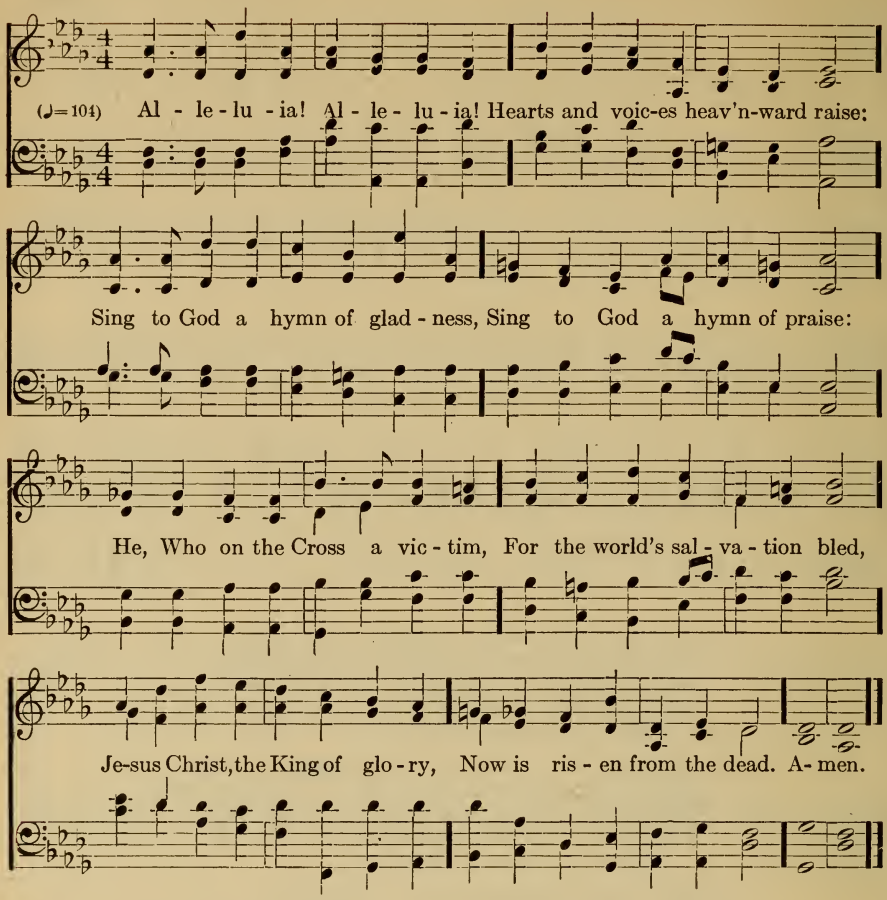
5 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word,
'Tis Thine own third morning! rise, O buried Lord!
Welcome, happy morning! etc.

6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our day-light: day returns with Thee!
Welcome, happy morning! etc. Amen.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS. Tr. JOHN ELLERTON

184 LUX EOI 8s & 7s. D.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN



2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn:
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

3 Christ is risen, Christ, the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield:
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen!
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face:
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,
We on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

5 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia to the Saviour
Who has won the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty. Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

185 ST. KEVIN 7s & 6s. D.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

(♩=96) Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri - umph - ant glad - ness;

God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;

Loosed from Pha - raoh's bit - ter yoke, Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters,

Led them with un-moisten'd foot Thro' the Red Sea wa - ters. A - men.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection,
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection!

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst Thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing. Amen.

JOHN OF DAMASCUS. Tr. JOHN M. NEALE

186 LANCASHIRE 7s & 6s. D.

HENRY SMART

(♩=108) The day of Res - ur - rec - tion! Earth tell it out a - broad;

The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.

From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,

Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A- men.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain
His own "All hail!" and hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen,
Their notes together blend
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end. Amen.

JOHN OF DAMASCUS. Tr. JOHN M. NEALE

Easter

187 SALZBURG 7s. D.

JOHANN ROSENMÜLLER

(♩=88) At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to-rious King,

Who hath wash'd us in the tide Flow - ing from His pierc - ed side;

Praise we Him, Whose love di - vine Gives His sa - cred blood for wine,

Gives His bod - y for the feast, Christ the Vic-tim, Christ the Priest. A-men.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appall,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

Old Latin Hymn. Tr. ROBERT CAMPBELL

188 EPIPHANY, No. 2 Irregular

WILLIAM C. FILBY

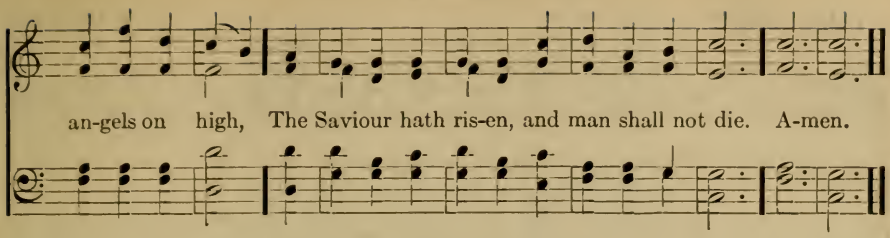
♩=116) Lift your glad voic - es in tri umph on high, For Je - sus hath

ris - en, and man can - not die;..... Vain were the ter - rors that

gath-ered a-round Him, And short the do - min - ion of death and the grave;

He burst from the fet - ters of dark-ness that bound him, Re - splen-dent in

glo - ry to live and to save! Loud was the cho - rus of

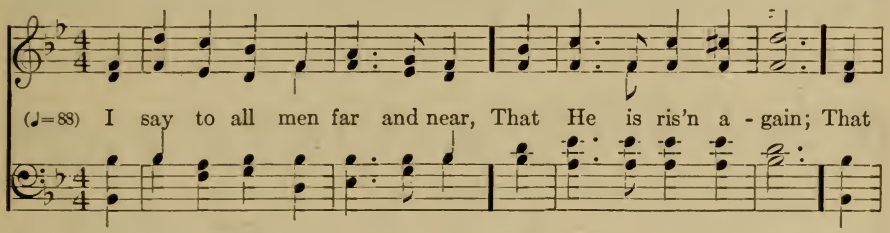


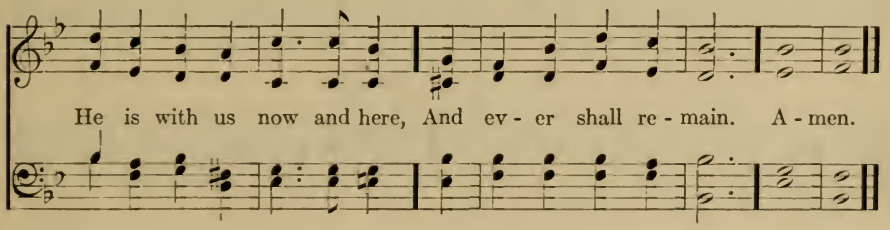
2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being He gave us death cannot destroy;
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend:
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die. Amen.

HENRY WARE, Jr.

189 HOLY CROSS C. M.

JOHN STAINER





2 And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His kingdom without end.

3 Now first to souls who thus awake
Seems earth a fatherland:
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from His hand.

4 The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelmed beneath the sea,
And every heart, now light and brave,
May face the things to be.

5 The way of darkness that He trod
To heaven at last shall come,
And he who hearkens to His word,
Shall reach His Father's home. Amen.

FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG. Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH

190 LASAR 7s. With Alleluia

SIGISMUND LASAR

(♩=120) Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!

Sons of men and an - gels say: Al - le - lu - ia!

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - le - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply. Al - - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 Love's redeeming work is done, Alleluia!
Fought the fight, the victory won: Alleluia!
Jesus' agony is o'er, Alleluia!
Darkness veils the earth no more. Alleluia!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Alleluia!
Christ hath burst the gates of hell; Alleluia!
Death in vain forbids Him rise, Alleluia!
Christ hath opened Paradise. Alleluia!

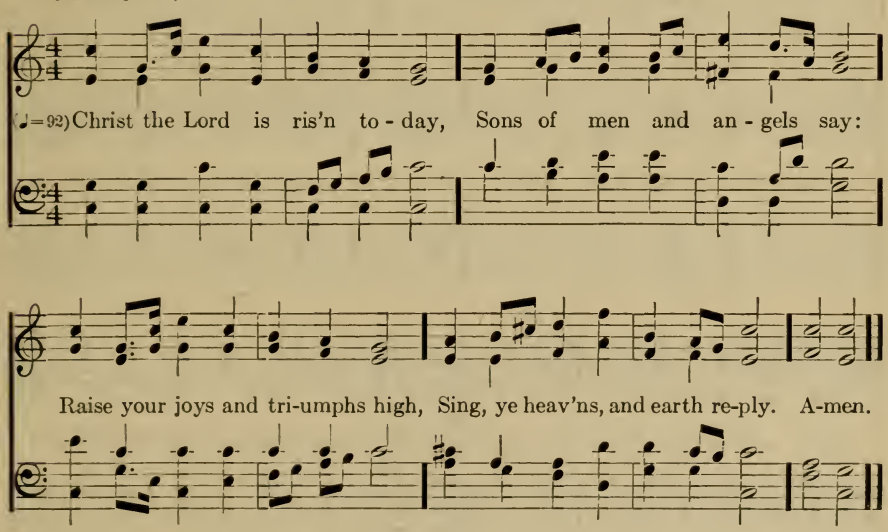
4 Lives again our glorious King, Alleluia!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!
Once He died our souls to save, Alleluia!
Where thy victory, boasting grave? Alleluia!

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led, Alleluia!
Following our exalted Head; Alleluia!
Made like Him, like Him we rise; Alleluia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Alleluia! Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY

(*Second Tune*)

CLARION 7s. EDWARD F. RIMBAULT



2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

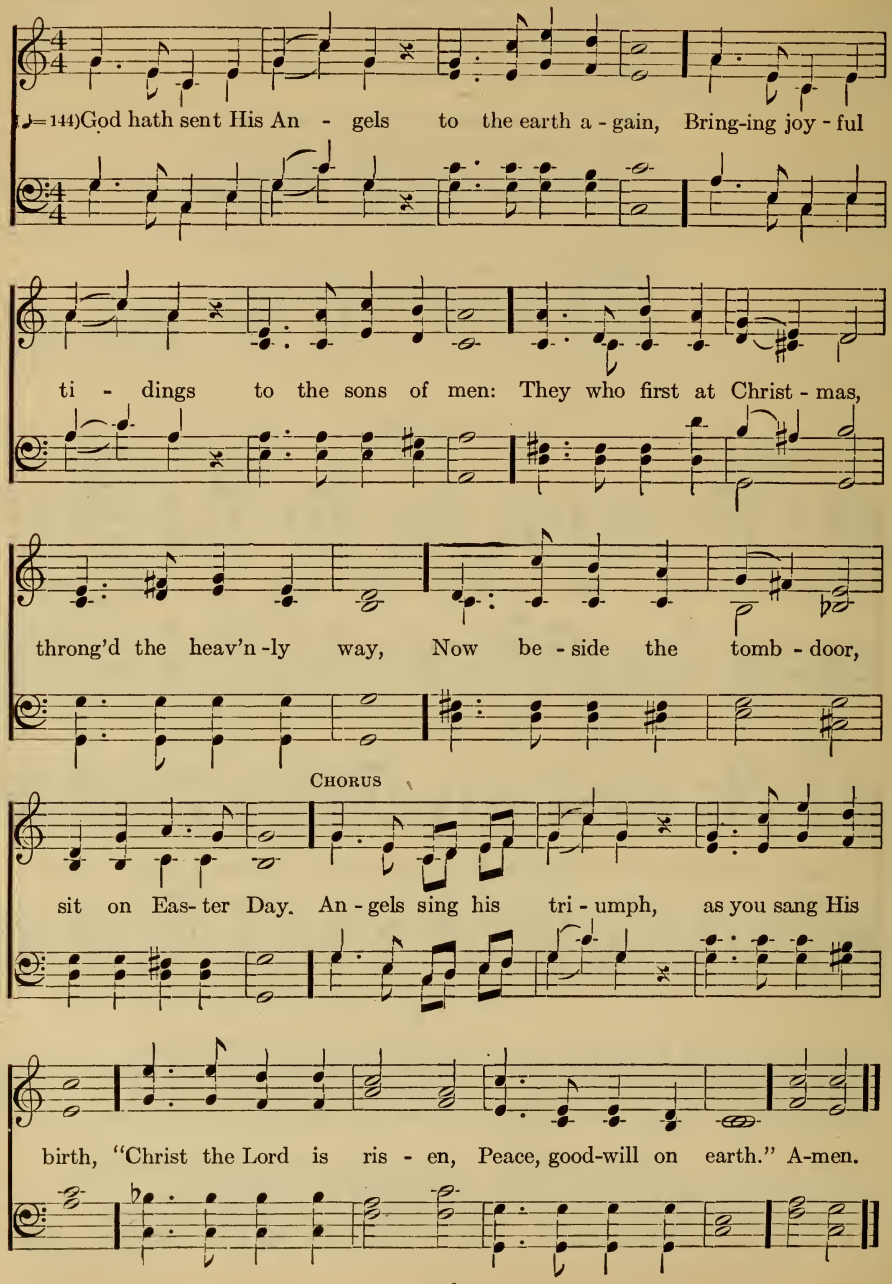
4 Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save,
Where thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY

191 EASTER CAROL 11s. With Chorus

JAMES C. D. PARKER



2 In the dreadful desert, where the Lord was tried,
There the faithful Angels gathered at His side:
And when in the garden, grief and pain and care
Bowed Him down with anguish, they were with Him there.—Cho.

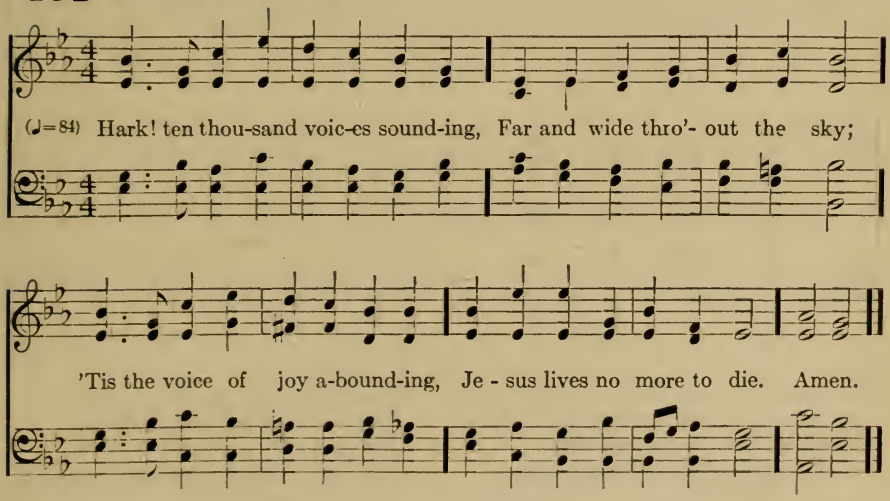
3 Yet the Christ they honor is the same Christ still,
Who, in light and darkness, did His Father's will:
And the tomb deserted shineth like the sky,
Since He passed out from it into victory.—Cho.

4 God has still His Angels, helping, at His word,
All his faithful children, like their faithful Lord;
Soothing them in sorrow, arming them in strife,
Opening wide the tomb-doors, leading into life.—Cho.

5 Father, send Thine Angels unto us, we pray;
Leave us not to wander, all along our way:
Let them guard and guide us, wheresoe'er we be,
Till our resurrection brings us home to Thee.—Cho. Amen.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

192 ST. OSWALD 8s & 7s. JOHN B. DYKES



2 Jesus lives, His conflict over,
Lives to claim His great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord.

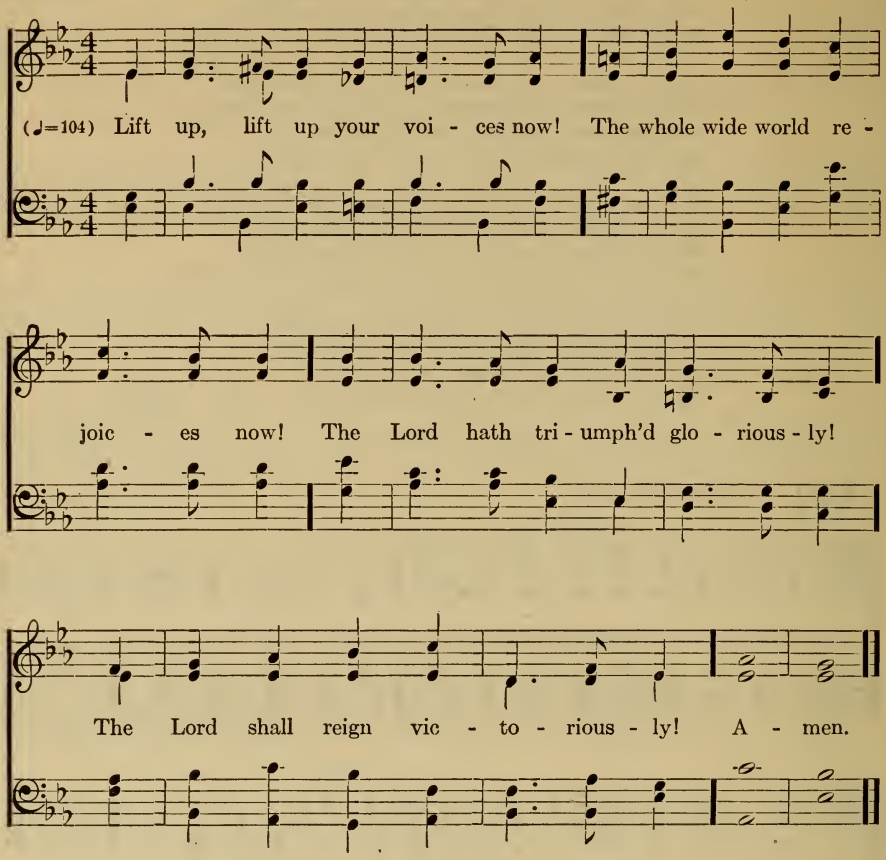
3 Yonder throne for Him erected
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
Lo, the Man on earth rejected,
Angels worship at His feet!

4 All the powers of heav'n adore Him,
All obey His sovereign word;
Day and night they cry before Him,
"Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!" Amen.

THOMAS KELLY

193 WALTHAM, NEW L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin



2 In vain with stone the cave they barred;
In vain the watch kept ward and guard;
Majestic from the spoilèd tomb,
In pomp of triumph Christ is come!

3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host He frees from woe,
And heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

4 And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.

5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead through death to realms of light;
We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
In Thee we die to rise to God.

6 Thy flock, from sin and death set free,
Glad Alleluias raise to Thee;
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Anonymous, Tr. John M. Neale, alt.

194 NEANDER 8.7.8.7.7.7

JOACHIM NEANDER

(♩=94) He is ris-en, He is ris-en; Tell it out with joy-ful voice:

He has burst his three day's pris-on; Let the whole wide earth re-joice:

Death is conquer'd, man is free, Christ has won the vic-to-ry. A-men.

2 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow:
Lent's long shadows have departed;
All his woes are over now,
And the passion that He bore;
Sin and pain can vex no more.

3 Come, with high and holy hymning
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming
Yonder glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple East,
Symbol of our Easter feast.

4 He is risen, He is risen;
He hath opened heaven's gate:
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state;
And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

195 THE RESURRECTION 7s. With Alleluia

From Lyra Davidica

(♩=80) Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!

Our tri - umph - ant ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia!

Who did once up - on the Cross, Al - le - lu - ia!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the Cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia!

4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia! Amen.

Latin Hymn, 14th Cent. Tr. Tate and Brady

196 ARIMATHEA 7.7.7.7.8.7

CHARLES F. ROPER

(♩=120) An - gels, roll ..... the rock a - way! Death, yield

up.... the might - y Prey! See, the Sav - iour quits the tomb,

Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom. Al - le - lu - ia!

al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is risen to - day. A - men.

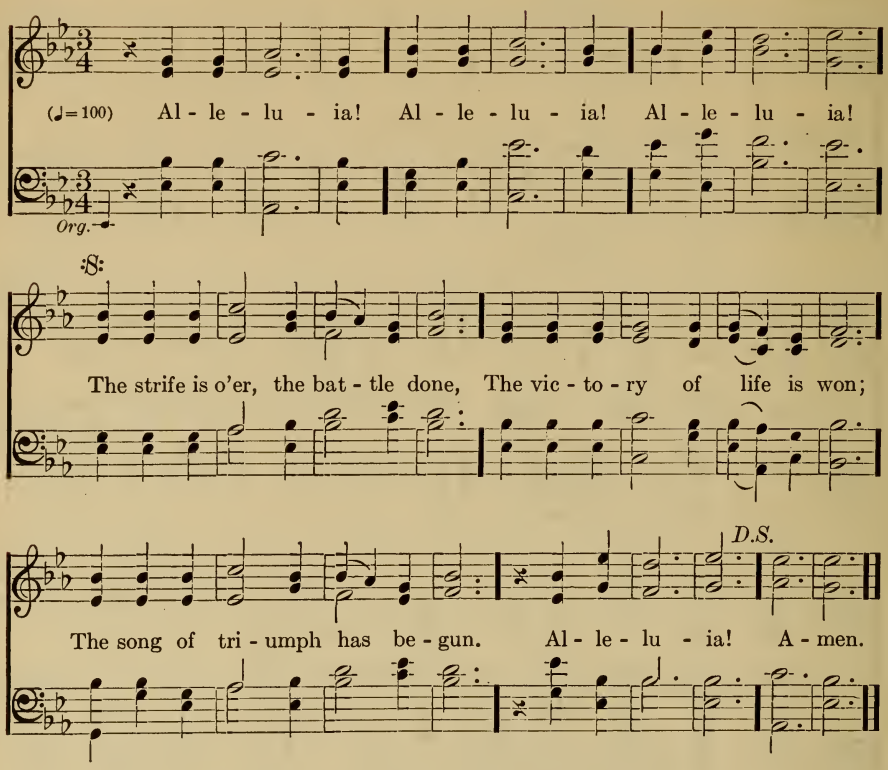
2 Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be.
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day. Amen.

THOMAS SCOTT

197 PALESTRINA 8.8.8. With Alleluia

From Palestrina



2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days have quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee.
Alleluia! Amen.

Latin Hymn, 12th. Cent. Tr. Frances K. Pott

198 ST. ALBINUS 7.8.7.8

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT

(♩=84) Je - sus lives! thy ter - rors now Can no lon - ger,

death, ap - pall us; Je - sus lives! by this we know Thou, O

Grave, canst not en - thrall us. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death,
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

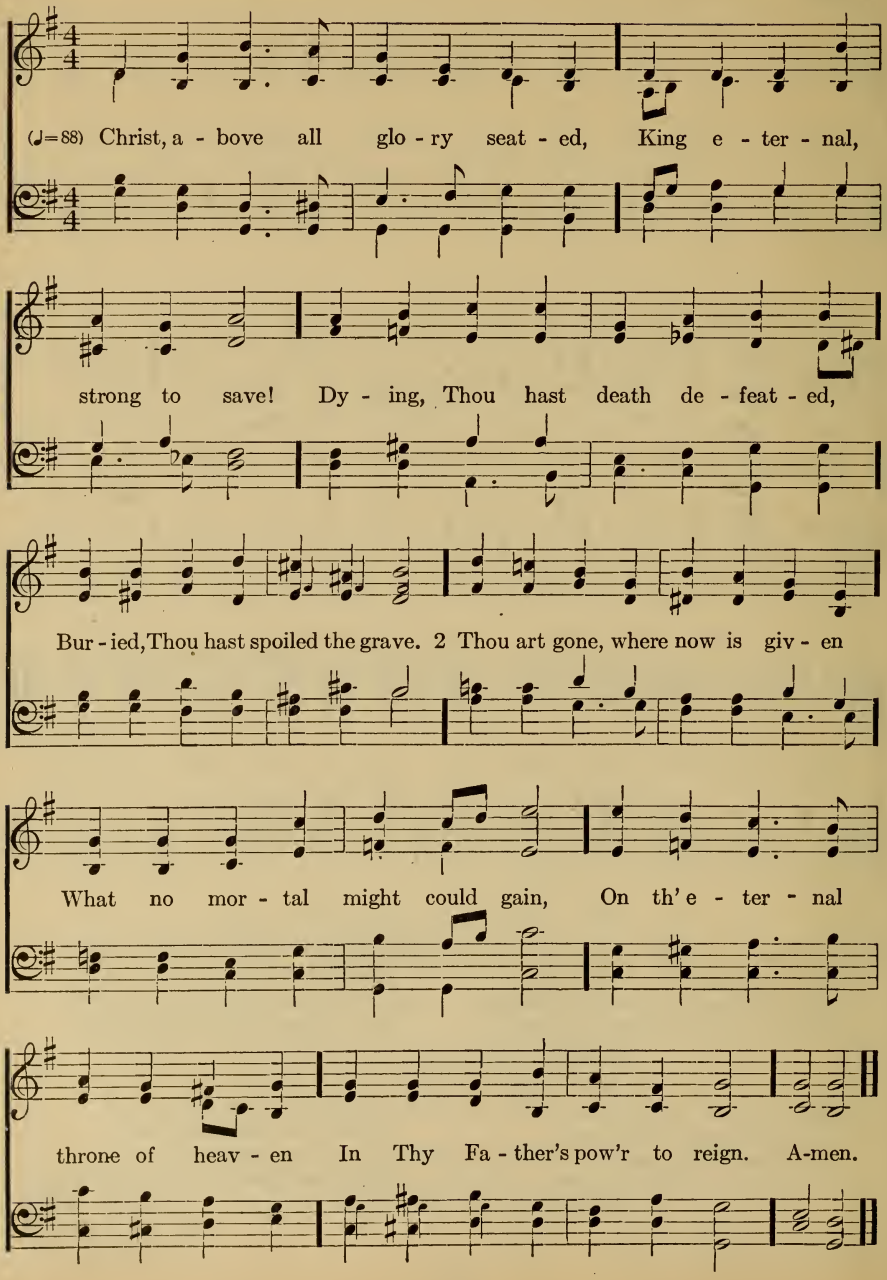
4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor power of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia! Amen

CHRISTIAN F. GELLERT
Tr. FRANCES E. COX

199 SANCTUARY 8s & 7s. D.

JOHN B. DYKES



3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below;
While the depths of hell before Thee
Trembling and defeated bow.

4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky;
Hear our prayers, Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high;

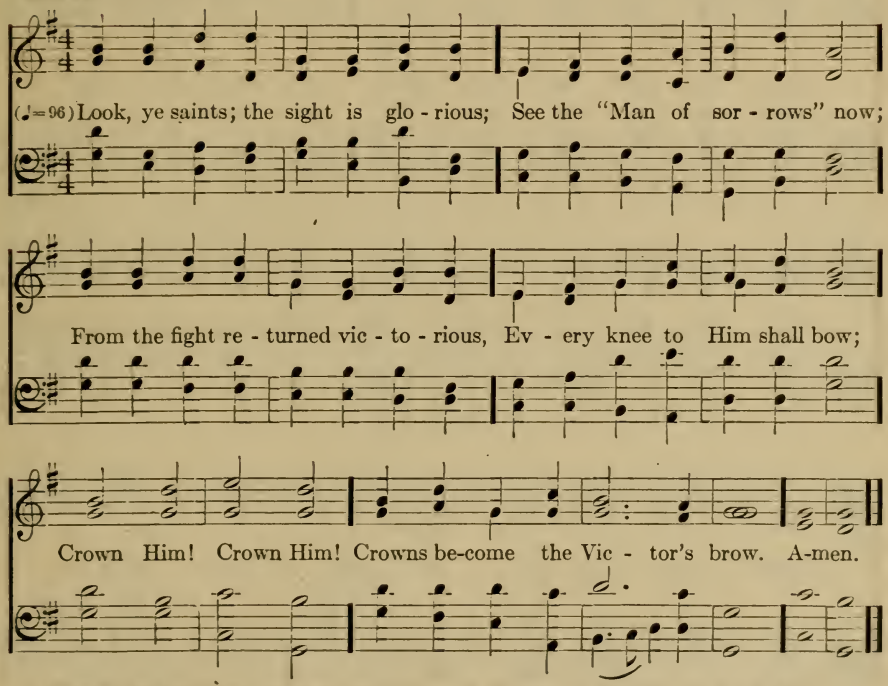
5 So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

6 Hail! all hail! In Thee confiding,
Jesus, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding
With one spirit evermore! Amen.

Latin Hymn, 7th Cent. Tr. JAMES R. WOODFORD

200 CORONÆ 8.7.8.7.4.7

WILLIAM H. MONK



2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

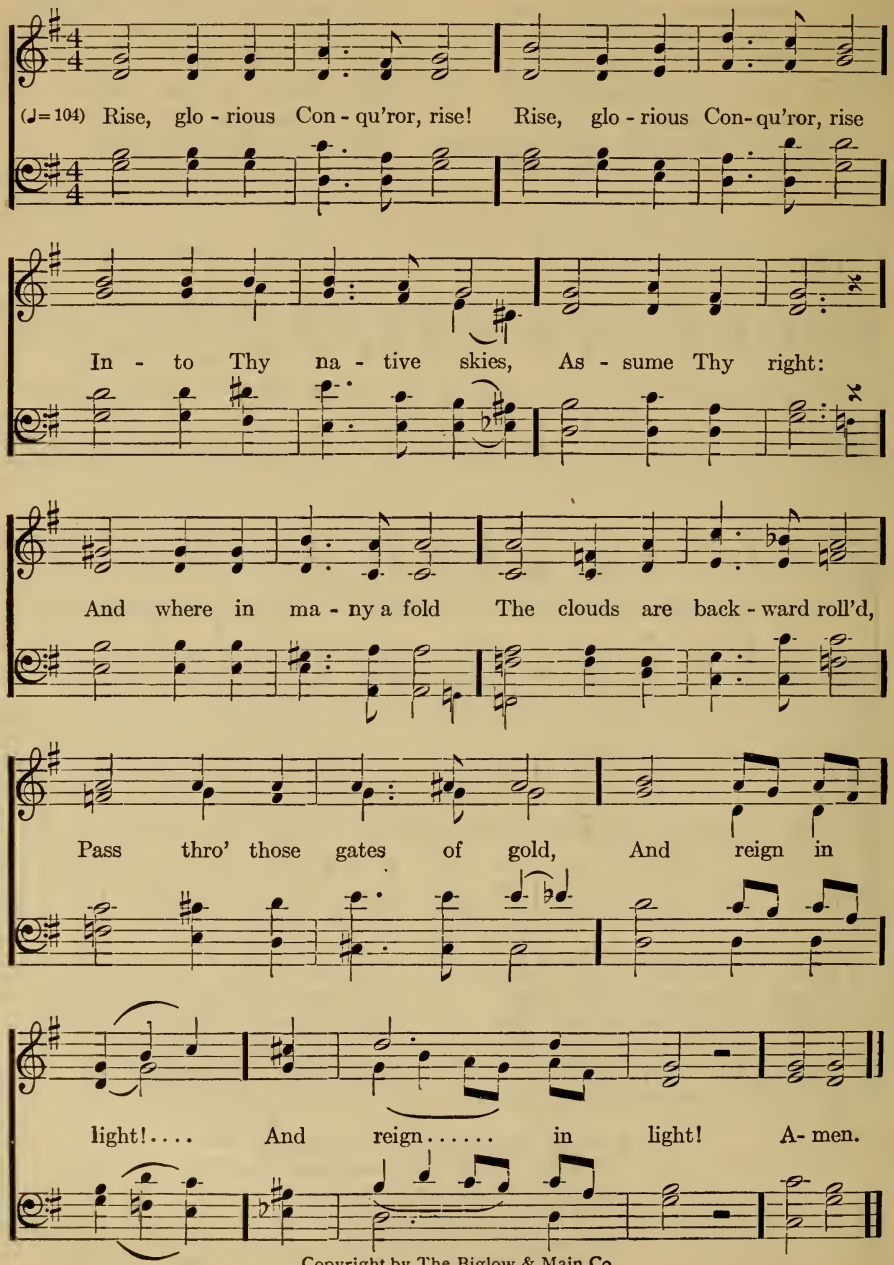
3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY

201 PITTSFIELD 6.6.4.6.6.4

Arr. on theme from Otto by Benjamin C. Blodgett



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Ascension

2 ||: Victor o'er death and hell! :||
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train:
Praises all heav'n inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,
||: Thou Lamb once slain! :||

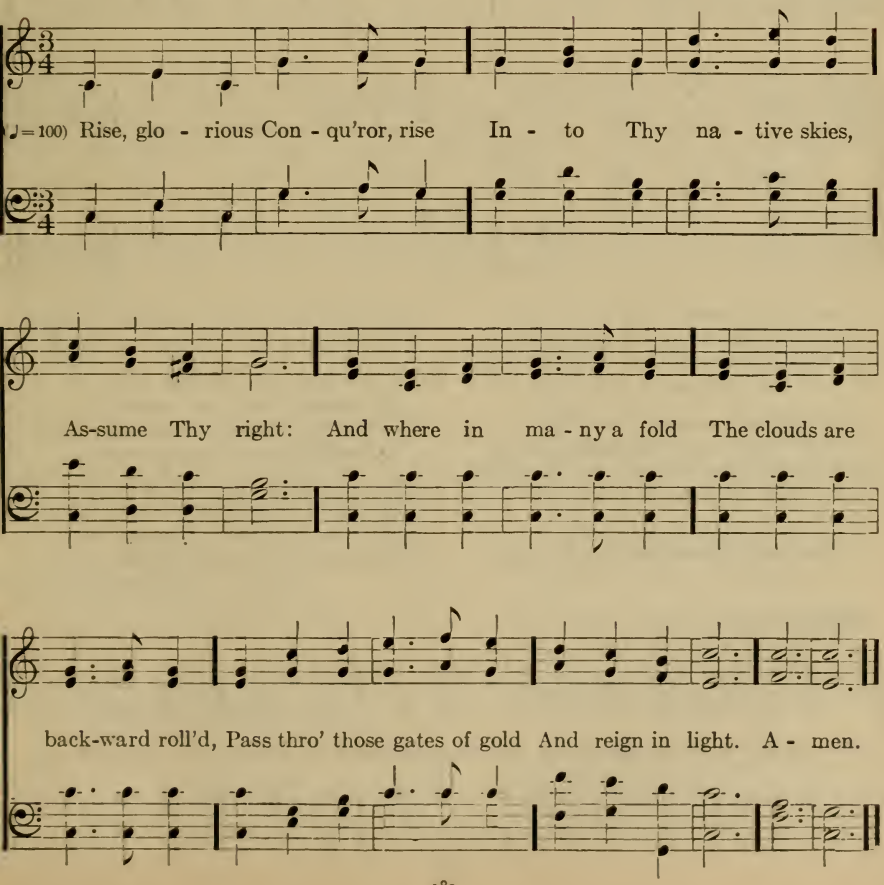
3 ||:Enter, Incarnate God!:||
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour, triumphant go,
||: And take Thy crown! :||

4 ||: Lion of Judah—Hail! :||
And let Thy Name prevail
From age to age.
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
||:Thine heritage!:|| Amen.

MATTHEW BRIDGES

(*Second Tune*)

DORT 6.6.4.6.6.4 LOWELL MASON



202 DUKE STREET L. M.

JOHN HATTON

(♩= 112) Our Lord is ris - - en from the dead; Our Je - sus is gone up on high; The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive led, Dragged to the por - - tals of the sky. A-men.

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,"
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in.

4 Who is the King of glory, Who?
The Lord who all His foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,"
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

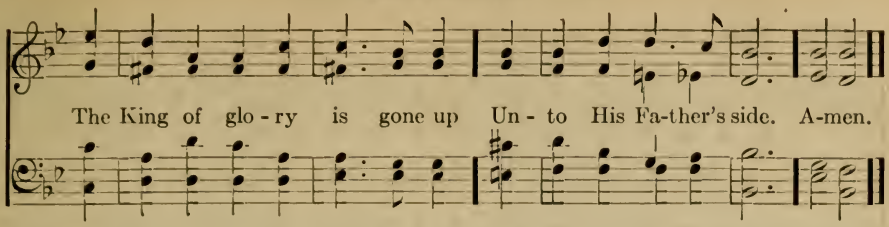
6 Who is the King of glory, Who?
The Lord of glorious power possessed,
The Kings of saints and angels too,
God, over all, forever blessed. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY

203 MOUNT CALVARY C. M.

ROBERT P. STEWART

♩= 88) Th'e - ter - nal gates lift up their heads, The doors are o - pened wide;



2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

3 And ever on Thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the clouds
That veil Thee from our eyes.

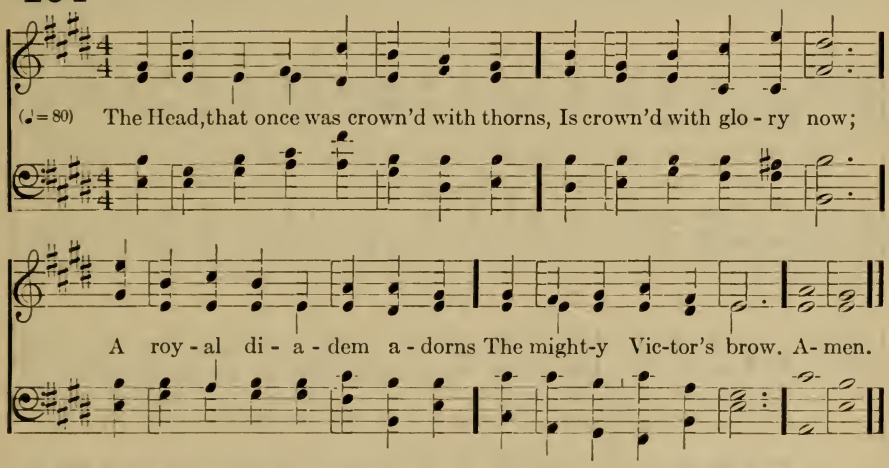
4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
And let Thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below,
Our hearts may be in heaven;

5 That where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore with Thee. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

204 ST. FULBERT C. M.

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT



2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above;
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His Name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY

205 DANIA 6s & 5s. D. With Refrain

FRANK G. ILSLEY

(♩=116) Hear us, Thou that broodedst O'er the wa-t'ry deep, Wa-king all cre - a - tion

From its pri - mal sleep; Ho- ly Spir- it, breathing Breath of life di - vine,

Breathe in-to our spir-its, Blending them with Thine. Light and life Im-mor-tal!

Hear us as we raise Hearts, as well as voic-es, Mingling pray'r and praise. A-men.

2 When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel Thy presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh;
Shed Thy radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
Perfecting Thy will.
Light and Life Immortal! etc.

3 When the fight is fiercest
In the noontide heat,
Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Saviour's feet;
There to find a refuge
Till our work is done,
There to fight the battle,
Till the battle's won.
Light and life Immortal! etc.

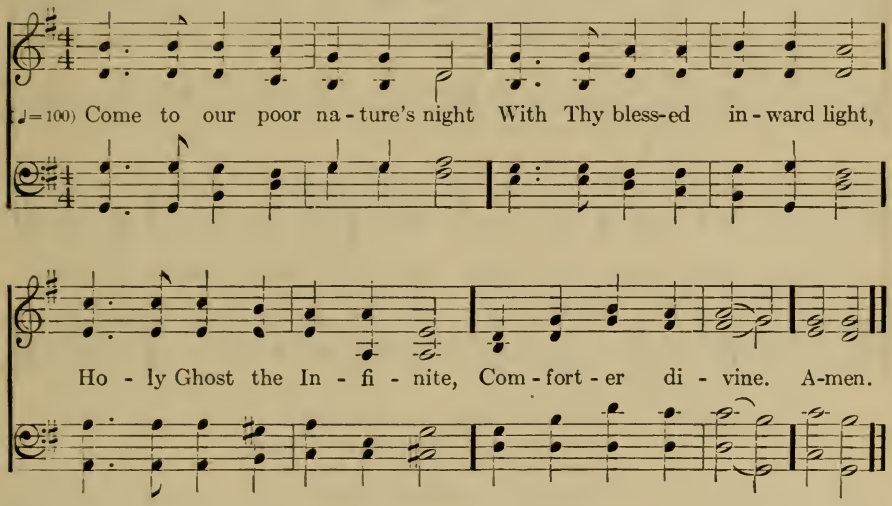
4 If the day be falling
Sadly as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
May Thy love in mercy,
Kindling, ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
O'er our evening sky.
Light and life Immortal! etc.

5 Morning, noon, and evening,
Whensoe'er it be,
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
Quickening life in Thee;
Life that gives us, living,
Life of heavenly love,
Life that brings us, dying,
Life from heaven above.
Light and life Immortal! etc. Amen.

GODFREY THRING

206 LITANY, No. 5 7·7·7·5

Arr. by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN



2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine.

3 Orphan are our souls and poor;
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy for evermore,
Comforter divine.

4 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.

5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast;
There Thy presence be confest,
Comforter divine.

6 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.

7 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.

8 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter divine. Amen.

GEORGE RAWSON

207 GAUNTLETT L. M.

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT

(♩=100) Cre - a - tor Spir - it, by Whose aid The world's foun-

da - tions first were laid, Come, vis - it ev - 'ry hum - ble

mind; Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man kind. A - men.

2 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.

4 Our frailties help, our wills control,
Subdue the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand and hold them down.

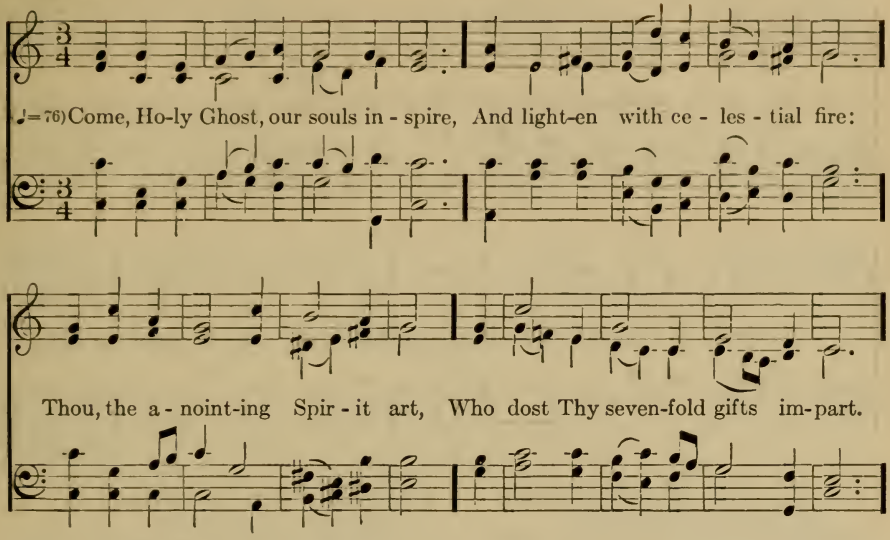
5 Chase from our mind the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us on our way.

6 Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee. Amen.

Old Latin Hymn. Tr. Anonymous

208 VENI CREATOR L. M.

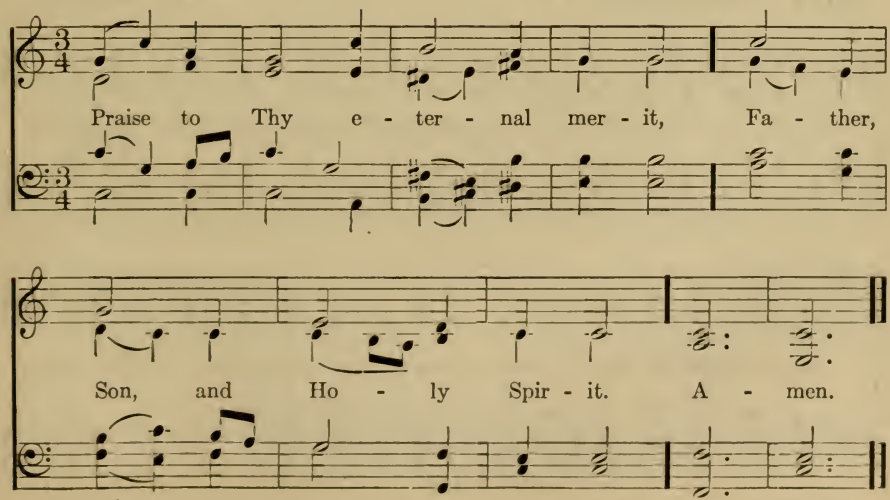
JOHN B. DYKES



2 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love:
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

3 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace:
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

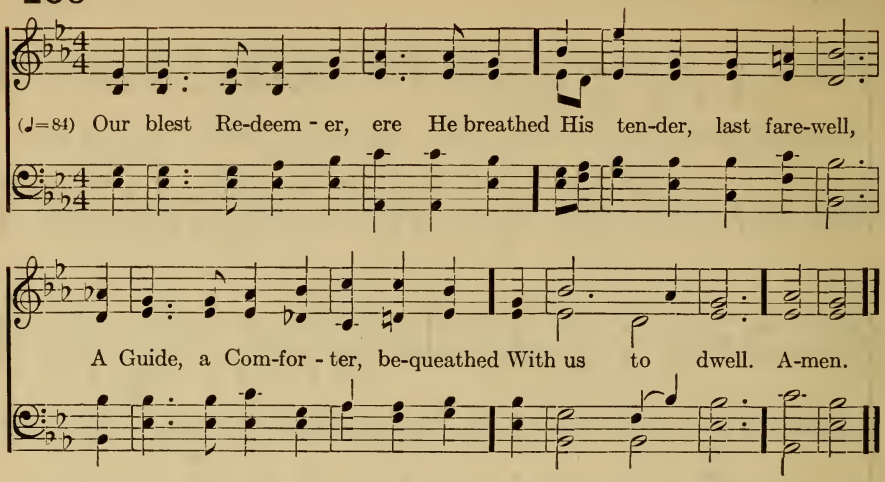
4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both, to be but One,
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:



Old Latin Hymn. Tr. JOHN COSIN

209 ST. CUTHBERT 8.6.8.4

JOHN B. DYKES



2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms [each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

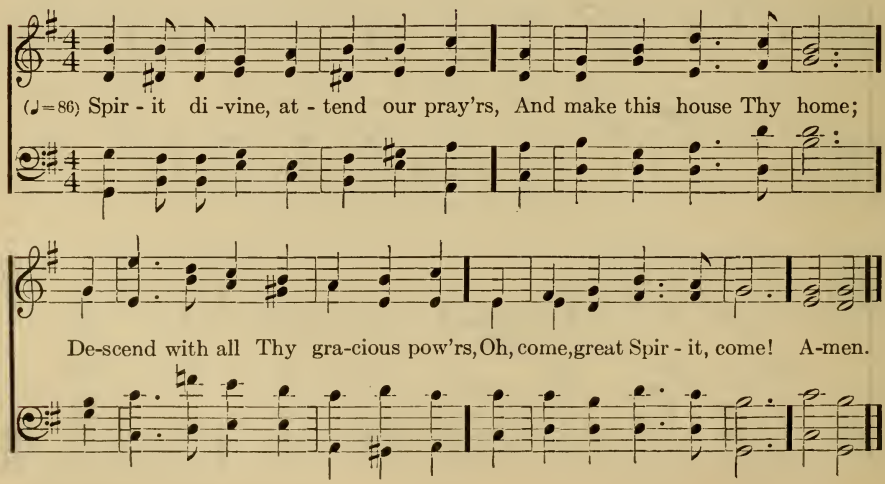
4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee. Amen.

HARRIET AUBER

210 NOX PRAECESSIT C. M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN



2 Come as the light, to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life,
Whereon the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

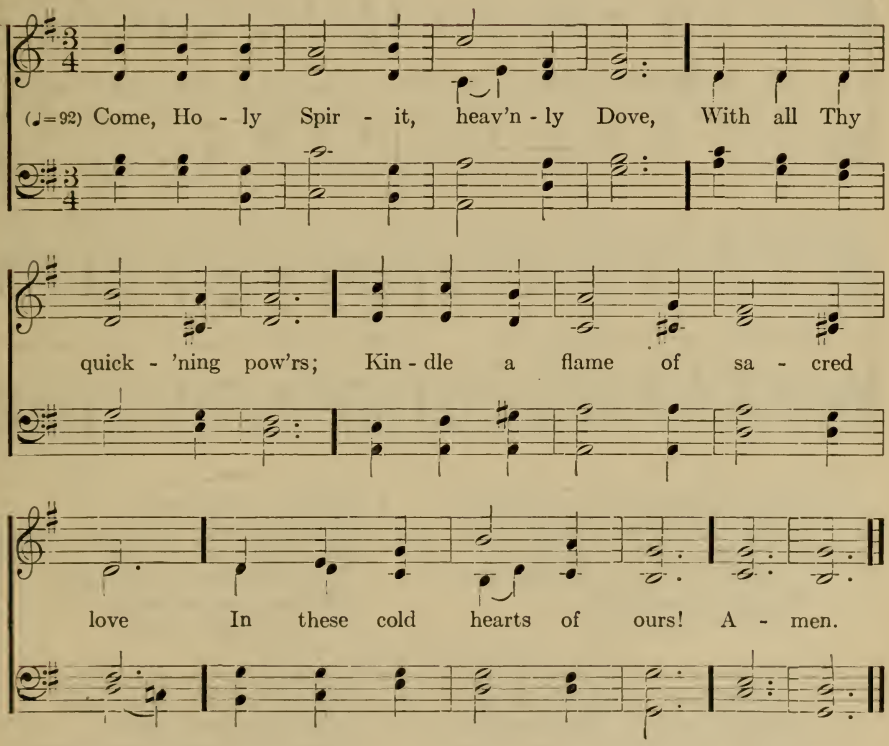
4 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

5 Spirit divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious pow'rs,
Oh, come, great Spirit, come! Amen.

ANDREW REED

211 ST. AGNES C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES



2 See, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS

212 ST. ATHANASIUS 7s. 6l.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS

(♩=90) Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of hosts, e - ter - nal King,

By the heav'ns and earth a - dored; An - gels and arch-an - gels sing,

Chant-ing ev - er - last-ing - ly To the bless-ed Trin - i - ty. A-men.

2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honor paid;
Praise to Thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest, before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And, when Thy command is done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

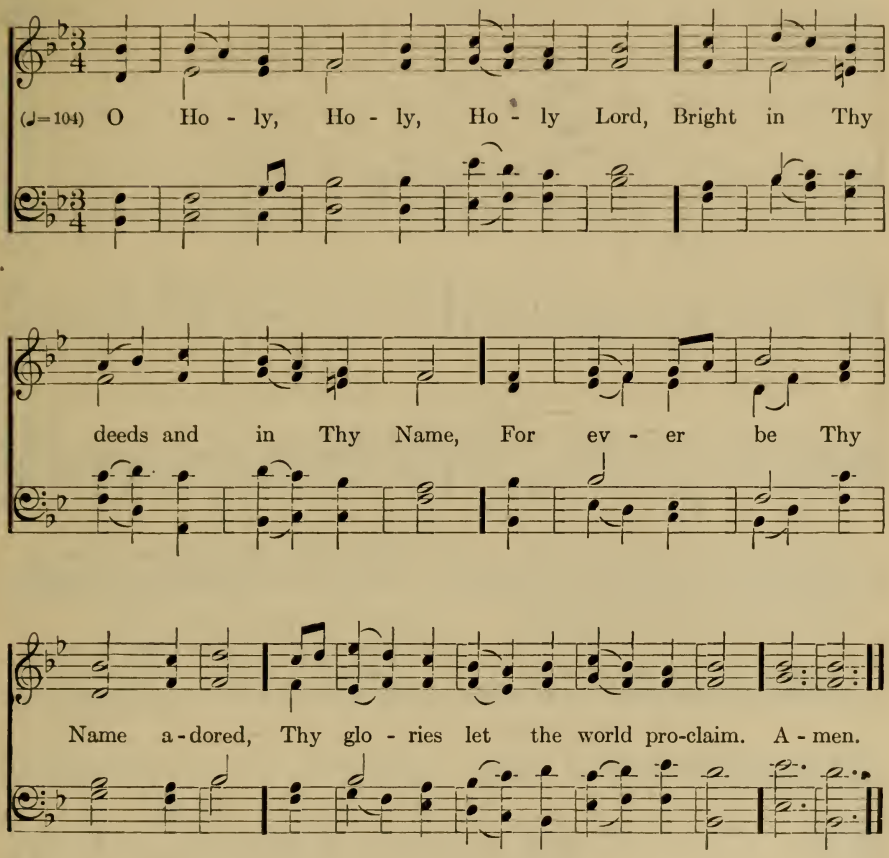
5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three;
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity. Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

213 WAREHAM L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP



2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

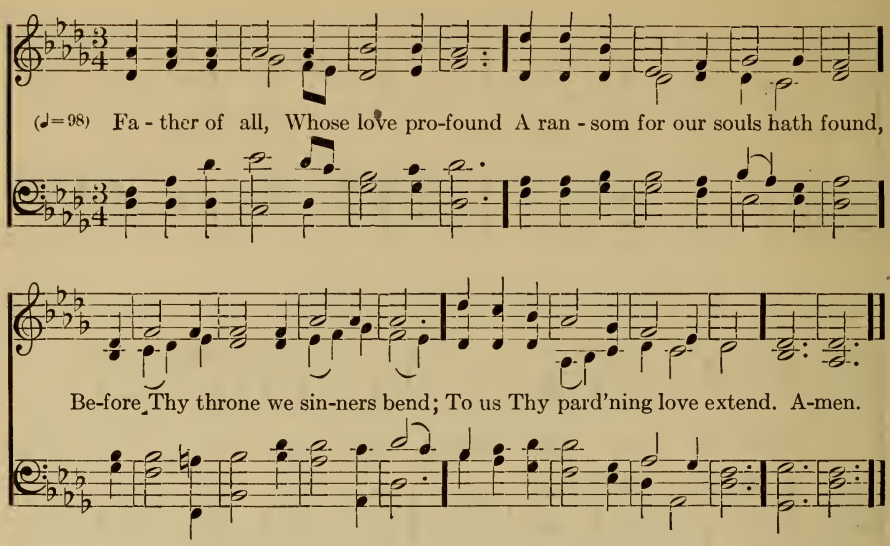
3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring thro' earth and heav'n.

4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue. Amen.

JAMES W. EASTBURN

214 RIVAULX L. M.

JOHN B. DYKES



2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

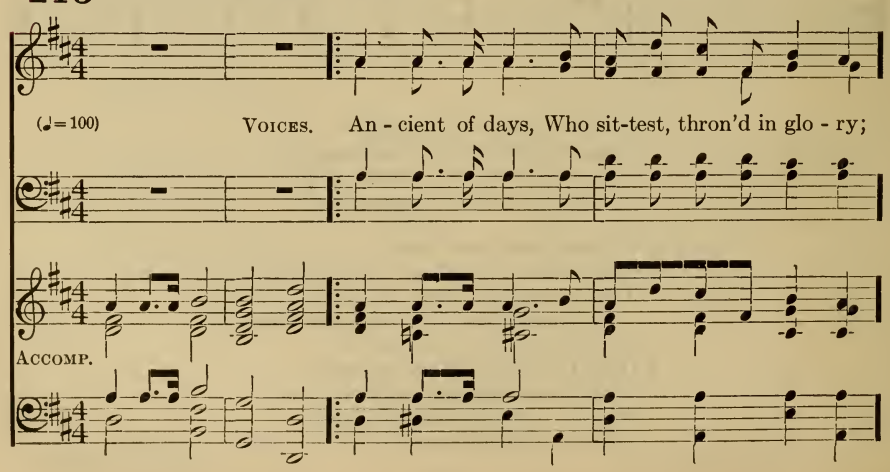
3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend. Amen.

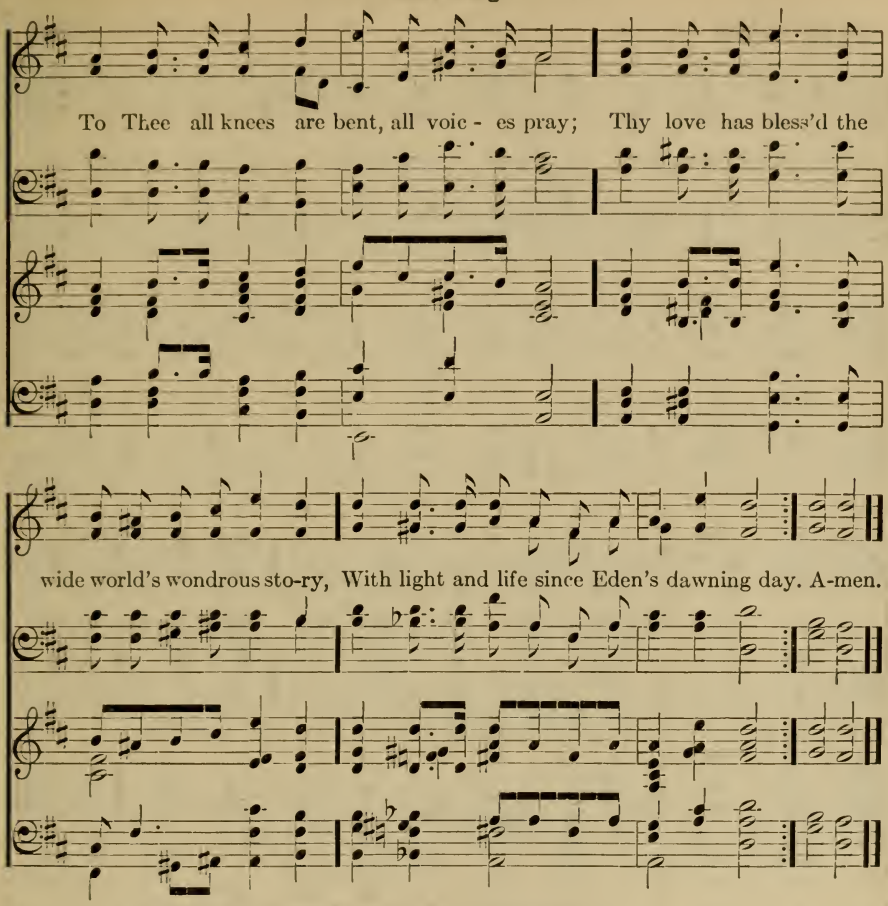
EDWARD COOPER

215 ANCIENT OF DAYS 11s & 10s.

J. ALBERT JEFFERY



Trinity



2 O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase.
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always. Amen.

WILLIAM C. DOANE

216 KELSO 7.8.7.8.7.7

EDWARD J. HOPKINS, alt.

(♩=88) Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a-
bove are rais - ing: Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim,
In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing, Fill the heav'ns with
sweet ac - cord; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord. A-men.

2 Lo! the apostolic train
Join Thy sacred Name to hallow!
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed martyrs follow;
And from morn to set of sun,
Through the Church the song goes on.

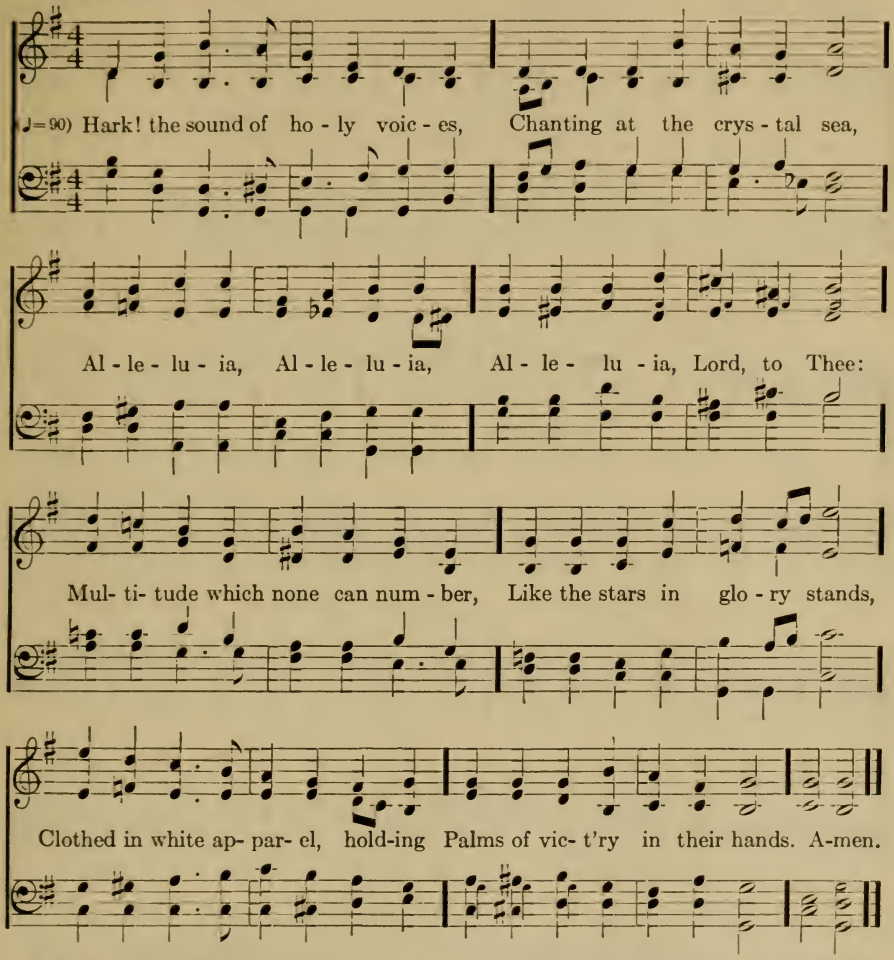
3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee;
While in essence only One,
Undivided God, we claim Thee;
And, adoring, bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

4 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded:
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo! I put my trust in Thee;
Never, Lord, abandon me. Amen.

CLARENCE A. WALWORTH

All Saints

217 SANCTUARY 8s & 7s. D. JOHN B. DYKES



2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 Marching with Thy Cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity. Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

218 SARUM 10s. 3 l, with Alleluia

JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=108) For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by

faith be - fore the world con - fess'd, Thy Name, O Je - sus,

be for - ev - er bless'd, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. A-men.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Alleluia.

3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia.

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia.

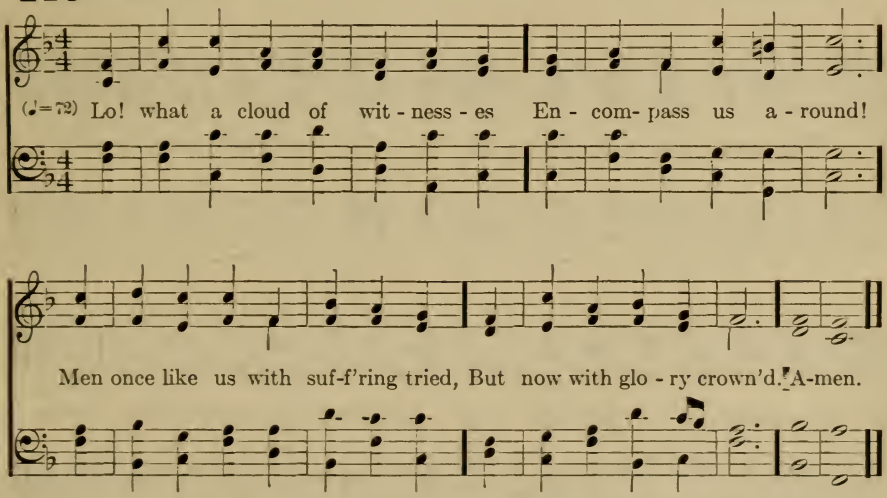
6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia.

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Alleluia. Amen.

WILLIAM W. How

219 MEAR C. M. AARON WILLIAMS



2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a Witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path;
Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith:

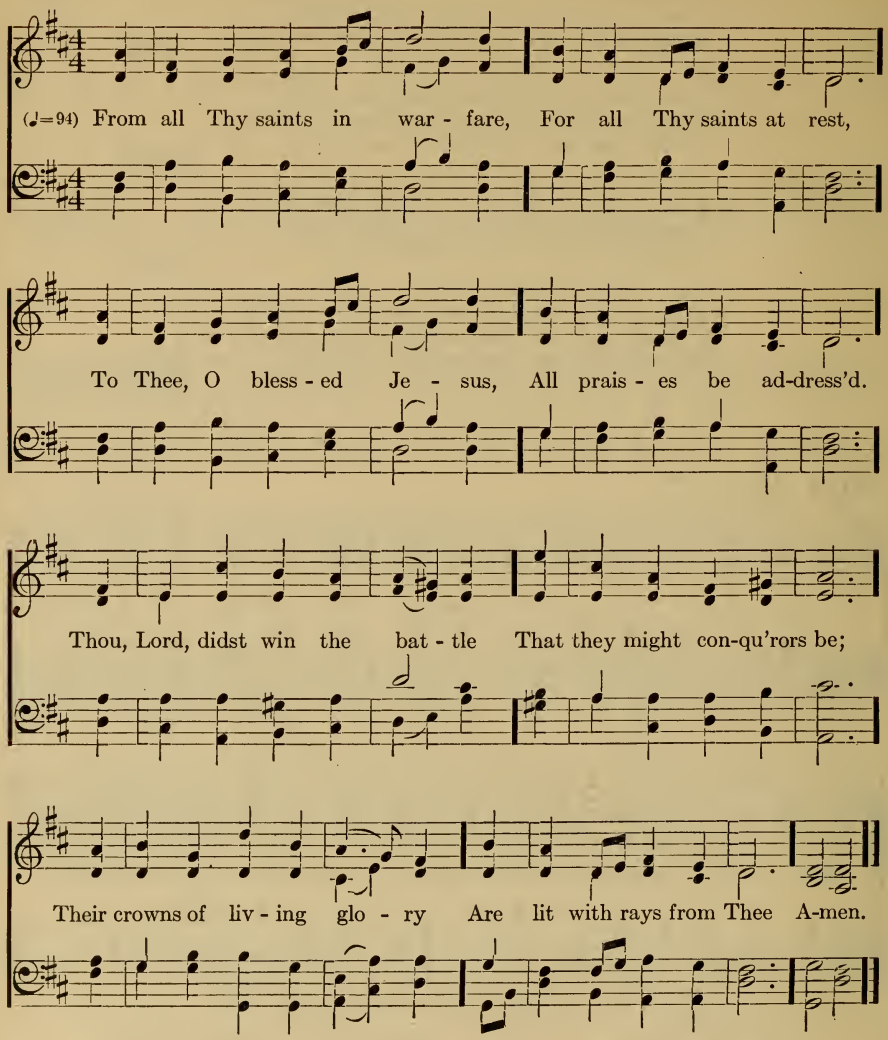
4 He, for the joy before Him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the Cross, despised the shame,
And now He reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and His saints,
Triumphantly to stand. Amen.

Anonymous

220 PÆAN 7s & 6s. D.

FRANZ ANTON VON WEBER



2 Apostles, prophets, martyrs,
And all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment,
Who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us,
Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps,
Would serve Thee more and more.

3 Then praise we God the Father,
And praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number
Fall down before the throne,
And honor, power, and glory
Ascribe to God alone. Amen.

HORATIO, EARL NELSON

221 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7s. D.

GEORGE J. ELVEY

(♩=94) Who are these in bright ar - ray, This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng,

Round the al - tar, night and day, Tun - ing their tri -umph-ant song?

"Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless - ing, hon - or, glo - ry, pow'r,

Wis-dom, rich- es to ob - tain, New do- min- ion ev-'ry hour." A-men.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His eternal Name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in ev'ry hand,
Thro' their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.
Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

222 ALFORD 7.6.8.6 D.

JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=100) Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand, In spark- ling rai - ment bright,

The ar - mies of the ran- som'd saints Throng up the steeps of light:

'Tis fin - ished! all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic- tors in. A-men.

2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign!
Appear, Desire of nations!
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign,
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!
Amen.

HENRY ALFORD

All Saints

223 SEASONS L. M. IGNACE J. PLEYEL

(♩=100) To Thee, E - ter - nal Soul, be praise! Who from of old to

our own days, Through souls of saints and proph - ets, Lord,

Hast sent Thy light, Thy love, Thy word. A - men.

2 We thank Thee for each mighty one
Through whom Thy living light has shone;
And for each humble soul and sweet
That lights to heaven our wandering feet.

3 We thank Thee for the love divine
Made real in every saint of Thine;
That boundless love itself that gives
In service to each soul that lives.

4 We thank Thee for the word of might
Thy Spirit spake in darkest night,
Spake through the trumpet voices loud
Of prophets at Thy throne who bowed.

5 Eternal Soul, our hearts keep pure,
That like Thy saints we may endure;
Forever through Thy servants, Lord,
Send Thou Thy light, Thy love, Thy word. Amen.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

224 MAIDSTONE 7s. D.

WALTER B. GILBERT

(♩=96) Pleas- ant are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love;

Pleas-ant are Thy courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe.

Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the con- verse of Thy saints,

For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy ful- ness, God of grace! A - men.

(May be sung to St. George's, Windsor. No. 221)

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heav'nly Father's breast!
Like the wand'ring dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

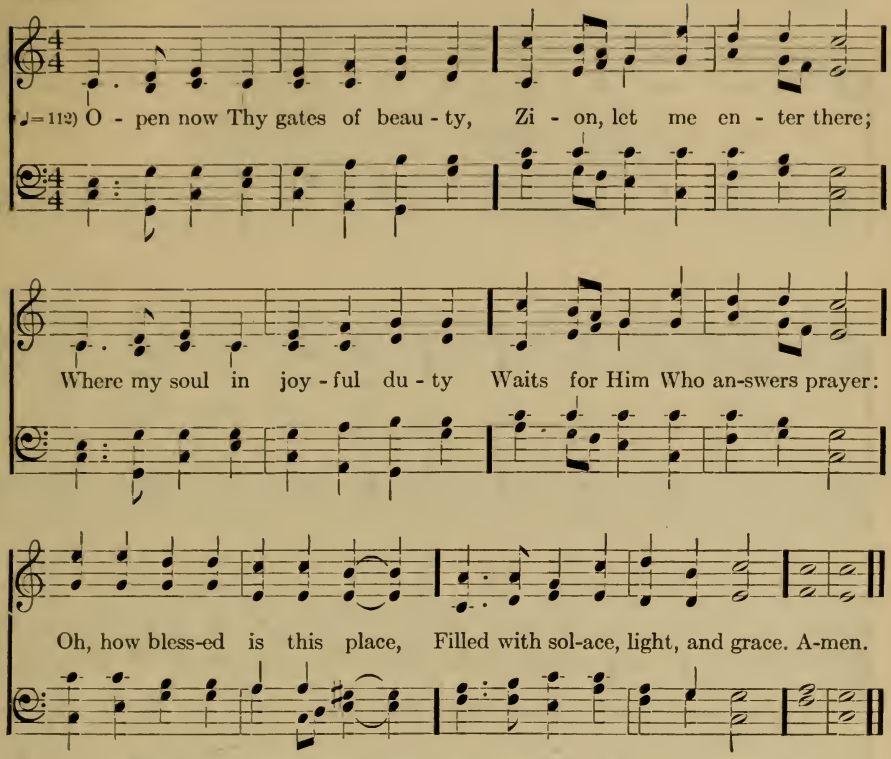
3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart,
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me!
Amen.

HENRY F. LYTE

225 NEANDER 8.7.8.7.7.7

JOACHIM NEANDER



2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me;
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
There a heaven on earth must be
To my heart, oh, enter Thou,
Let it be Thy temple now.

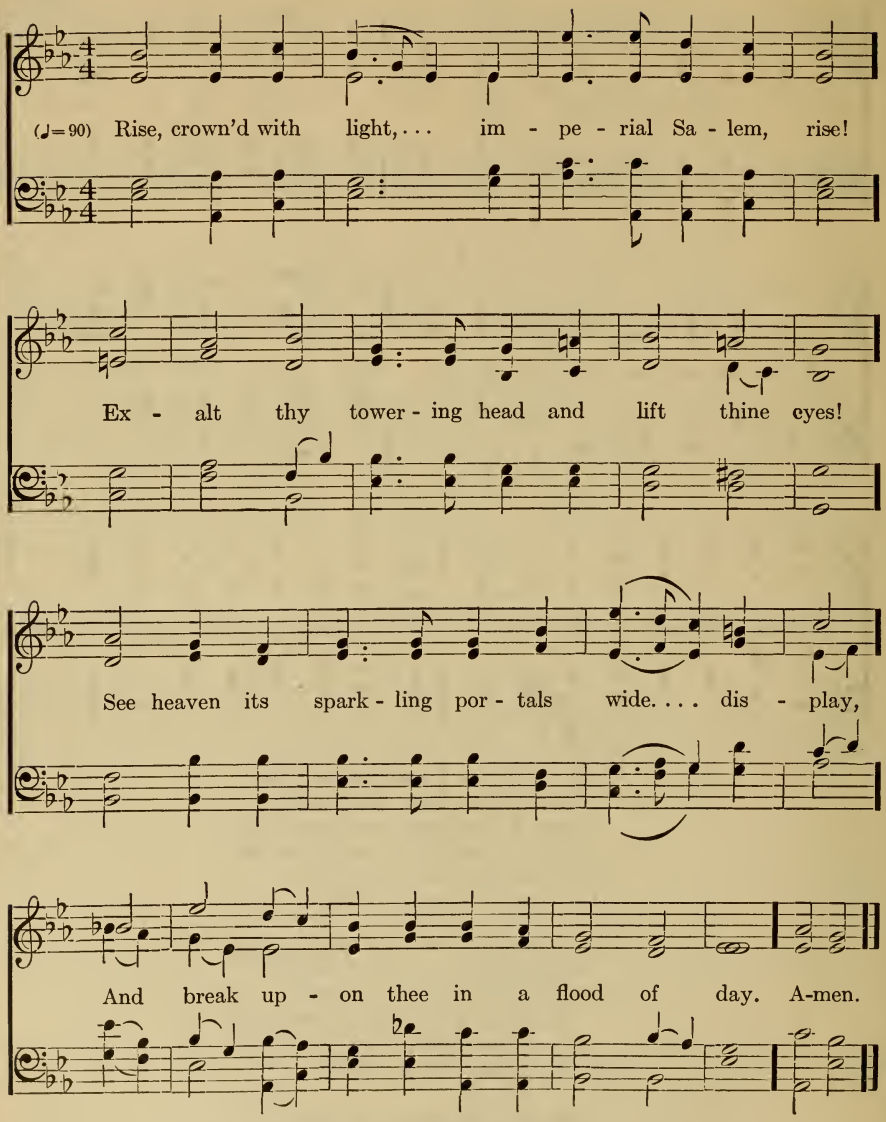
3 Thou my faith increase and quicken
Let me keep Thy Gift divine,
Howsoe'er temptations thicken,
May Thy Word still o'er me shine,
As my pole-star through my life,
As my comfort in my strife

4 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
Let Thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near Thee
Whilst Thou dost Thy people feed
Here of life the fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes. Amen.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLK. Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH

226 RUSSIAN HYMN 10s.

ALEXIS T. LWOFF



2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns. Amen.

ALEXANDER POPE

(*Second Tune*)

SAVANNAH 10s. Arr. fr. IGNACE PLEYEL

(♩=116) Rise, crowned with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise:

Ex - alt thy tower - ing head, and lift thine eyes;

See heaven its spark - ling por - tals wide dis - play,

And break up - on thee in a flood of day. A-men.

227 ST. VERONICA 6s 6l.

FRANCIS H. CHAMPNEYS

(♩=88) O thou not made with hands, Not throned a - bove the skies,

Nor walled with shin - ing walls, Nor framed with stones of price,

More bright than gold or gem, God's own Je - ru - sa - lem! A-men.

2 Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God! thou art.

3 Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down;
Where self itself yields up;
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

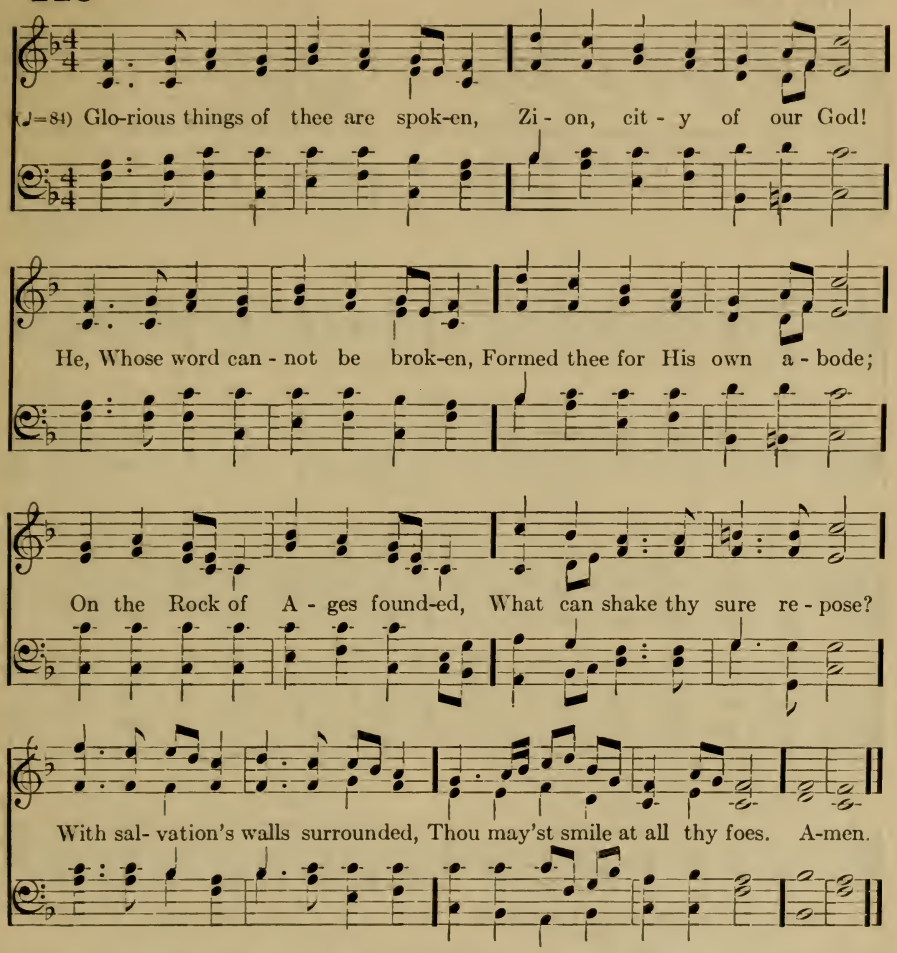
4 Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
Where in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God! thou art.

5 Not throned above the skies
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His name gathered are;
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem! Amen.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE

228 AUSTRIAN HYMN 8s & 7s. D.

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN



2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever will their thirst assauge?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings. Amen.

JOHN NEWTON

229 AURELIA 7s & 6s. D.

SAMUEL S. WESLEY

(♪=108) The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ, her Lord;

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - men.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

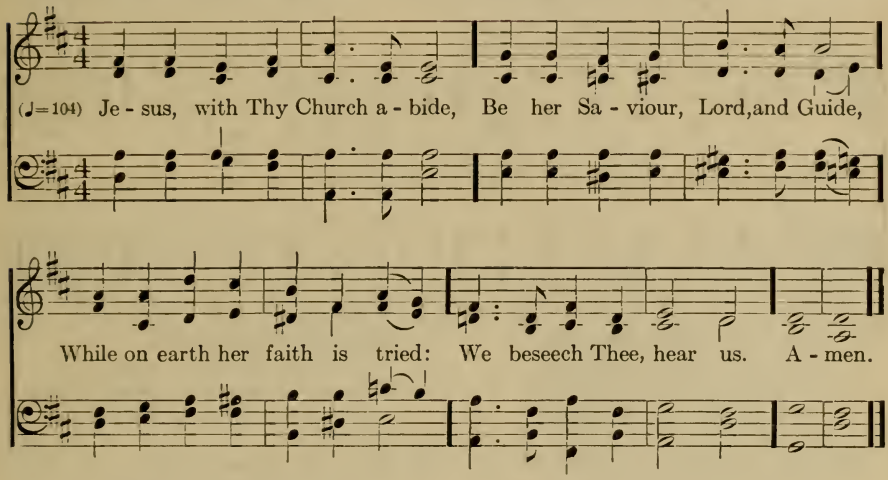
4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God, the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion,
With those whose rest is won:
Oh, happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee. Amen.

SAMUEL J. STONE

230 GOWER'S LITANY 7.7.7.6

JOHN H. GOWER



2 Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Help her, patient to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Be Thou with her all the days,
May she, safe from error's ways,
Toil for Thine eternal praise:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 All her fettered powers release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
Grant the heavenly gift of peace:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold:
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 Arm her soldiers with the cross,
Brave to suffer toil or loss,
Counting earthly gain but dross:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

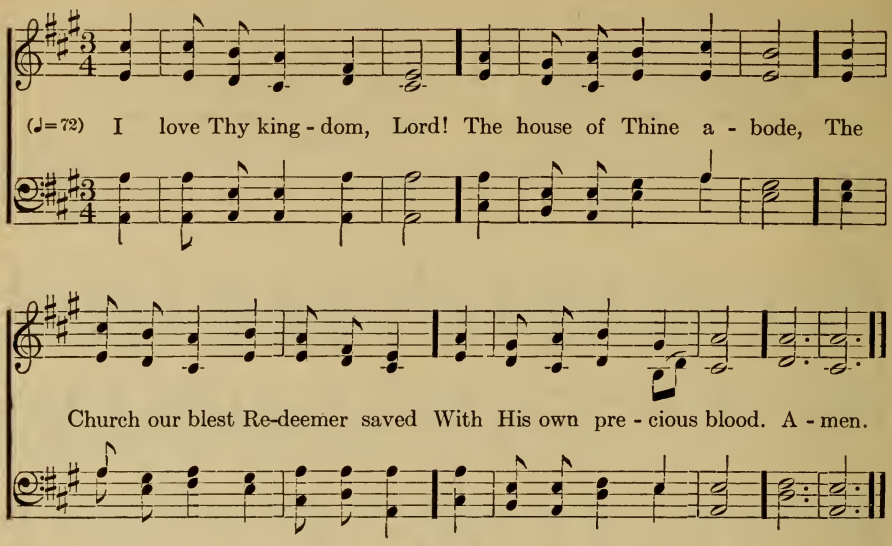
10 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 Fit her all Thy joy to share
In the home Thou dost prepare.
And be ever blessèd there:
We beseech Thee, hear us. Amen.

THOMAS B. POLLOCK, alt.

231 STATE STREET S. M.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN



2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my toils and cares be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

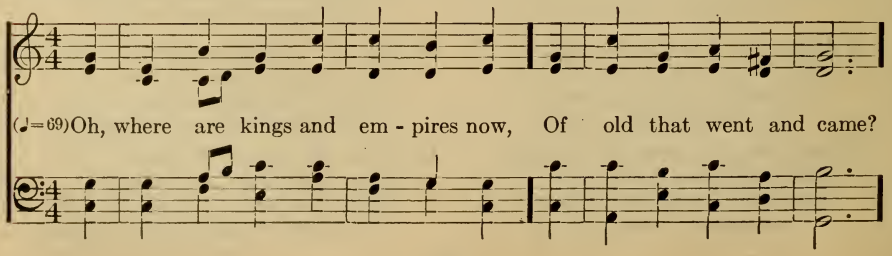
5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

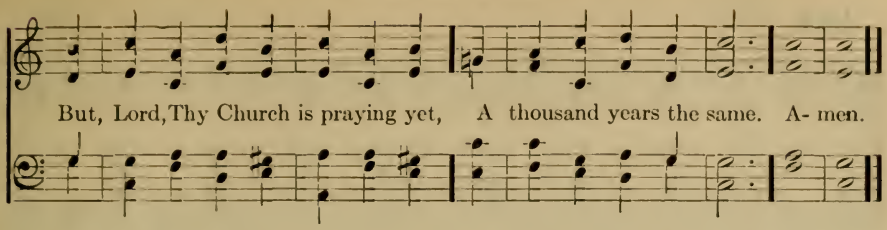
6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. Amen.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

232 ST. ANNE C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT





2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

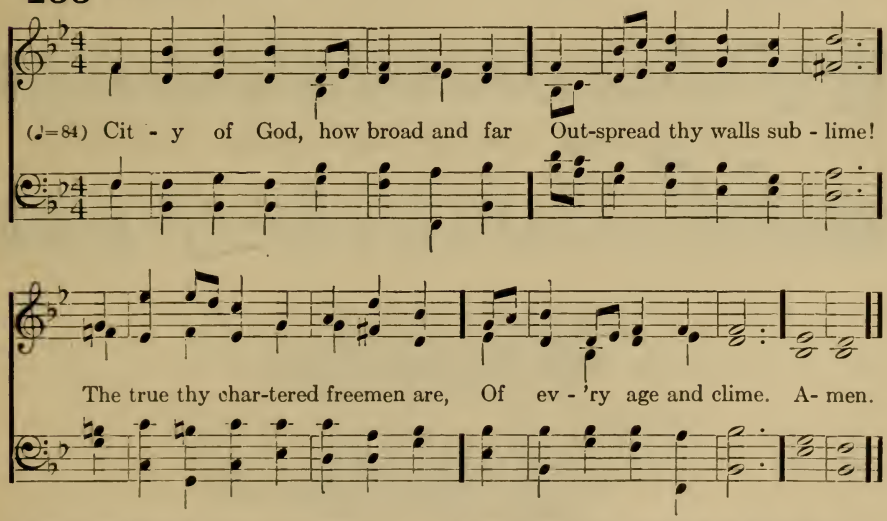
3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threat'ning her,
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands. Amen.

ARTHUR C. COXE

233 MIRFIELD C. M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN



2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest song,
One King omnipotent!

3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth.

4 How gleam thy watch-fires through the night,
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day.

5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed upon the eternal Rock,
The eternal city stands. Amen.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

234 HUMMEL C. M.

HEINRICH C. ZEUNER

(♩=69) Let saints on earth in con - cert sing With those whose work is done; For all the ser - vants of our King In heav'n and earth are one. A- men.

2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

5 Jesus, be Thou our constant Guide:
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY, arr. by FRANCIS H. MURRAY

235 CLOISTERS 11.11.11.5

JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩= 92) Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our night, and hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy Church's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y. A- men.

2 See round Thine Ark the hungry billows curling!
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling!
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us Thy peace, Lord:

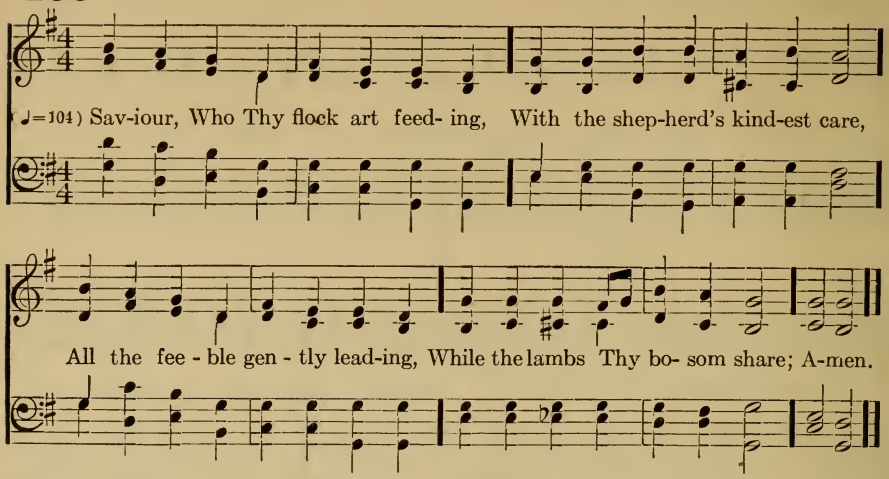
4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm Thy foes raging.

5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven. Amen.

Latin Hymn, 8th Cent. Tr. PHILIP PUSEY, et al.

236 BROCKLESBURY 8s & 7s.

CHARLOTTE A. BARNARD



2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

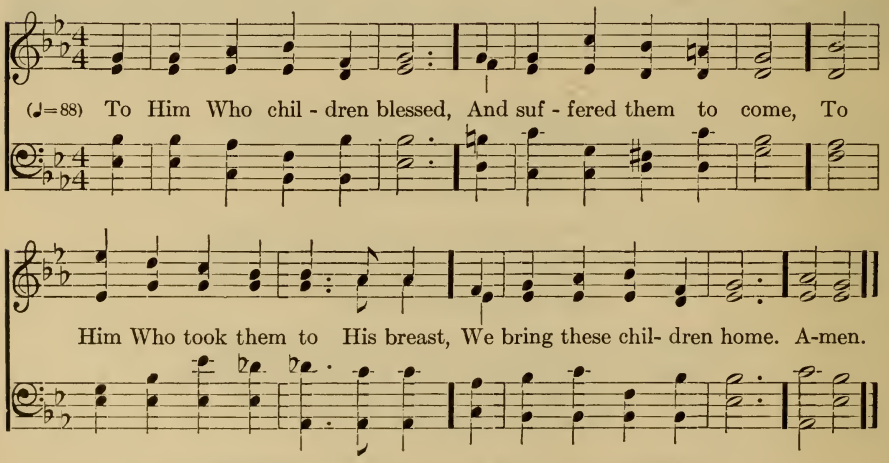
3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace. Amen.

WILLIAM A. MÜHLENBERG

237 ST. ANDREW S. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY



2 To thee, O God, Whose face
Their spirits still behold,
We bring them, praying that Thy grace
May keep, Thine arms enfold.

3 And as this water falls
On each unconscious brow,
Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord,
To keep them pure as now. Amen.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

238 ROSEFIELD 7s. 6l.

HENRI A. C. MALAN

(♩=80) Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord of love, Thou Who cam - est from a - bove,

Gifts of bless - ing to be - stow On Thy wait - ing Church be - low;

Once a - gain in love draw near To Thy chil - dren gath-ered here. A-men.

2 From their bright baptismal day,
Through their childhood's onward way,
Thou hast been their constant Guide,
Watching ever by their side;
May they now till life shall end,
Choose and know Thee as their Friend.

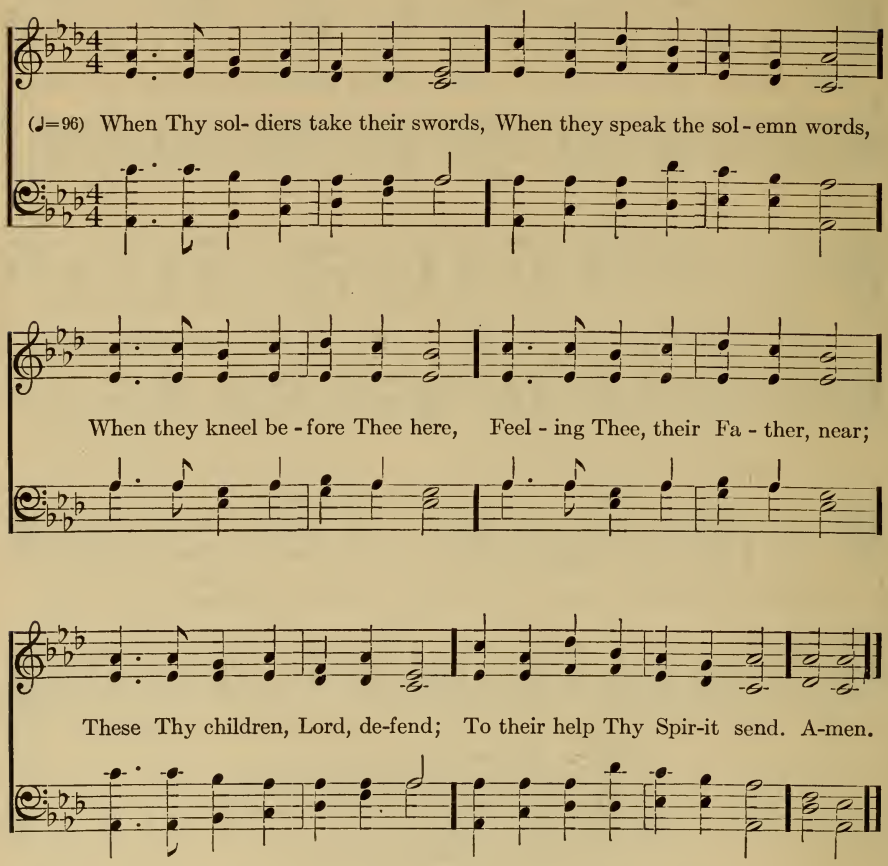
3 Give them light Thy truth to see,
Give them life to live for Thee,
Daily power to conquer sin,
Patient faith the crown to win;
Shield them from temptation's breath,
Keep them faithful unto death.

4 When the holy vow is made,
When the hands are on them laid,
Come, in this most solemn hour,
With Thy sevenfold gifts of power,
Come, Thou blessèd Spirit, come
Make each heart Thy happy home. Amen.

WILLIAM D. MACLAGAN

239 SPANISH HYMN 7s. 6l.

Spanish Melody, arr. by Benjamin Carr



2 When the world's sharp strife is nigh,
When they hear the battle-cry,
When they rush into the fight,
Knowing not temptation's might;
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
To their zeal Thy wisdom lend.

3 When their hearts are lifted high
With success or victory,
When they feel the conqueror's pride;
Lest they grow self-satisfied,
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
Teach their souls to Thee to bend.

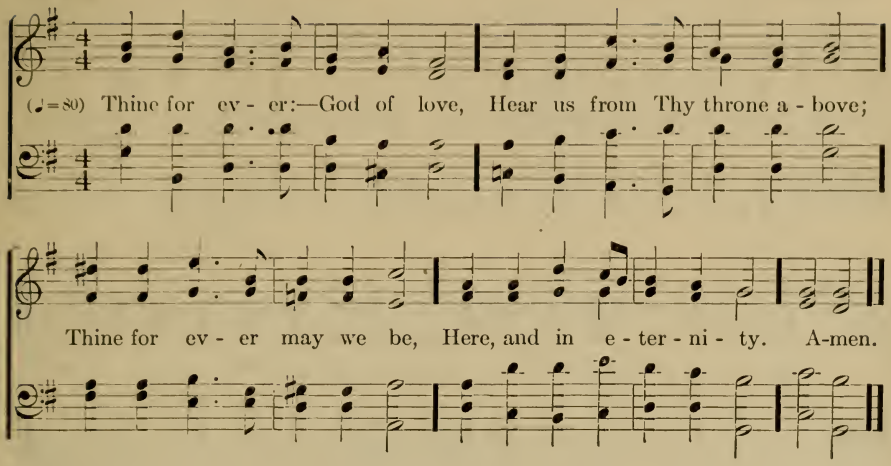
4 When the vows that they have made,
When the prayers that they have prayed,
Shall be fading from their hearts;
When their first warm faith departs;
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
Keep them faithful to the end.

5 Through life's conflict guard us all,
Or if wounded some should fall
Ere the victory be won,
For the sake of Christ, Thy Son,
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
And in death Thy comfort lend.
Amen.

Frances M. Owen

240 EVERMORE 7s.

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT



2 Thine for ever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!

3 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

4 Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
These Thy weak and trembling sheep,
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let them all Thy goodness share.

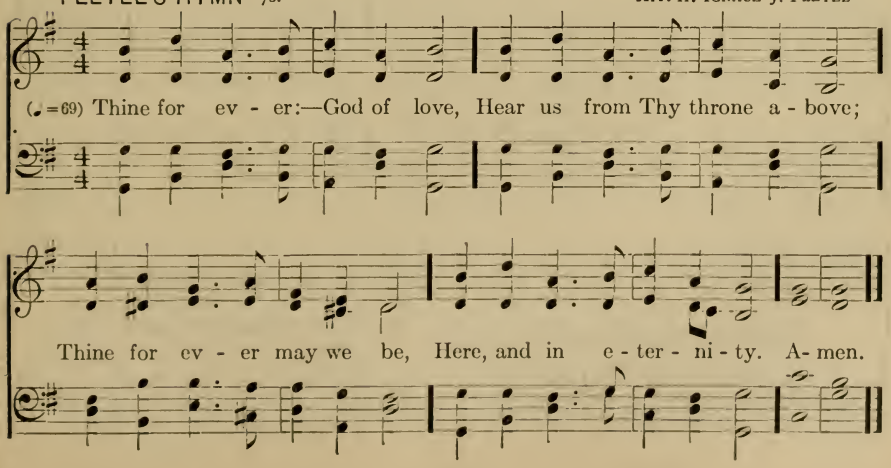
5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied;
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.
Amen.

MARY F. MAUDE

(*Second Tune*)

PLEYEL'S HYMN 7s.

Arr. fr. IGNACE J. PLEYEL



241 PERCIVALS 7s. (?)

(♩=80) Lord, as we Thy Name pro - fess, May our hearts Thy love con - fess,

And in all our praise of Thee, May our lips and lives a - gree. A-men.

2 Make us resolute to do
What Thou showest to be true;
Make us hate and shun the ill,
Loyal to Thy holy will.

3 May Thy yoke be meekly worn,
May Thy cross be bravely borne;
Make us patient, gentle, kind,
Pure in life and heart and mind.

4 Gracious Saviour, heavenly Friend,
On Thy grace our souls depend;
Let that grace our needs supply
While we live and when we die. Amen.

EDWIN P. PARKER

242 DUNDEE C. M. Scotch Psalter

(♩=80) Wit- ness, ye men and an - gels; now Be - fore the Lord we speak;

To Him we make our sol- emn vow, A vow we dare not break: A-men.

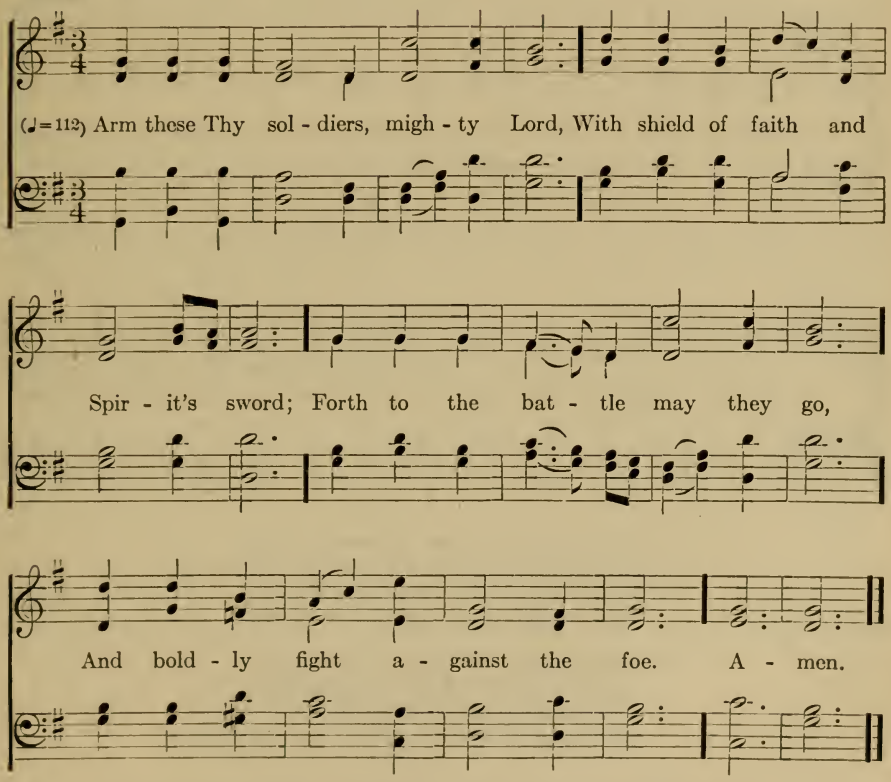
2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our needs supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.
Amen.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME

243 MOZART L. M. Arr. fr. MOZART



2 With banner of the Cross unfurled,
Oh, may they overcome the world;
And so at last receive from Thee
The palm and crown of victory.

3 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
May each a living temple be
Hallow'd forever, Lord, to Thee;

4 Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine,
With wisdom, light and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear and godliness.
Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, ab.

244 HENLEY 10s.

LOWELL MASON

(♩=108) Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and han - dle things un - seen; Here grasp with firm - er hand th'e - ter - nal grace, And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean. A-men.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.

5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR

245 PENITENTIA 10s.

EDWARD DEARLE

(♩= 100) Thee we a - dore, O hid - den Sav-iour, Thee,

Who in Thy Sac - ra - ment art pleased to be:

Both flesh and spir - it at Thy pres - ence fail,

Yet here Thy pres - ence we de - vout - ly hail. A - men.

2 O blest Memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living Bread to men dost here afford!
Oh, may our souls for ever feed on Thee;
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be.

3 Fountain of Goodness, Jesus, Lord and God,
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing Blood;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from Thy presence flow.

4 O Christ, Whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be,
To gaze on Thee unveiled and see Thy face;
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace. Amen.

THOMAS AQUINAS. Tr. JAMES R. WOODFORD

246 HESPERUS L. M.

HENRY BAKER

(♩=100) Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men! From the best bliss that earth im-parts, We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain. A-men.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst from Thee our souls to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

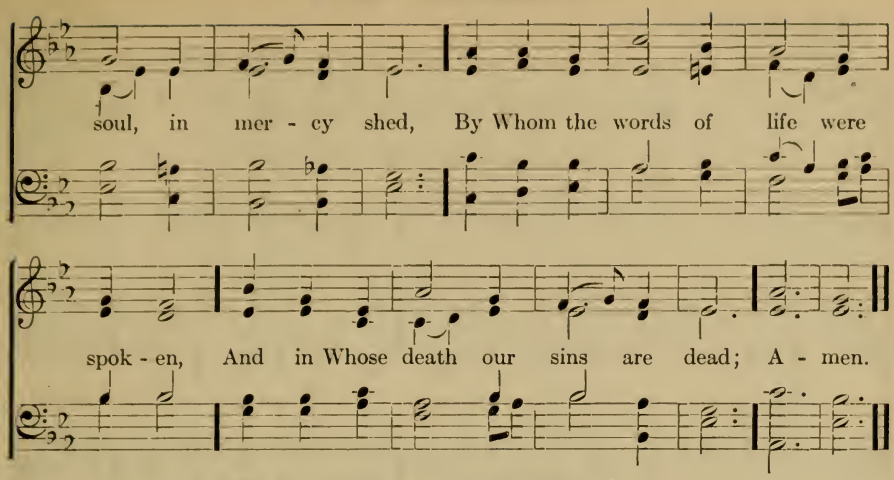
5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.
Amen.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. Tr. RAY PALMER

247 EUCHARISTIC HYMN 9s & 8s.

JOHN S. B. HODGES

(♩=92) Bread of the world, in mer - cy brok - en, Wine of the

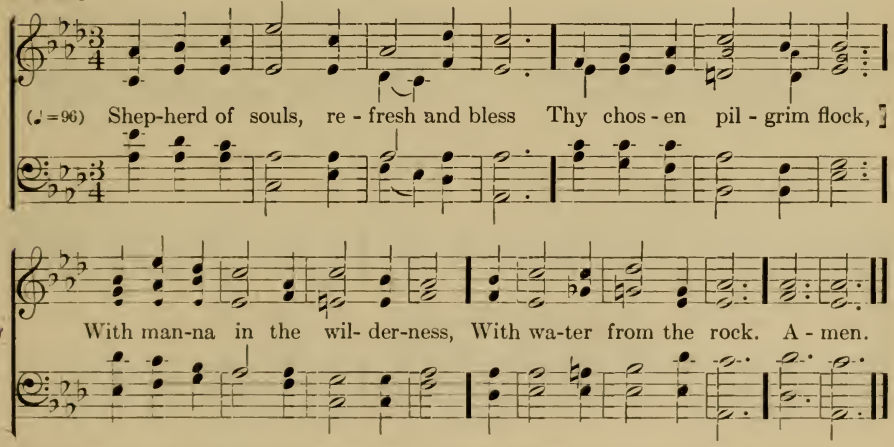


2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed. Amen.

REGINALD HEBER

248 BEATITUDO C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES



2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

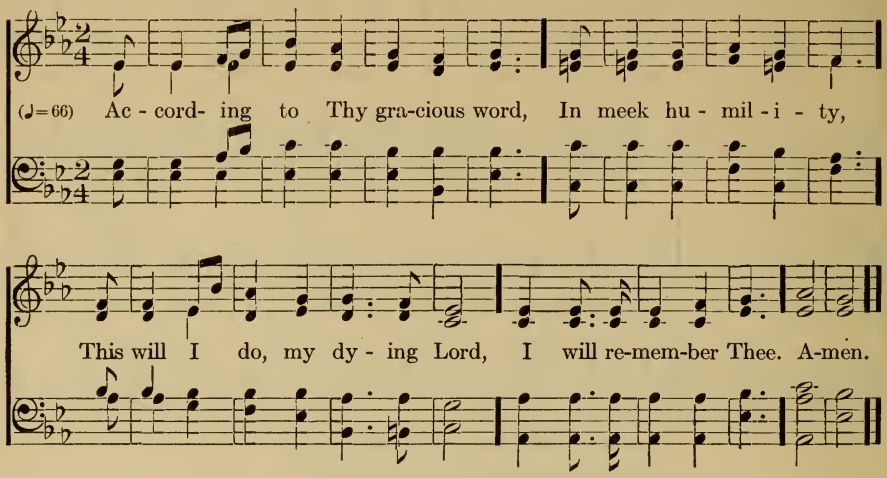
4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

5 Lord, sup with us in love divine;
Thy Body and Thy Blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

249 MERTON C. M.

JAMES P. JEWSON, alt.



2 The Body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
The cup, Thy precious Blood, I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane, can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

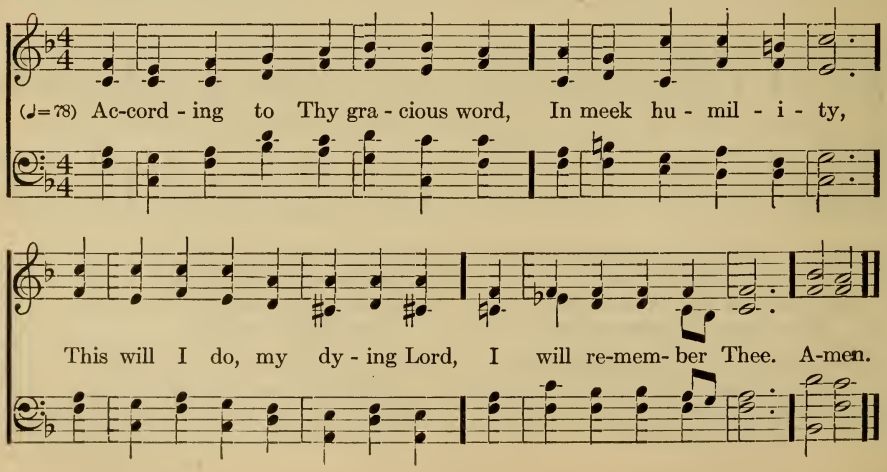
5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

(*Second Tune*)

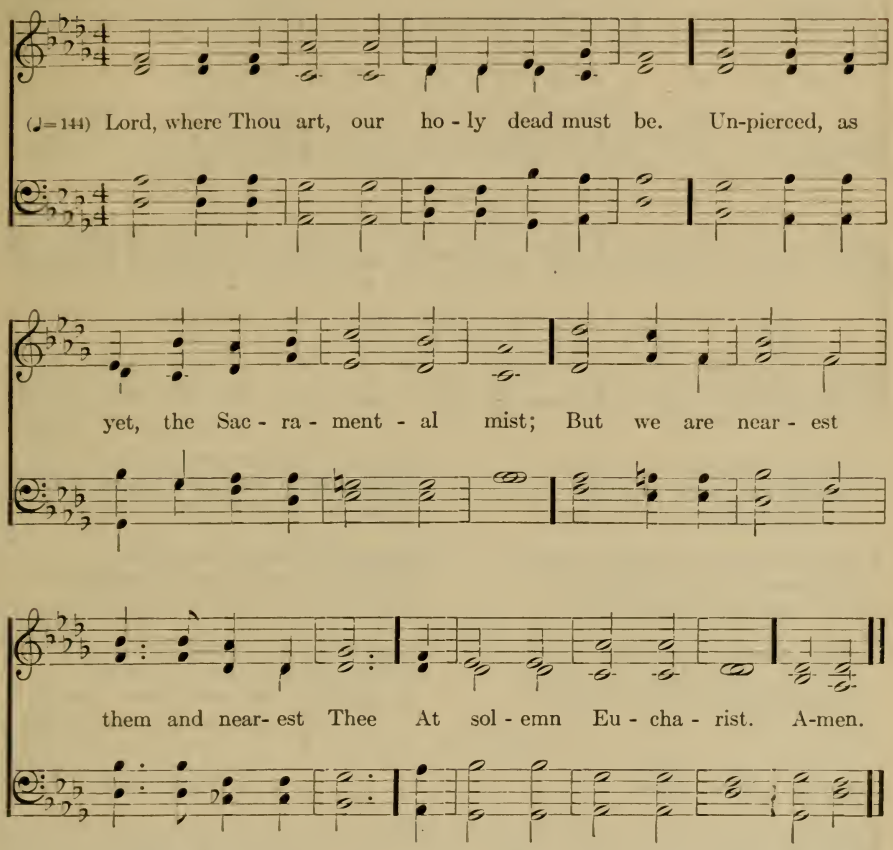
ST. JOHN, WESTMINSTER C. M.

JOHN TURLE



250 BLESSED REST 10.10.10.6

Arr. fr. JOSEPH BARNBY



2 O Lord, we crave for those gone Home to Thee,
For those who made the earthly home so fair;
How little we may know, how little see,
Only—that Thou art There.

3 Dear hands unclasped from ours are clasping Thee;
Thou holdest us forever in Thy Heart:
So close the One Communion, Lord, are we
In very truth apart?

4 Lord, where Thou art our happy dead must be:
And if with Thee, what then their boundless bliss!
Till Faith be sight, and Hope reality,
Love's Anchorage is this. Amen.

Anonymous

251 LACRYMÆ 7·7·7

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

(♩=98) Je - sus, to Thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - 'ry

heart be fed With the true and liv - ing bread. A - men.

2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy blest presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

3 While on Thy dear Cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

6 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

7 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land. Amen.

ROBERT H. BAYNES

252 CŒNA DOMINI 10.10

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

(♩=86) Draw nigh and take the Bod - y of the Lord,

And drink the ho - ly Blood for you out - poured. A - men.

2 Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.

3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
By His dear Cross and Blood the victory won.

4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.

5 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.

6 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

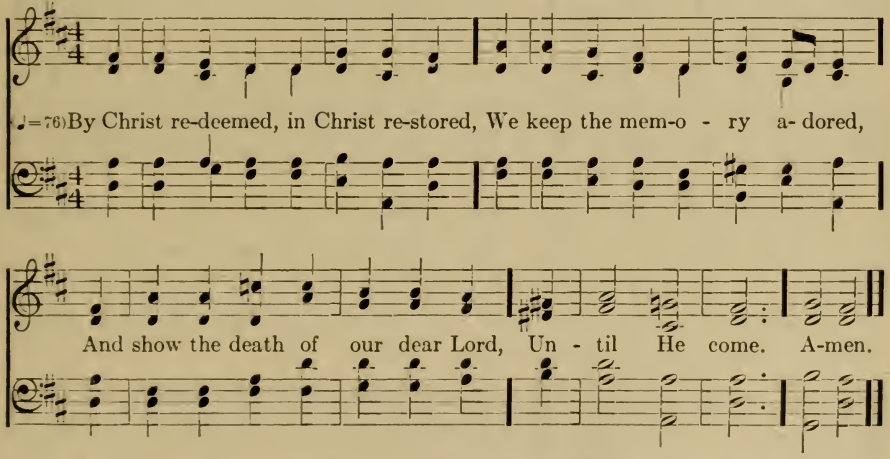
7 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;

8 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul. Amen.

Latin Hymn, 7th cent. Tr. John M. Neale

253 IN MEMORIAM 8.8.8.4

Frederick C. Maker



2 His body, broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last Advent we unite—
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until He come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

6 Oh, blessèd hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until He come. Amen.

George Rawson

254 BREAD OF LIFE 10s.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

(♩=116) Break Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me,

As Thou didst break the loaves be - side the sea:

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord;

My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word! A - men.

Copyright, 1877, by J. H. Vincent.

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease, all fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace, my all in all. Amen.

MARY A. LATHBURY

255 SANDRINGHAM 11s & 10s. Arr. fr. JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=86) O per - fect Love, all hu - man thought trans - cend - ing,

Low - ly we kneel in pray'r be - fore Thy throne,

That theirs may be the love that knows no end - ing,

Whom Thou for ev - er - more dost join in one. A - men.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life. Amen.

DOROTHY F. BLOMFIELD

256 SELWYN C. M. D.

Arr. fr. Mendelssohn

(♩=112) Lord, Who at Ca - na's wed- ding feast Didst as a guest ap - pear,

Thou dear - er far than earth - ly guest Vouch-safe Thy pres- ence here;

For ho - ly Thou in - deed dost prove The mar-riage vow to be,

Pro-claim-ing it a type of love Between the Church and Thee. A-men.

2 The holiest vow that man can make,
The golden thread of life,
The bond that none may dare to break,
That bindeth man and wife;
Which, blest by Thee, whate'er betides,
No evil shall destroy,
Thro' care-worn days each care divides,
And doubles every joy.

3 On those who at Thine altar kneel,
O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
That each may wake the other's zeal
To love Thee more and more:
Oh, grant them here in peace to live,
In purity and love,
And, this world leaving, to receive
A crown of life above! Amen.

Adelaide Thrupp

257 REQUIESCAT 7.7.7.7.8.8 — JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=74) Now the la-borer's task is o'er; Now the bat-tle day is past;

Now up-on the far-ther shore Lands the voy-ag-er at last. Fa-ther,

in Thy gracious keep-ing Leave we now Thy ser-vant sleep-ing. A-men.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping,

3 There the penitents, that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Leaving *him* to sleep in trust
Till the resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON

258 ADORO TE L. M. 61.

JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=100) God of the liv - ing, in Whose eyes Un-veil'd Thy whole cre- a - tion lies,

All souls are Thine; we must not say That those are dead who pass a - way;

From this our world of flesh set free, We know them living un - to Thee. A-men.

2 Released from earthly toil and strife
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be;
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust,
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

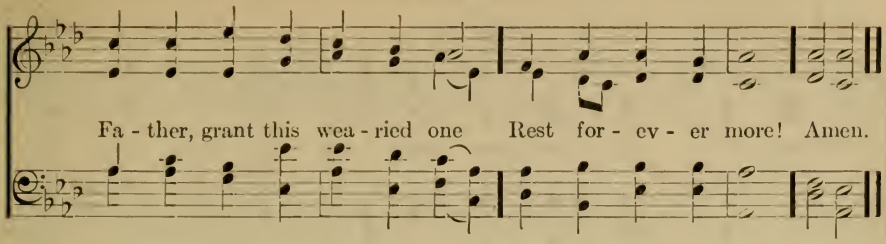
4 O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
Forever living unto Thee! Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON

259 IRENE 7.7.7.5

CLEMENT C. SCHOFIELD

(♩=104) When the day of toil is done, When the race of life is run,



2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,
Peace for evermore!

3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray;
Light for evermore!

4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore!

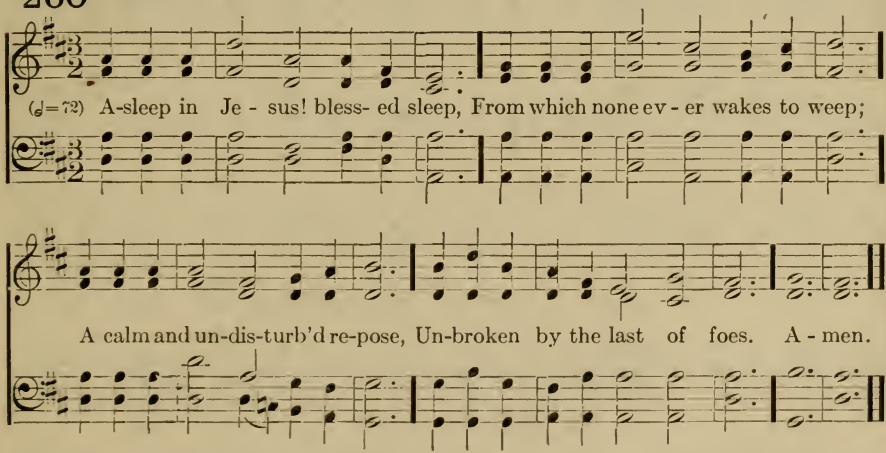
5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore!

6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life! be ours Thy crown;
Life for evermore! Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON

260 REST L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.
Amen.

MARGARET MACKAY

261 CROSSING THE BAR Irregular

J. Frederick Bridge

(♩=96) Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for

moan - ing of the bar,

me! And may there be no moan - - - - - ing When

moan- ing of the bar,

moan - - - - - ing

I put out to sea, But such a tide as mov - ing

seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and foam, When

Too full for sound and foam.

that which drew from out the bound-less deep Turns a - gain home.

Burial

2nd verse.

Twi - light and eve - ning bell, And aft - er that the dark!

sad - ness of fare - well,

And may there be no sad - - - - - - - ness

sad - ness of fare - well,

sad - - - - - - ness When

When I em - bark

When I em - bark; For tho' from out our bourne of time and

I em - bark;

place The flood may bear me far, I hope to see my

place The flood may ~~bear~~ ~~me~~ bear ~~far~~ me far

Pi - lot face to face When I have crost the bar. A - men.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Composed for his funeral in Westminster Abbey

262 GRACE CHURCH L. M.

Arr. fr. Pleyel

(♩=112) Come, gra - cious Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With light and comfort from a - bove; Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide, O'er ev - 'ry thought and step pre - side. A - men.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fullness of joy forever there:
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him forever blest. Amen.

Simon Browne

263 EISENACH L. M.

JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN

(♩=68) Bow down Thine ear, Al - might - y Lord, And hear Thy Church's

sup - pliant cry For all who preach Thy sav - ing word,

And wait up - on Thy min - is - try. A - men.

2 In mercy, Father, now give heed,
And pour Thy quickening Spirit's breath
On those whom Thou hast called to feed
Thy flock redeemed by Jesus' death.

3 O Saviour, from Thy piercèd hand
Shed o'er them all Thy gifts divine;
That those who in Thy presence stand
May do Thy will with love like Thine.

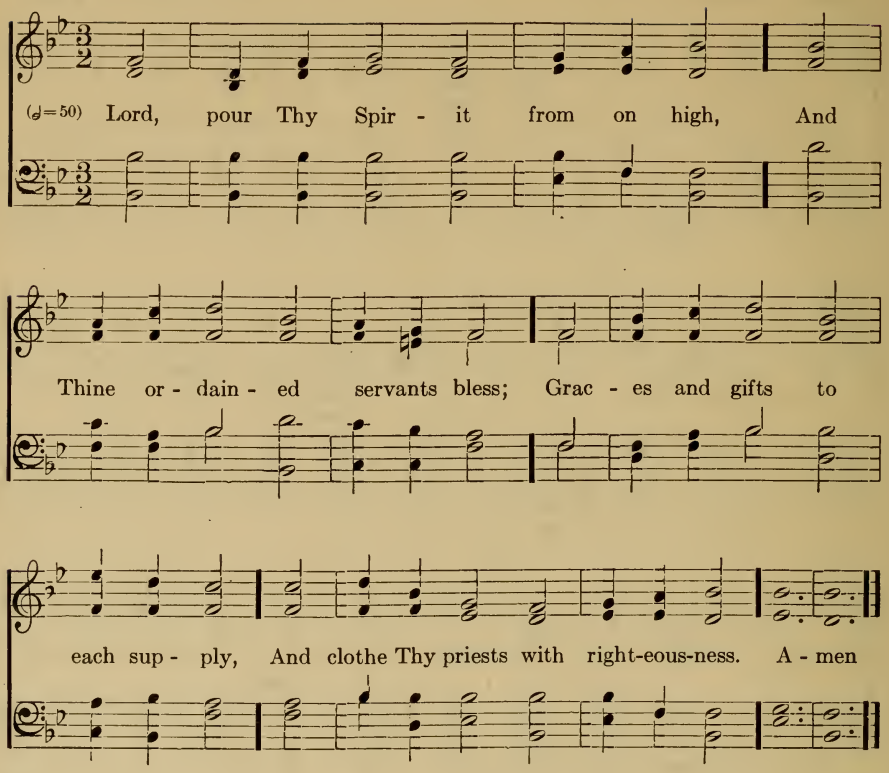
4 Blest Spirit, in their hearts abide,
And give them grace to watch and pray;
That, as they seek Thy flock to guide,
Themselves may keep the narrow way.

5 O God, Thy strength and mercy send
To shield them in their strife with sin;
Grant them, enduring to the end,
The crown of life at last to win. Amen.

THOMAS E. POWELL

264 HEBRON L. M.

LOWELL MASON



2 Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and fold Thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

265 TOULON 10s. Genevan Psalter

(♩=104) God of the proph - ets! bless the proph-ets' sons; E - li - jah's man - tle o'er E - li - sha cast; Each age its sol - emn task may claim but once: Make each a no - bler, stronger than the last! A - men

2 Anoint them prophets! Make their ears attent
To Thy divinest speech; their hearts awake
To human need; their lips make eloquent
To assure the right, and every evil break.

3 Anoint them priests! Strong intercessors they
For pardon, and for charity and peace!
Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!

4 Anoint them kings! aye kingly kings, O Lord!
Anoint them with the spirit of Thy Son:
Theirs, not a jewelled crown, a blood-stained sword;
Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won.

5 Make them apostles! Heralds of Thy Cross,
Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace;
Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,
And stand at last with joy before Thy face.

6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return!
O truth, O faith enrich our urgent time!
Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn;
A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime! Amen.

DENIS WORTMAN

266 REGENT SQUARE 8s & 7s. 6l.

HENRY SMART

(♩=96) Christ is made the sure foun-da - tion, Christ the Head and Cor - ner-stone,

Chos - en of the Lord, and pre - cious, Bind-ing all the Church in one;

Ho - ly Zi - on's help for ev - er, And her con - fi- dence a - lone. A-men.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

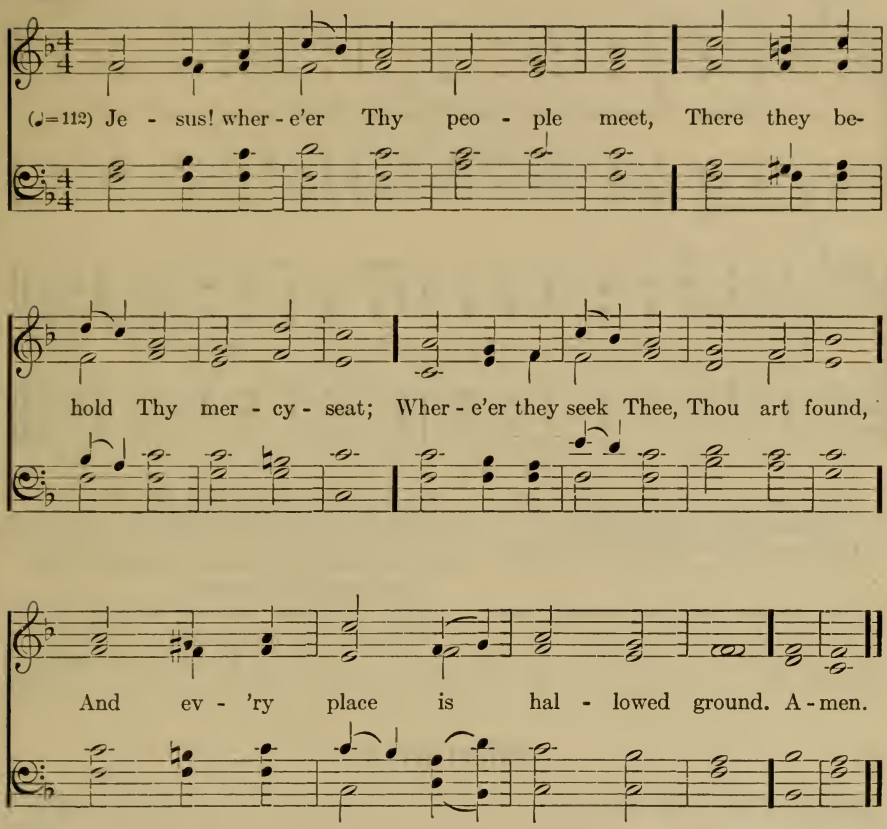
3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee, for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign. Amen.

Latin Hymn, 6th or 7th Cent. Tr. JOHN M. NEALE

267 HUMILITY L. M.

SAMUEL P. TUCKERMAN



2 And since within no walls confined,
Thou dwellest in the humble mind:
Let all within Thy house who come,
Departing, take Thee to their home.

3 Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own
To raise for Thee an earthly throne;
And where Thy Name Thou dost record,
There Thou wilt come and bless them,
Lord!

4 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
And here to wayward hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name!

5 Here may we prove the might of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes!

6 Here to the weary, hungry soul,
Give Thou the gift that maketh whole;
The bread that is Christ's flesh, for food,
The wine that is the Saviour's blood.

7 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine
ear;
Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own!
Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER

Dedication of Churches

268 AZMON C. M. Arr. fr. Carl G. Glaser by Lowell Mason

(♩=84) O Thou, Whose own vast tem-ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,

Ac - cept the walls that human hands Have raised to wor-ship Thee. A-men.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls to abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by Thy side.

3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While, round these hallowed walls, the storm
Of earth-born passion dies. Amen.

William Cullen Bryant

Offertories

269 HOLY TRINITY C. M. Joseph Barnby

(♩=84) Lord, lead the way the Sav - iour went, By lane and cell ob - scure,

And let love's treasures still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor. A-men.

2 Like Him through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

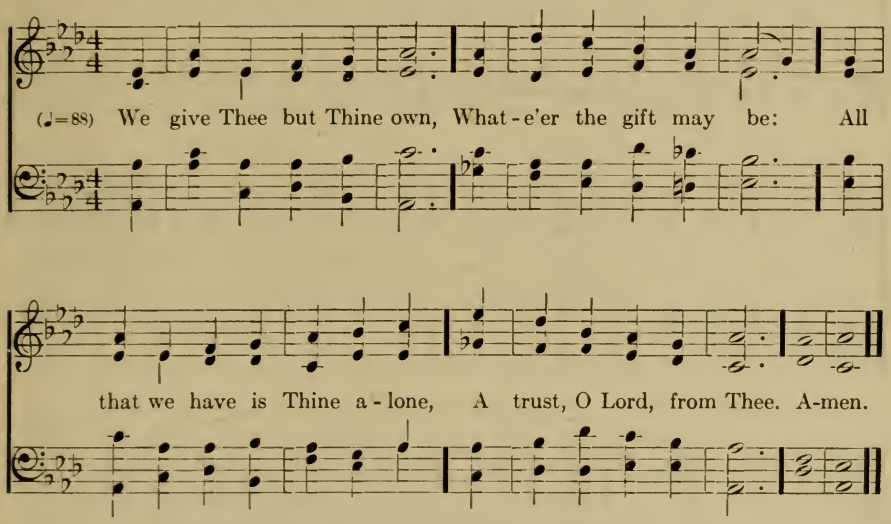
3 For Thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill,
And, that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make,
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward. Amen.

WILLIAM CROSWELL

270 SCHUMANN S. M.

Arr. fr. ROBERT SCHUMANN



2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold!

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

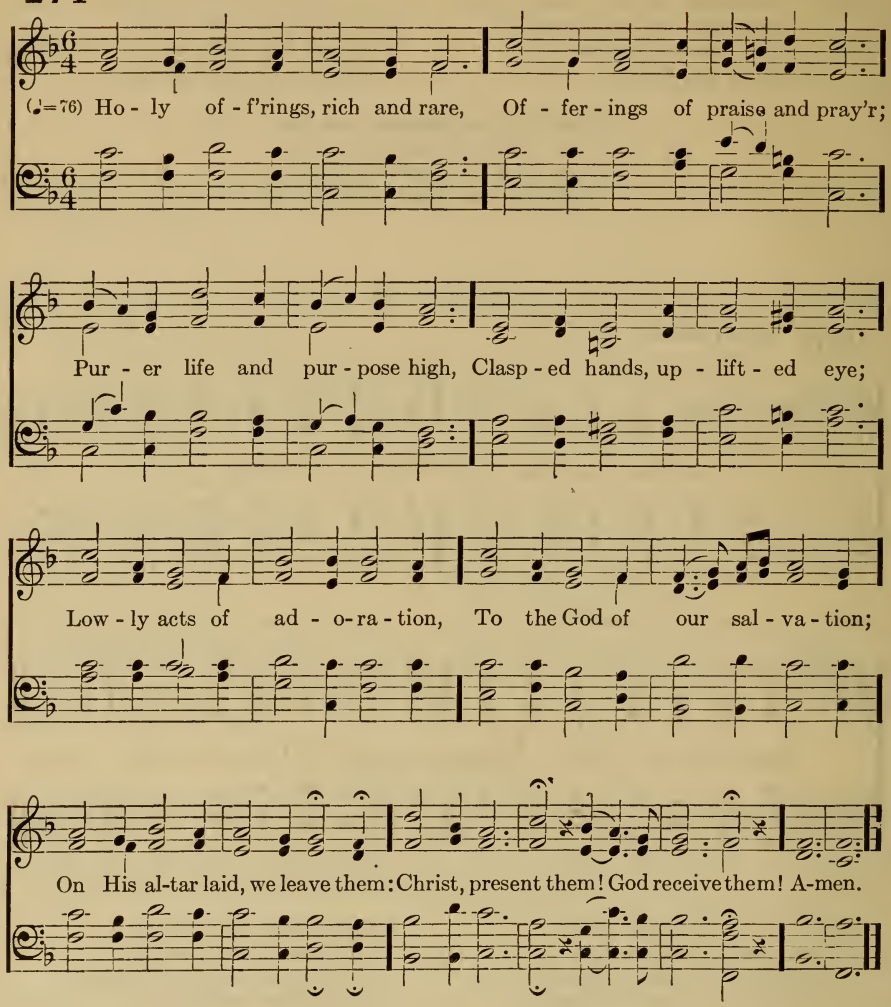
5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace;
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee. Amen.

WILLIAM W. HOW

271 HOLY OFFERINGS 7s & 8s. D.

RICHARD REDHEAD



2 Homage of each humble heart,
Ere we from Thy house depart;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender;
On Thine altar laid, we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

3 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On Thine altar laid, we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!
Amen.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

272 BLESSED SAVIOUR 6s & 5s. D. (?)

(♩=92) Je - sus! Thou hast willed it That Thy Church should be

One in faith and spir - it, Ev - er one in Thee.

We the cross are bear - ing, Once on Je - sus laid,

We the pray'r are pray - ing That our Mas - ter prayed. A- men.

2 Thou, our heavenly Master,
Bid contentions cease;
Thou, true Prince of Salem,
Give Thy children peace;
Peace from God the Father,
Peace from God the Son,
Peace from God the Spirit,
From the Three in One.

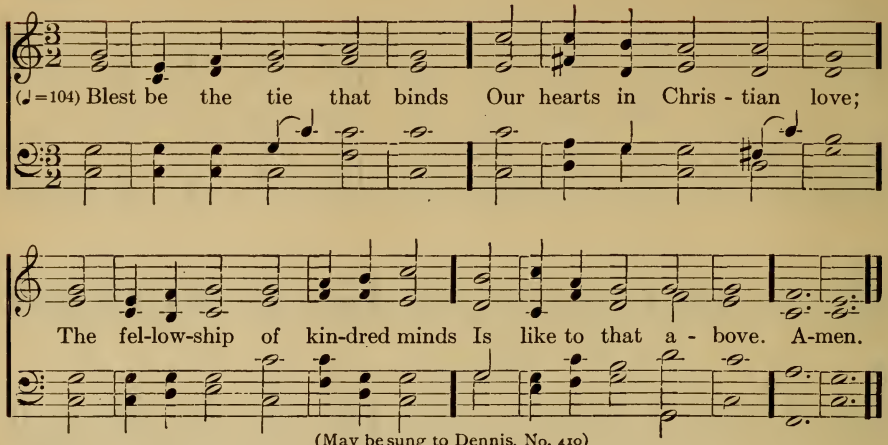
3 When the fight is over,
When the strife is done,
When our cause has conquered,
When the Church is one,
East and west together
Joining hand in hand,
Lead Thy people onward
To the pleasant land.

4 Praise we God the Father,
Praise the Son who died,
Praise Him who doth ever
In His Church abide.
Praise through endless ages
To Thy Name be done,
Holy, holy, holy
God, the Three in One. Amen.

HENRY JENNER

273 BOYLSTON S. M.

LOWELL MASON



(May be sung to Dennis, No. 410)

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

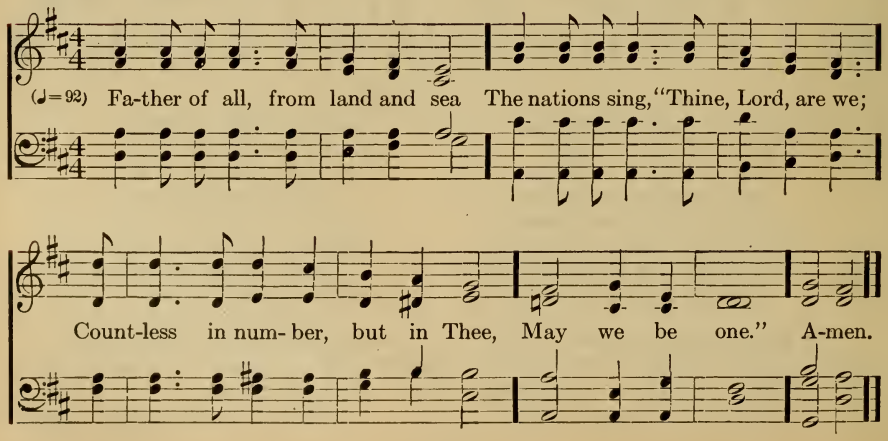
5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. Amen.

JOHN FAWCETT

274 HANFORD 8.8.8.4

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN



2 O Son of God, Whose love so free
For men did make Thee Man to be,
United to our God in Thee
May we be one.

3 Thou Lord, didst once for all atone;
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the Corner Stone,
Making them one.

4 Thou art the Fountain of all good,
Cleansing with Thy most precious blood,
And feeding us with angels' food,
Making us one.

5 Join high and low, join young and old,
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one Fold,
Make us all one.

6 O Spirit blest, Who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;
Oh, make us one!

7 O Trinity in Unity,
One only God, in Persons Three,
Dwell ever in our hearts; like Thee
May we be one.

8 So, when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
"Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one." Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

275 ST GODRIC 6.6.6.6.8.8

JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=88) One sole bap - tis - mal sign, One Lord, be - low, a - bove, One Faith, one Hope di-vine, One on - ly watchword, Love: From diff'rent temples though it rise, One song as - cend - eth to the skies. A - men.

2 Our Sacrifice is one,
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.
Amen.

GEORGE ROBINSON

276 TIDINGS 11s & 10s. With Refrain

JAMES WALCH

(♩=100) O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the world that God is Light; That He Who made all na-tions is not will - ing

REFRAIN.

One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night: Pub - lish glad ti- dings; Ti-dings of peace; Ti- dings of Je - sus, Redemption and re- lease. A-men.

2 Behold how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win.
Publish glad tidings; etc.

3 'Tis thine to save from peril of perdition
The souls for whom the Lord His life laid down:
Beware lest, slothful to fulfil thy mission,
Thou lose one jewel that should deck His crown.
Publish glad tidings; etc.

4 Proclaim to every people, tongue and nation
That God, in Whom they live and move, is Love;
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above.
Publish glad tidings; etc.

5 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.
Publish glad tidings; etc.

6 He comes again—O Zion, ere Thou meet Him,
Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.
Publish glad tidings; etc. Amen.

MARY A. THOMSON

277 MENDON L. M. Arr. by LOWELL MASON

(♩=88) E - ter-nal Fa-ther! Thou hast said That Christ all glo-ry shall ob- tain;

That He who once a Suff'rer bled, Shall o'er the world, a Conqueror, reign. Amen.

2 We wait Thy triumph, Saviour King!
Long ages have prepared Thy way;
Now all abroad Thy banner fling,
Set Time's great battle in array.

3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field;
"The Cross! The Cross!" the battle-call;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.

4 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen stand;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts, from land to land.

5 Oh, fill Thy Church with faith and power!
Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations haste the hour,
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

6 Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known!
Fulfill the Father's high decree;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee. Amen.

RAY PALMER

278 YARMOUTH 7s & 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON

(♩=92) Hail to the Lord's Anointed, Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time ap-pointed, (*Omit* . . . . . .) His reign on earth begun!

He comes to break op- pres - sion, To set the cap- tive free; To take a-

way transgression, To take a-way transgression, To take a-way transgres-sion,

And rule in eq - ui - ty. A - men.

(May be sung to Webb, opposite page)

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
‖: Whose souls, condemned and dying, :‖
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
‖: And righteousness in fountains :‖
From hill to valley flow.

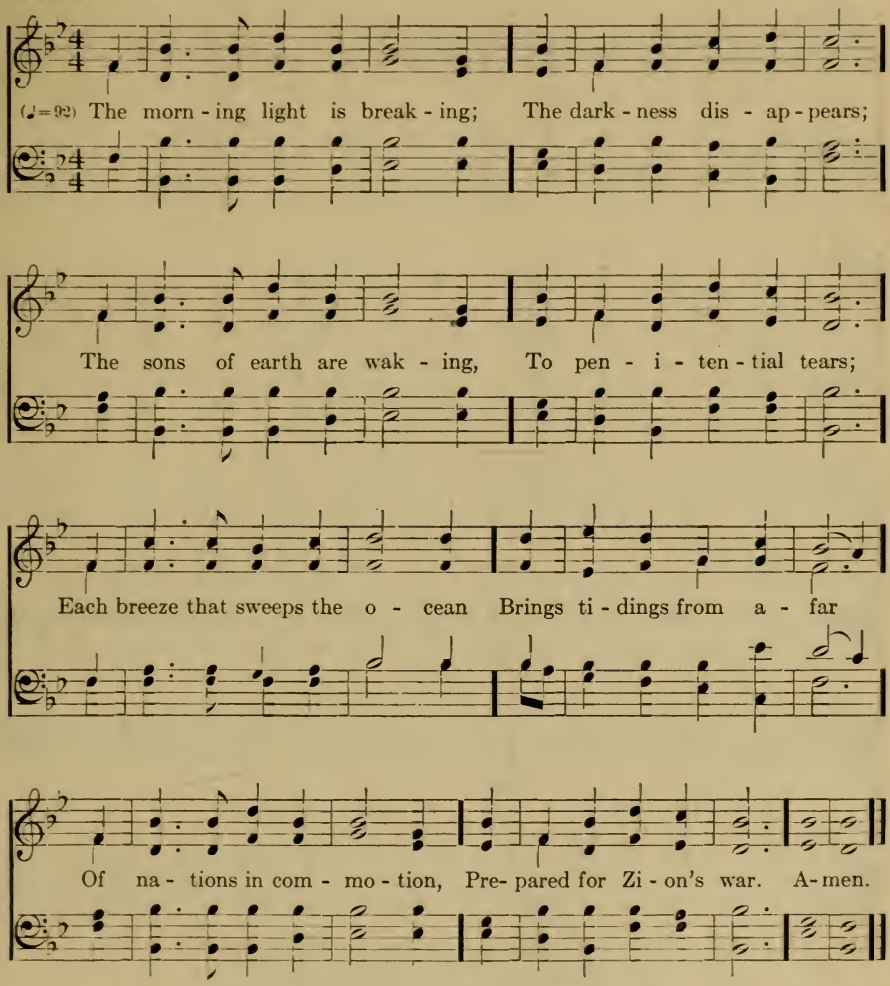
4 Kings shall bow down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
‖: His kingdom still increasing, :‖
A kingdom without end.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
‖: His name shall stand for ever, :‖
His changeless Name of Love. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

279 WEBB 7s & 6s. D.

George J. Webb



2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come!"
Amen.

Samuel F. Smith

280 WESLEY 11s & 10s.

LOWELL MASON

(♩=112) Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing,

Joy to the lands that in dark - ness have lain!

Hush'd be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourn - ing,

Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign. A - men.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

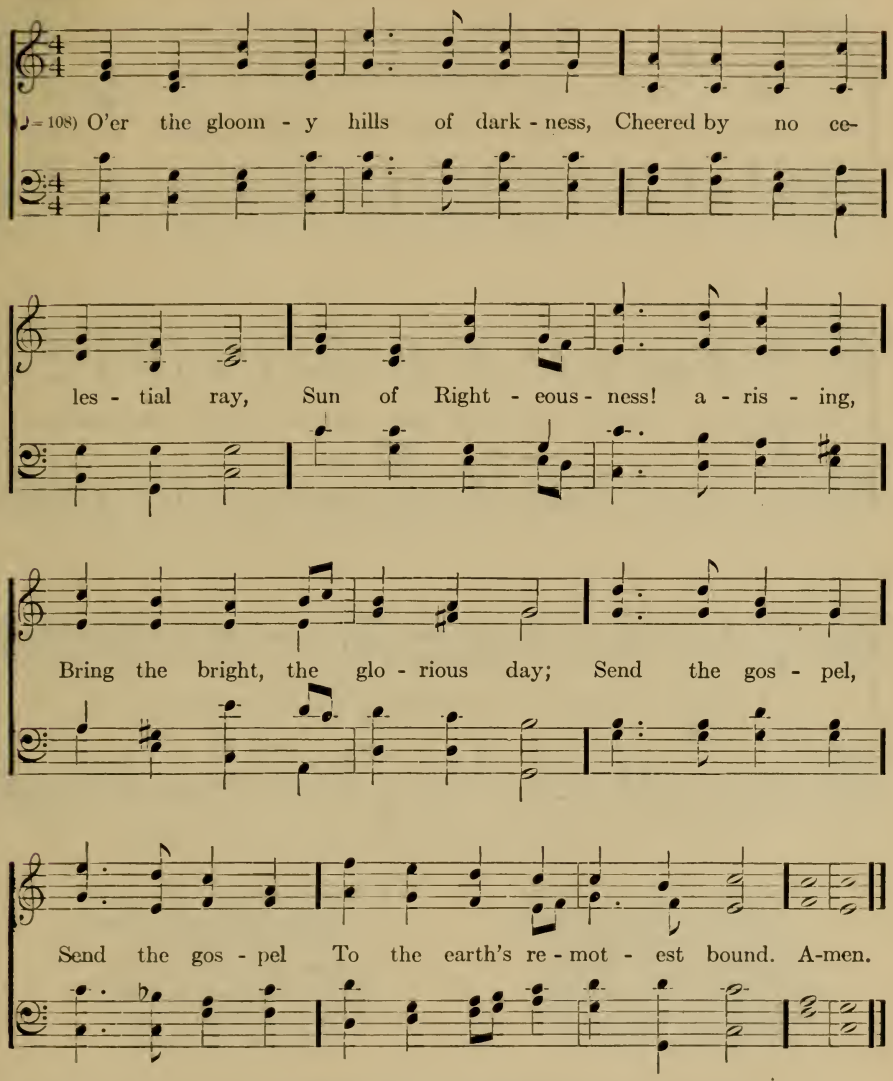
3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky. Amen.

THOMAS HASTINGS

281 REGENT SQUARE 8.7.8.7.4.7

HENRY SMART



2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour! all the world around. Amen.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

282 FIAT LUX 6.6.4.6.6.4

JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=104) Christ for the world we sing! The world to Christ we bring,
With lov - ing zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and
o - ver-borne, Sin-sick and sor-row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A - men.

(May be sung to Italian Hymn, opposite page, or to Kirby Bedon, No. 80)

2 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

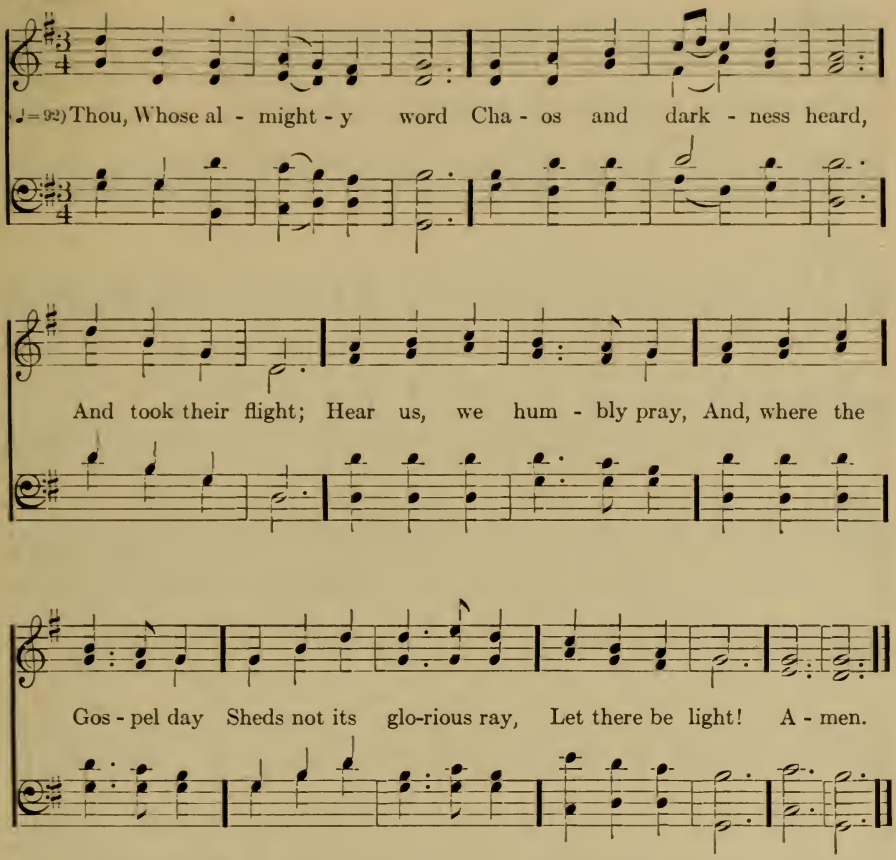
3 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong. Amen.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT

283 ITALIAN HYMN 6.6.4.6.6.6

FELICE de GIARDINI



2 Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly-blind,
Oh, now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the waters' face
Spreading the beams of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light! Amen.

JOHN MARRIOTT

284 MISSIONARY HYMN 7s & 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON

(♩= 92) From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;—
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er- ror's chain. A-men.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

REGINALD HEBER

285 LANCASHIRE 7s & 6s. D.

HENRY SMART

(♩=86) Hast - en the time ap - point - ed, By proph - ets long fore - told,

When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One Shep- herd and one Fold.

Let Jew and Gen - tile, meet - ing From ma - ny a dis - tant shore,

A - round one al - tar kneel - ing One com-mon Lord a - dore. A - men.

2 Let all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love,
Let war be learned no longer,
Let strife and tumult cease,
All earth His blessèd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace.

3 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone. Amen.

Anonymous

286 AUSTRIAN HYMN 8s & 7s. D.

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN

(♩=84) Light of those whose drear-y dwell-ing Bor-ders on the shades of death,

Je-sus, now Thy-self re-veal-ling, Dis-si-pate the clouds be-neath:

Thou of heav'n and earth Cre-a-tor, In our deep-est dark-ness rise,—

Scat-t'ring all the night of na-ture, Pour-ing day up-on our eyes. A-men.

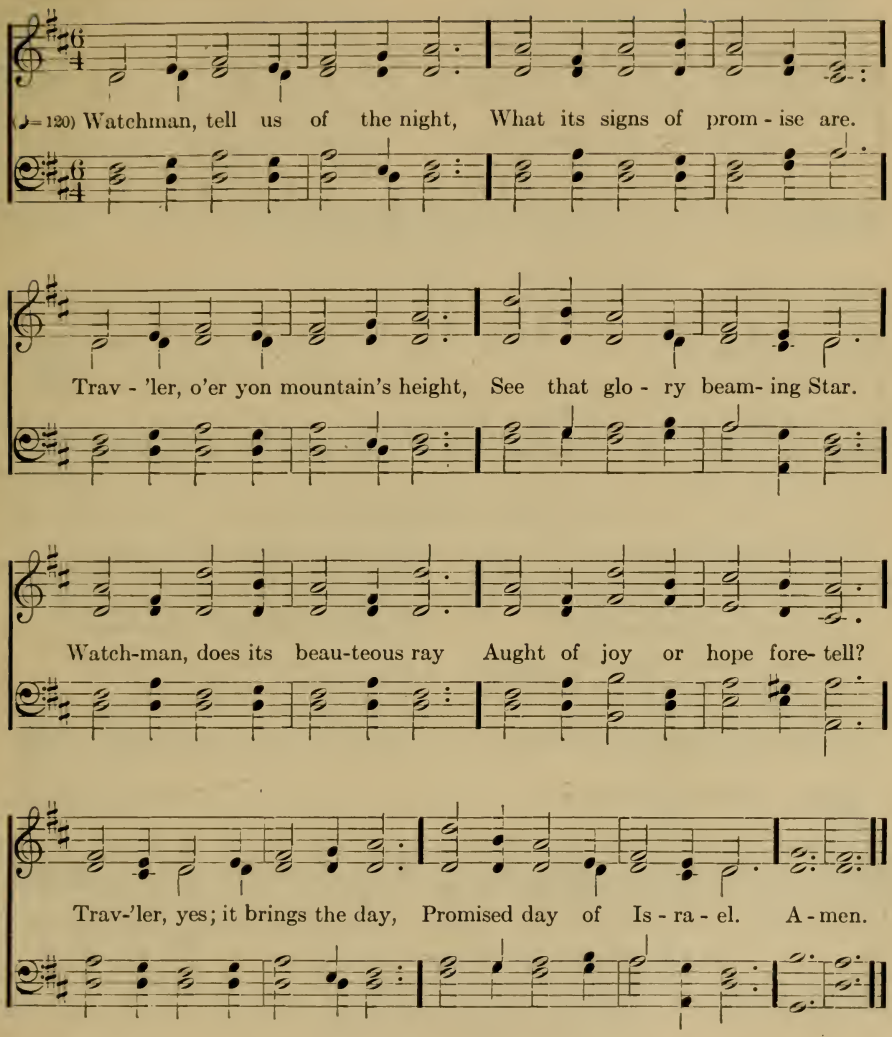
2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart:
Come and manifest Thy favor
To the ransomed helpless race;
Come, Thou universal Saviour!
Come, and bring the Gospel grace.

3 Show Thy power in every nation,
O Thou Prince of Peace and Love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above:
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
By the presence of Thy spirit
Guide us into perfect peace. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY

287 WATCHMAN 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON



2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that Star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come. Amen.

JOHN BOWRING

288 DUKE STREET L. M.

JOHN HATTON

(♩=87) Je- sus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his suc-ces - sive jour-neys run;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. Amen.

(May be sung to Missionary Chant, No. 293)

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS

289 WALTHAM, NEW L. M.

J. BAPTIST CALKIN

(♩=80) Fling out the banner! Let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;

The sun that lights its shining folds, The Cross, on which the Saviour died. Amen.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the Cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign. Amen.

George W. Doane

290 STOCKWELL 8s & 7s.

Darius E. Jones

(♩=86) Lord, a Sav-iour's love dis-play - ing Show the hea-then lands Thy way:

Thousands still like sheep are straying In the dark and cloudy day. A - men.

2 Shades of death are gathering o'er them,
Lord, they perish from Thy sight!
Let Thine angel go before them;
Bring the Gentiles to Thy light.

3 Fetch them home from every nation,
From the islands of the sea;
By the word of Thy salvation
Call the wanderers back to Thee.

4 Thou their pasture hast provided,
Grant the blessing long foretold;
Let Thy sheep, divinely guided,
Find at last the one true fold. Amen.

Ernest Hawkins

291 ST. MATTHEW C. M. D.

WILLIAM CROFT

(♩=92) The race that long in dark-ness pined, Have seen a glo - rious Light;

The peo - ple dwell in day who dwelt In death's sur-round-ing night.

To hail Thy rise, Thou bet - ter Sun, The gath - 'ring na - tions come,

Joy-ous as when the reap - ers bear The har-vest treas-ures home. A-men.

2 For Thou our burden hast removed,
And quelled th' oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.
To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

3 His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And Peace abound below. Amen.

JOHN MORRISON

Departure of Missionaries

292 PEARSALL 7s & 6s. D. ROBERT S. DE PEARSALL

(♩=92) Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! The day of march has come:

Hence-forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home.

Through days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,

And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song. A-men.

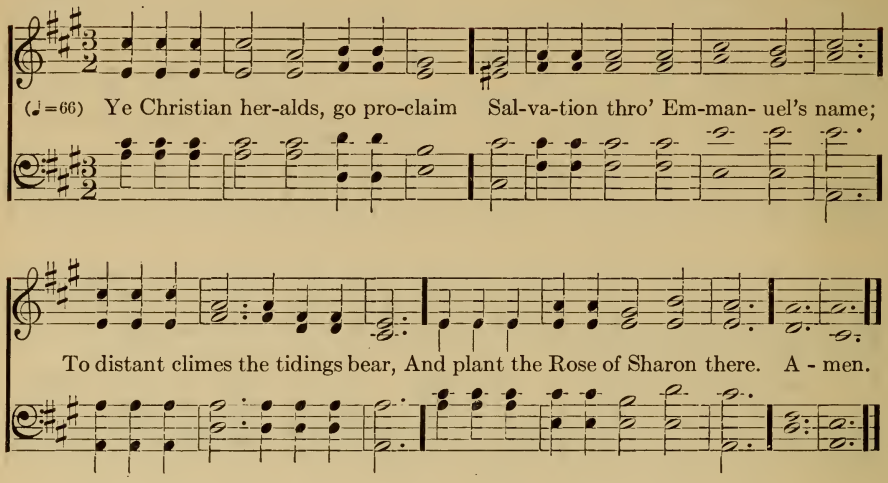
2 Lead on, O King Eternal!
Till Sin's fierce war shall cease,
And Holiness shall whisper
The sweet amen of Peace;
For not with swords loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy
The heavenly kingdom comes.

3 Lead on, O King Eternal!
We follow not with fears,
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er Thy face appears;
Thy Cross is lifted o'er us,
We journey in its light;
The crown awaits the conquest,
Lead on, O God of might! Amen.

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF

Departure of Missionaries

293 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M. HEINRICH C. ZEUNER



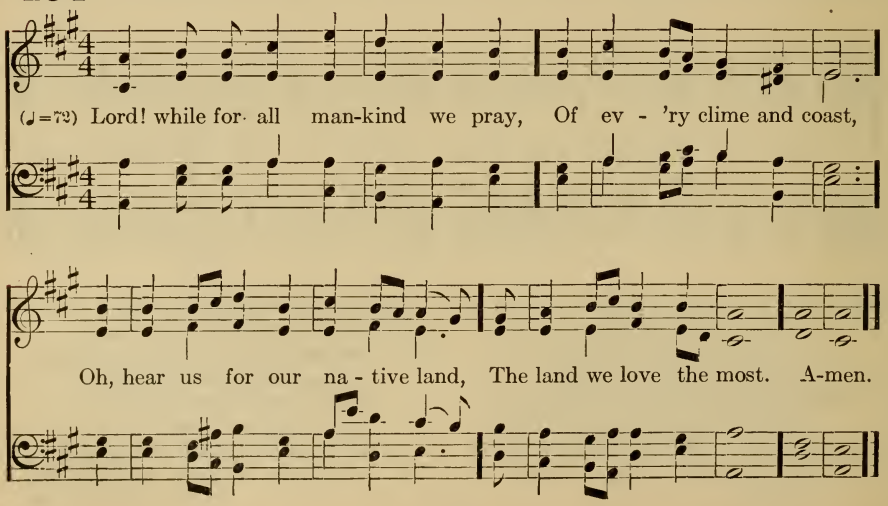
2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all. Amen.

BOURNE H. DRAPER

Home Missions

294 DEDHAM C. M. WILLIAM GARDINER



2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

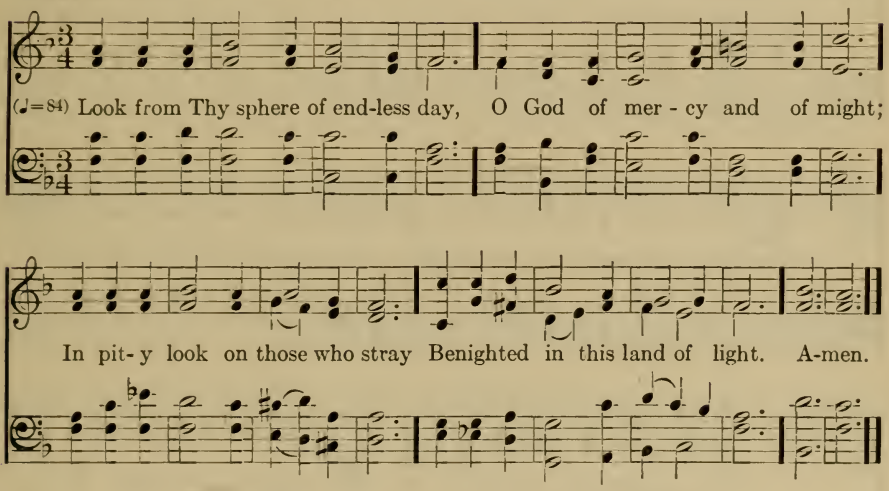
3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee:
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend. Amen.

JOHN R. WREFORD

295 HOLBORN HILL L. M. St. Alban's Tune-Book



2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the harden'd old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise. Amen.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

296 ROTTERDAM 7s & 6s. D.

BERTHOLD TOURS

(♩=88) From o - cean un - to o - cean, Our land shall own Thee Lord,

And, filled with true de - vo - tion, O - bey Thy Sov-'reign word:

Our prai - ries and our moun-tains, For - est and fer - tile field,

Our riv-ers, lakes and fountains, To Thee shall tribute yield. A-men

2 O Christ, for Thine own glory,
And for our country's weal,
We humbly plead before Thee,
Thyself in us reveal;
And may we know, Lord Jesus,
The touch of Thy dear hand,
And, healed of our diseases,
The tempter's power withstand.

3 Where error smites with blindness,
Enslaves and leads astray,
Do Thou in loving-kindness
Proclaim Thy gospel day,
Till all the tribes and races
That dwell in this fair land,
Adorned with Christian graces,
Within Thy courts shall stand.

4 Our Saviour King, defend us,
And guide where we should go;
Forth with Thy message send us,
Thy love and light to show,
Till, fired with true devotion
Enkindled by Thy word,
From ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord. Amen.

ROBERT MURRAY

297 MUNICH 7s & 6s. D.

German

(♩=92) O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,

O Truth un-changed, un- chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;

We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,

A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A- men.

(May be sung to Aurelia No. 392)

2 The Church from Thee, her Master,
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

4 Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
Oh, teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this, their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face. Amen.

William W. How

298 UXBRIDGE L. M.

LOWELL MASON

(♩=104) The heav'ns de - clare Thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev - 'ry

star Thy wis - dom shines; But when our eyes be - hold Thy

Word, We read Thy Name in fair - er lines. A- men.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou has writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS

299 DOWNS C. M.

LOWELL MASON

(♩=72) Fa - ther of mer - cies! in Thy Word What end - less glo - ry shines! For - ev - er be Thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines. A- men.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there. Amen.

ANNE STEELE

300 VOX DILECTI C. M. D.

JOHN B. DYKES

Organ

(♩=84) I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to Me and rest;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast.

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn and sad;

I found in Him a rest-ing place, And He has made me glad. A - men.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright!
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR

301 COME UNTO ME 7s & 6s. D.

JOHN B. DYKES

Unison

Organ

(♩=76) "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."

O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op-pressed!

It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace and peace,

Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can-not cease. A-men.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But He has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But He has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, O Lord, to Thee! Amen.

WILLIAM C. DIX

302 BETHANY (ENGLISH) 8s & 7s. D. HENRY SMART

(♩=92) Was there ev - er kind - est shepherd Half so gen-tle, half so sweet

As the Sav-iour Who would have us Come and gath-er round His feet?

There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy Like the wide-ness of the sea;

There's a kindness in His jus-tice Which is more than lib- er - ty. A-men.

2 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

Invitation

3 There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss;
For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

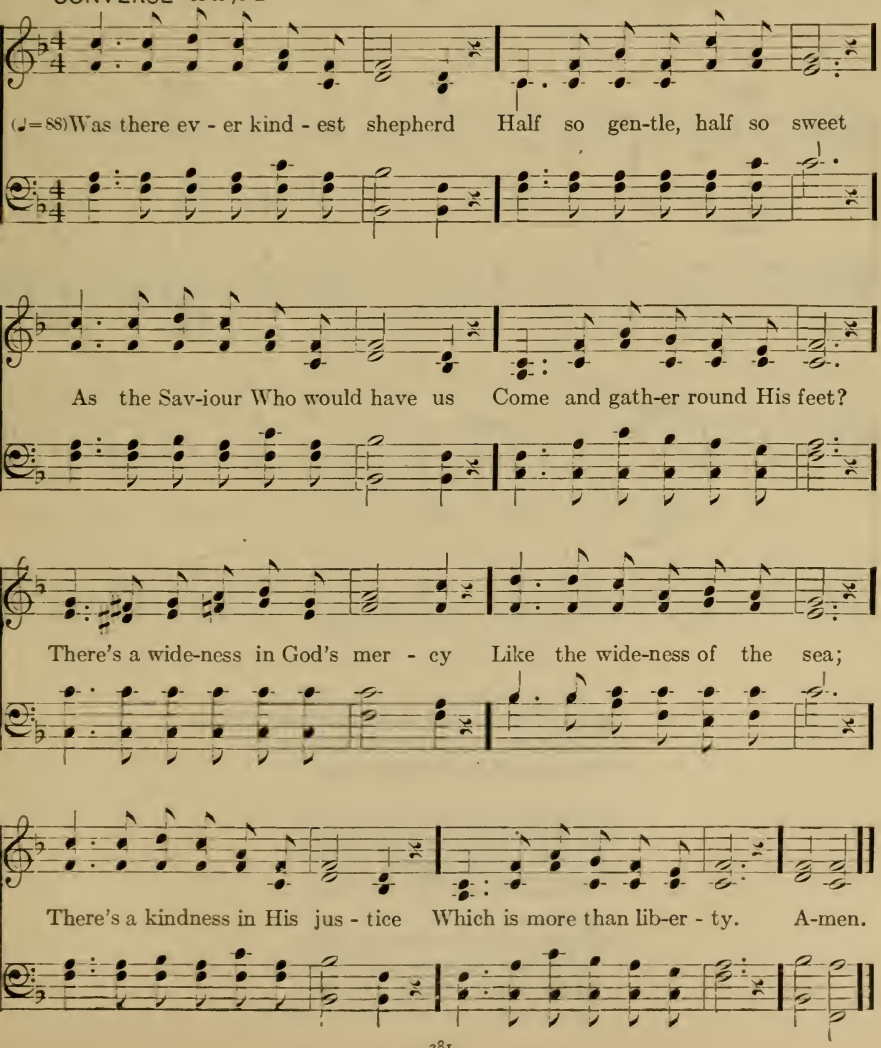
4 But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members,
In the sorrows of the Head. Amen.

FREDERICK W. FABER

(*Second Tune*)

CONVERSE 8s & 7s D.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE



303 HORTON 7s. XAVIER SCHNYDER

(♩=104) Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My paths your choice; I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come! A - men.

2 Thou who, homeless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure. Amen.

ANNA L. BARBAULD

Invitation

304 ST. BEES 7s. JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=84) Hark! my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sav - iour, hear His word; Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me? A-men.

2 " I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, healed the wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 " Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.

4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 " Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me? "

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
Oh, for grace to love Thee more! Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER

305 CONSOLATOR 11s & 10s.

Adapted fr. SAMUEL WEBBE

(♩=108) Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish;

Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;

Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;

Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal. A-men.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove. Amen.

THOMAS MOORE and THOMAS HASTINGS

Gratitude

306 DIX 7s. 6l. Arr. fr. CONRAD KOCHER

(♩=80) For the beau- ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,

For the love which from our birth O - ver and a-round us lies:

Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise. A-men.

2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

5 For Thyself, best gift divine!
To our race so freely given;
For that great, great love of Thine,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise. Amen.

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT

307 NUN DANKET 6.7.6.7.6.6.6 — Martin Rinkhart

(♩=84) Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voic - es!

Who won-drous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joic - es;

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way

With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A-men.

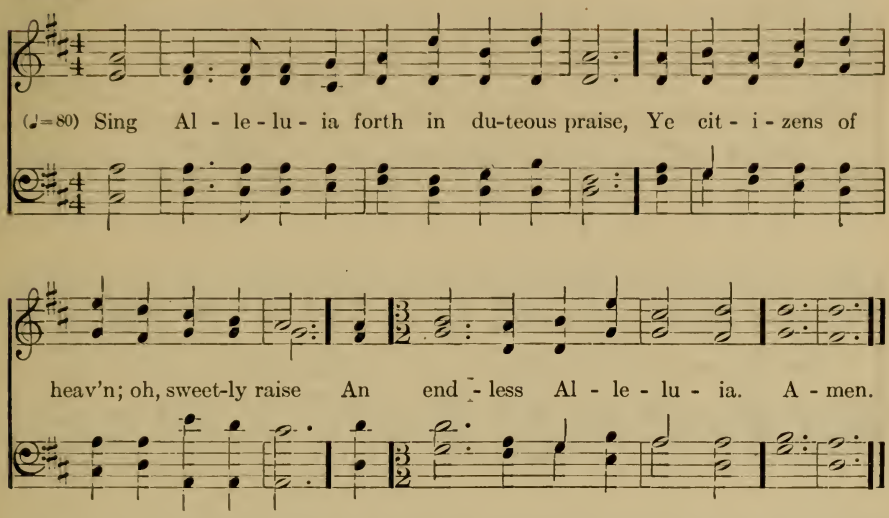
2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us!
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son and Holy Ghost,
Supreme in highest heaven!
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

Martin Rinkhart. Tr. Catherine Winkworth

308 ALLELUIA PERENNE 10.10.7

WILLIAM H. MONK



2 Ye Powers, who stand before the eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, forever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack
An endless Alleluia.

8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
Forever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. Amen.

Latin Hymn, 5th cent. Tr. JOHN ELLERTON

309 FABEN 8s & 7s. D. JOHN H. WILLCOX

(♩=66) Lord, with glow-ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be-stows,

For the pardoning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:

Help, O God, my weak en- deav - or; This dull soul to rap-ture raise:

Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warm'd to praise. A - men.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray,
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained Cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.
Amen.

FRANCIS S. KEY

Gratitude

310 WENTWORTH 8s & 4s. FREDERICK C. MAKER

(♩=108) My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright;

So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;

So ma - ny glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right. A-men.

2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast. Amen.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR

311 STUTTGARD 8s & 7s.

German

(♩=84) God, my King, Thy might con-fess-ing, Ev - er will I bless Thy Name;

Day by day Thy throne addressing, Still will I Thy praise proclaim. Amen.

2 Honor great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought,
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

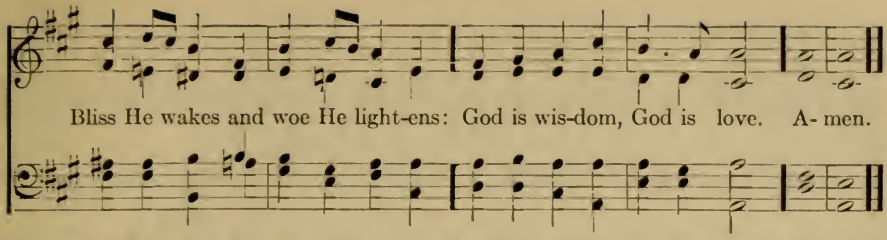
6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power. Amen.

RICHARD MANT

312 SLINGSBY 8s & 7s.

EDMUND S. CARTER

(♩=104) God is love; His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;



2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

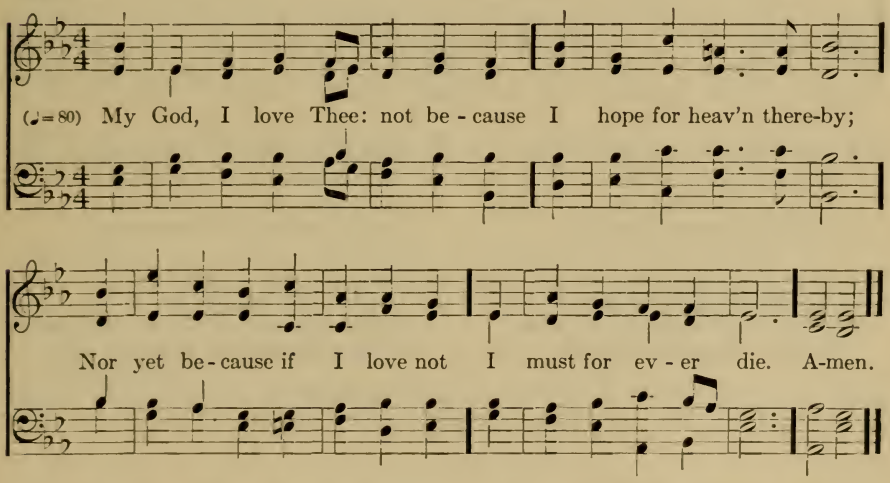
3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love. Amen.

JOHN BOWRING

313 ST. BERNARD C. M.

JOHN RICHARDSON



2 But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
E'en death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

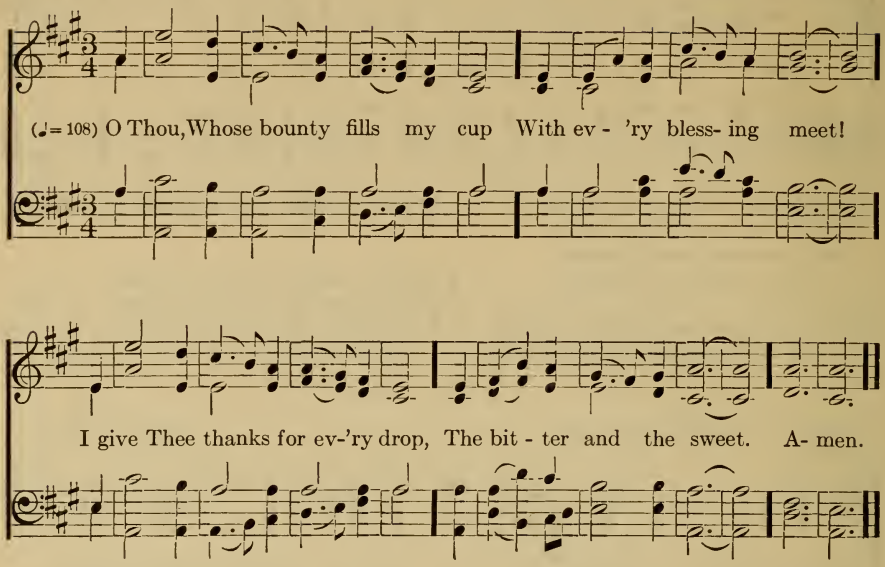
5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward:
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King. Amen.

FRANCIS XAVIER (?). Tr. EDWARD CASWALL

314 BOARDMAN C. M.

CHARLES JEFFEREYS



2 I praise Thee for the desert road,
And for the river-side;
For all Thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all Thy grace denied.

3 I thank Thee for both smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise Thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

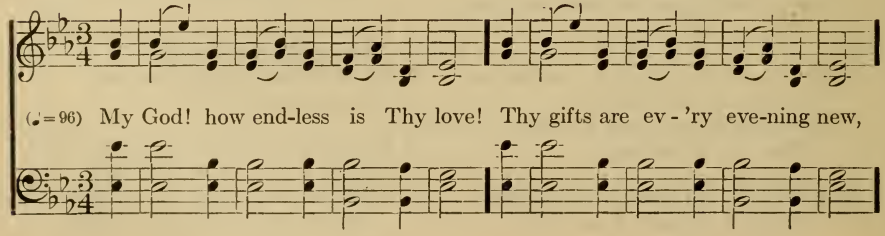
4 I thank Thee for the wing of love,
Which stirred my worldly nest;
And for the stormy clouds which drove
Me, trembling, to Thy breast.

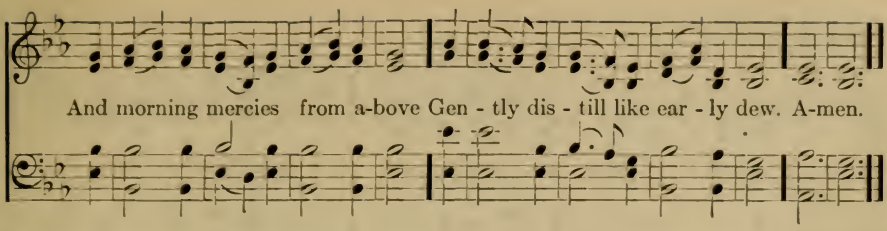
5 I bless Thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy. Amen.

JANE CREWDSON

315 GRATITUDE L. M.

Arr. by THOMAS HASTINGS





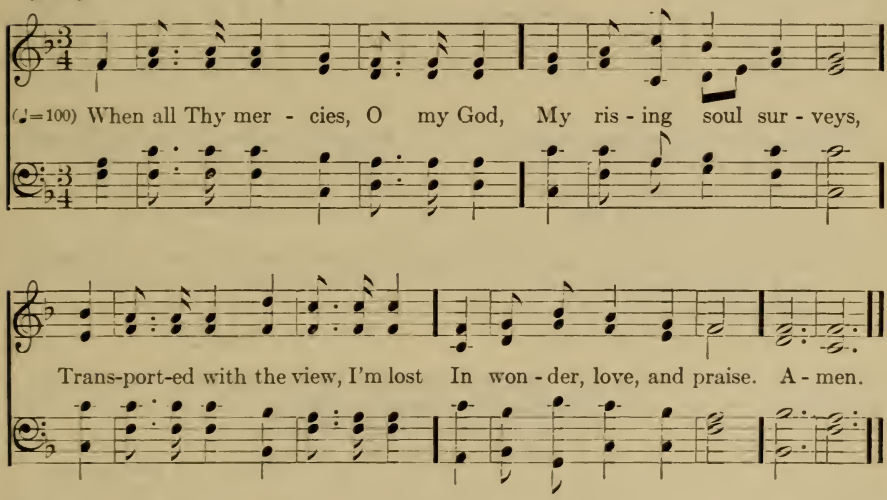
2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.
Amen.

ISAAC WATTS

316 ARLINGTON C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE



2 Oh, how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise! Amen.

JOSEPH ADDISON

317 CHURCH C. M.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK

(♩=96) Thou grace di-vine, en - cir-cling all, A soundless, shore-less sea,

Where - in at last our souls must fall, O love of God most free! A - men.

2 When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O love of God most wise!

3 And though we turn us from Thy face
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
O love of God most strong!

4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O love of God most kind!

5 But not alone Thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win;
We know Thee by a dearer name,
O love of God within!

6 And, filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O love of God, to thee. Amen.

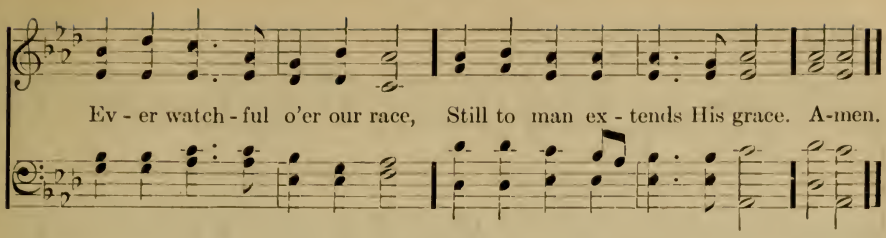
ELIZA SCUDDER

318 ST. BEES 7s.

JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=88) Sing, my soul, His wondrous love, Who, from yon bright throne a-bove,

Gratitude



2 Heaven and earth by Him were made;
All is by His sceptre swayed;
What are we that He should show
So much love to us below?

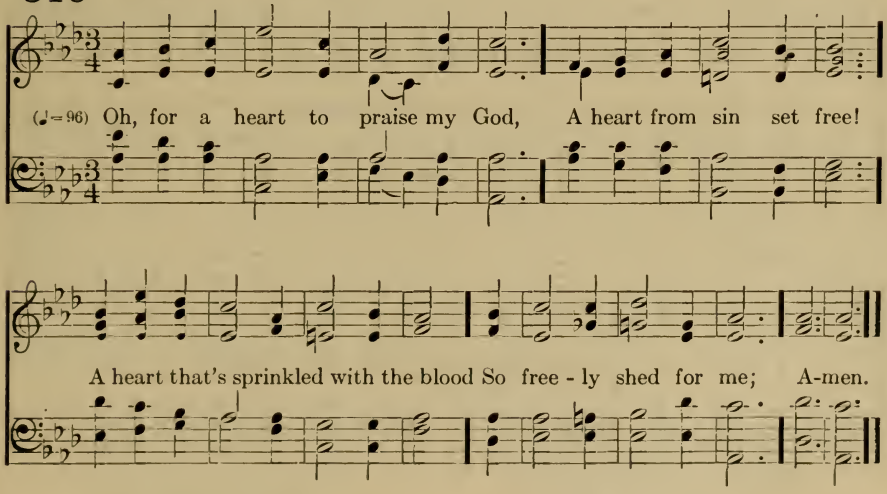
3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by His Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore His Name!
Let His glory be thy theme:
Praise Him till He calls thee home;
Trust His love for all to come. Amen.

Anonymous

319 BEATITUDO C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES



2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

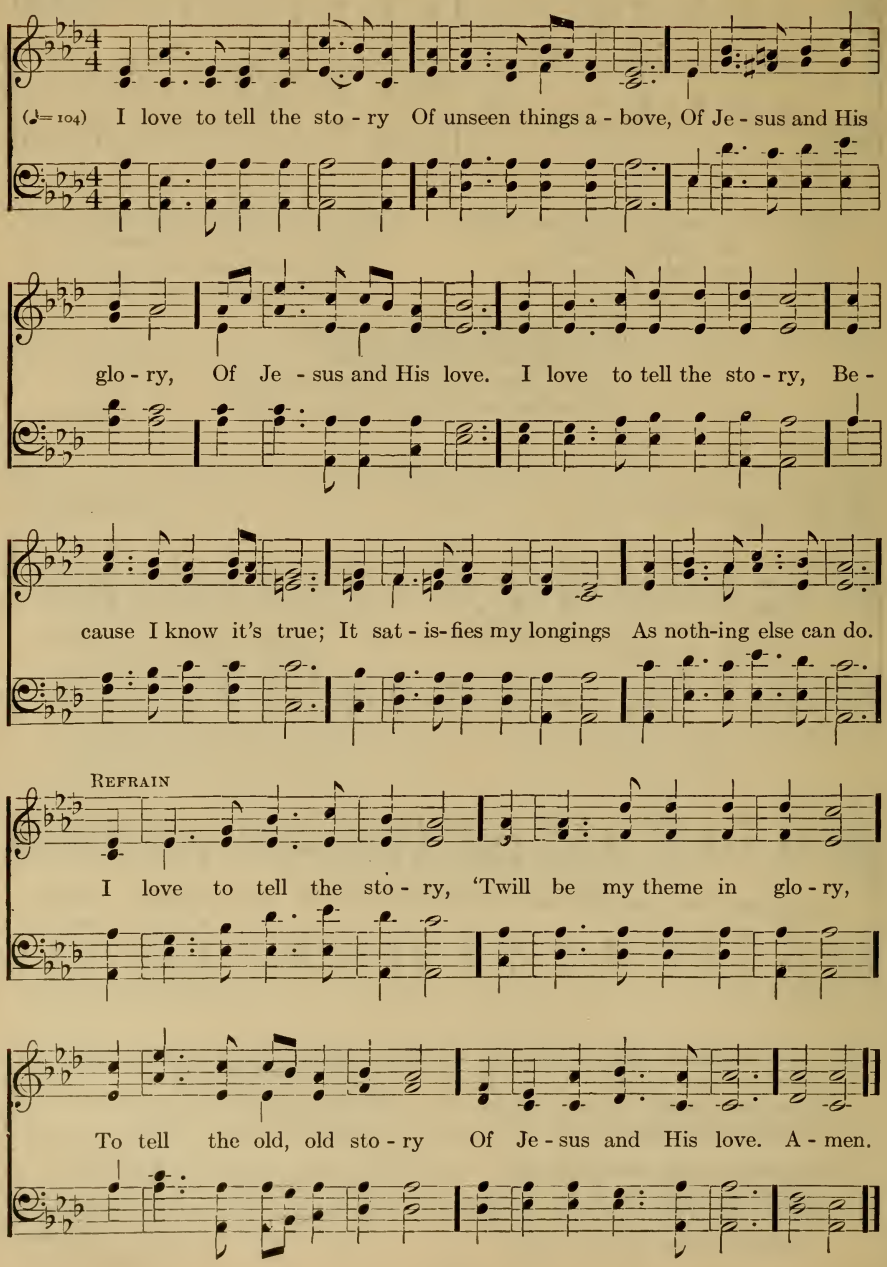
3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY

320 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY 7s & 6s. D., with Refrain WILLIAM G. FISCHER



2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
I love to tell the story, etc.

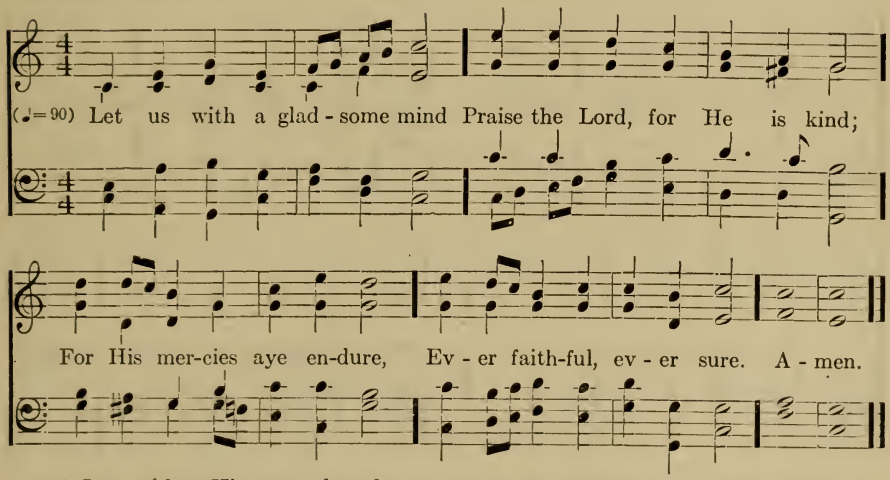
3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time, I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.
I love to tell the story, etc.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.
I love to tell the story, etc. Amen.

KATHERINE HANKEY

321 MONKLAND 7s.

Arr. by JOHN B. WILKES



2 Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 Who by all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He the golden-tressèd sun
Caused all day his course to run;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. Amen.

JOHN MILTON

The Christian Life

322 RUTH 6s & 5s. D. SAMUEL SMITH

(♩=116) Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea,
Hap - py light is flow - ing Boun - ti - ful and free;
Ev - 'ry - thing re - joic - es In the mel - low rays;
All earth's thou-sand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise. A-men.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled:
Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more:
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of Light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. Amen.

WILLIAM W. How

323 LUX MUNDI 7s & 6s. D.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

(♩=82) O Je - sus, we a - dore Thee, Up - on the Cross, our King:

We bow our hearts be - fore Thee; Thy gra- cious Name we sing:

That Name hath brought sal - va - tion, That Name, in life our stay;

Our peace, our con - so - la - tion When life shall fade a - way. A-men.

2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,
Still pressing by Thy Cross:
Lord, may our hearts retain Thee,
Counting all else but loss.
The grief Thy soul endurèd,
Who can that grief declare?
Thy pains have thus assurèd
That Thou Thy foes wilt spare.

3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,
And nailed Thee to the tree:
Our pride, O Lord, disdained Thee;
Yet deign our hope to be.
O glorious King, we bless Thee,
No longer pass Thee by;
O Jesus, we confess Thee
Our Lord enthroned on high. Amen.

ARTHUR T. RUSSELL

324 ST. EDITH 7s & 6s. D.

JUSTIN H. KNECHT and EDWARD HUSBAND

(♩=84) O Je - sus, Thou art stand- ing Out - side the fast-closed door,

In low - ly pa-tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:

Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear,

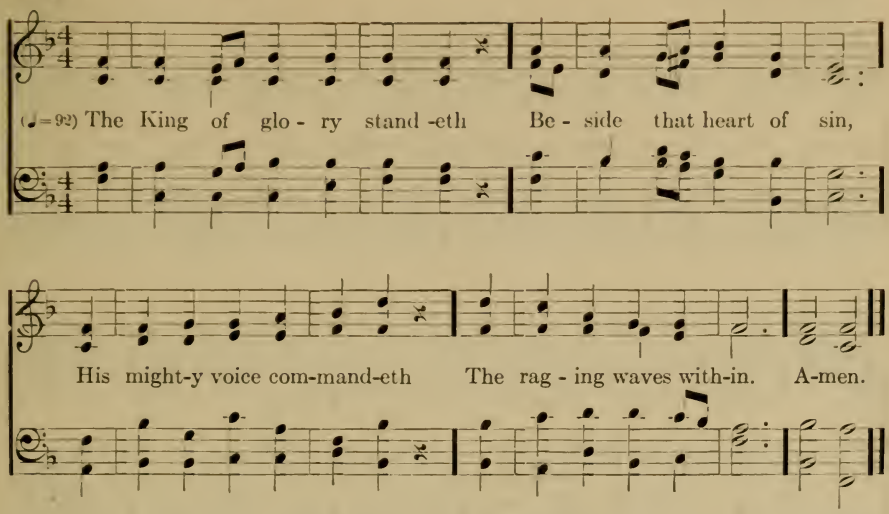
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there! A-men.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more. Amen.

WILLIAM W. How

325 KOCHER 7s & 6s. JUSTIN H. KNECHT



2 The floods of deepest anguish
Roll backward at His will,
As o'er the storm ariseth
His mandate, "Peace, be still."

3 At times, with sudden glory,
He speaks, and all is done!
Without one stroke of battle
The victory is won:

4 While we with joy beholding,
Can scarce believe it true,
That e'en our kingly Jesus
Can form such hearts anew.

5 But sometimes in the stillness,
He gently draweth near,
And whispers words of welcome
Into the sinner's ear:

6 With anxious heart He waiteth
The answer of His cry,
That oft repeated question,
"Oh, wherefore wilt thou die?"

7 O Christ, His love is mighty!
Long-suffering is His grace!
And glorious is the splendor
That beameth from His face!

8 Our hearts up-leap in gladness,
When we behold that love,
As we go singing onward
To dwell with Him above. Amen.

CHARITIE L. BANCROFT

326 LONGWOOD 10s.

JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=104) Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' Name we meet, And bow in

pen - i-tence be-neath Thy feet; A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voic-es

raise, To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise. A - men.

2 Oh, we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy works from day to day declare:
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

3 Alas, unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning wanderers to a Father's home.

4 Oh, by that Name in Whom all fullness dwells,
Oh, by that love which every love excels,
Oh, by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in! Amen.

LUCY E. G. WHITMORE

Penitence

327 COWPER C. M. LOWELL MASON

(♩=76) There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Em - man - uel's veins; And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains. A - men.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER

328 REDHEAD 7s. 6l.

RICHARD REDHEAD

(♩=76) Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my- self in Thee;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side that flowed,

Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. A - men.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, alt. by THOMAS COTTERILL

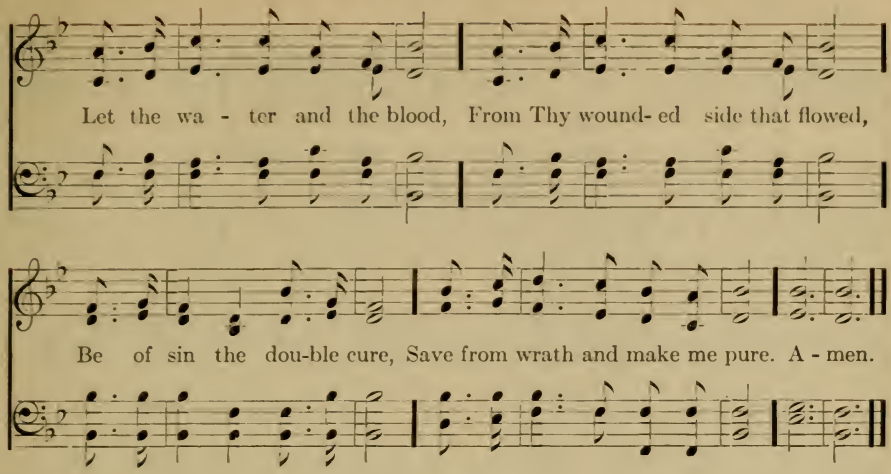
(*Second Tune*)

TOPLADY 7s. 6l.

THOMAS HASTINGS

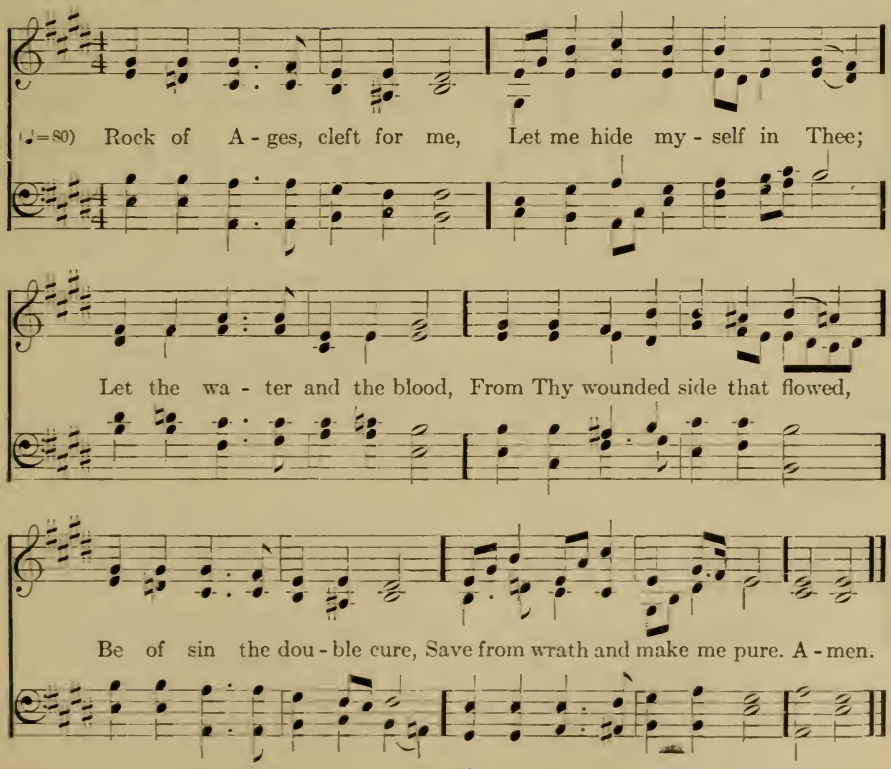
(♩=88) Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

Penitence



(*Third Tune*)

ROCK OF AGES 7s. 6l. JOHN B. DYKES



329 BERA L. M.

JOHN E. GOULD

(♩=104) Be - hold a Stran - ger at the door! He gen - tly knocks, has knocked be - fore, Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill. A- men.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands:
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need:
The Friend of sinners; yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

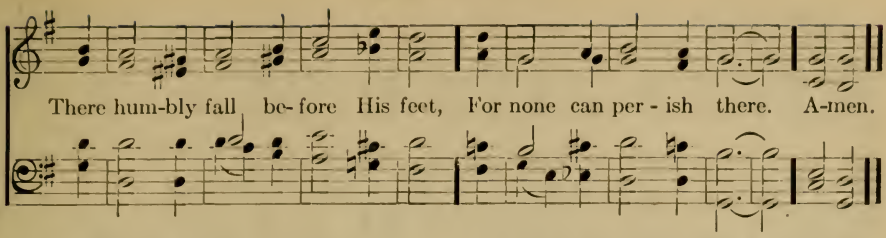
4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in. Amen.

JOSEPH GRIGG

330 SPOHR C. M.

Arr. fr. LOUIS SPOHR

(♩=94) Approach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an-swers prayer;



2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

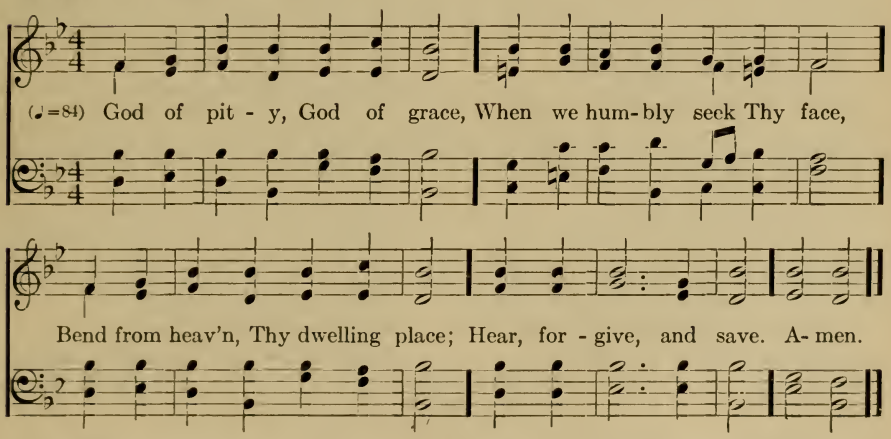
4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died!

5 Oh, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.
Amen.

John Newton

331 ST. AMBROSE 7·7·7·5

Arr. by Henry J. Gauntlett



2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat;
Look from heaven and save.

3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill;
Lord, accept and save.

4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
Lord, forgive and save.

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess;
Jesus, hear and save.

6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free;
Hear, forgive, and save. Amen.

Eliza F. Morris

332 FORGIVENESS 7s.

George M. Garrett

(♩=80) Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by; Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye;

As the pre - cious moments flee, Cry, "Be mer- ci - ful to me." A-men.

2 Jesus Christ is passing by;
Will He always be so nigh?
Now is the accepted day;
Seek for healing while you may.

3 Fearest thou He will not hear?
Art thou bidden to forbear?
Let no obstacle defeat;
Yet more earnestly entreat.

4 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,
"What wilt thou then have of Me?"
Rise and tell Him all thy need;
Rise, He calleth thee indeed.

5 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see;
Lord, reveal Thy love to me:
Let it penetrate my soul;
All my heart and life control."

6 Oh, how sweet! the touch of power
Comes; it is salvation's hour:
Jesus gives from guilt release:
Faith hath saved thee, go in peace.

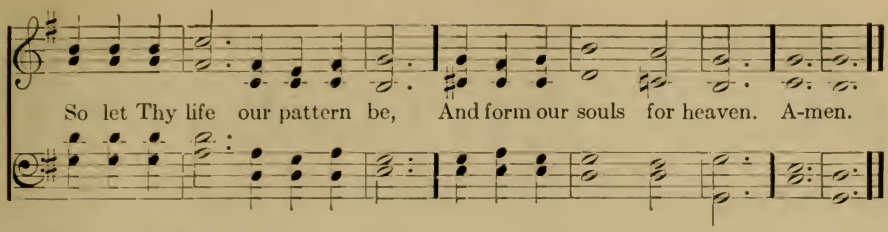
7 Glory to the Saviour's Name!
He is ever still the same;
To His matchless honor raise
Never-ending songs of praise. Amen.

Joseph D. Smith

333 LAMBETH C. M.

Wilhelm Schultes

(𝅗𝅥=88) Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee, And plead to be for - given,



2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's grief to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

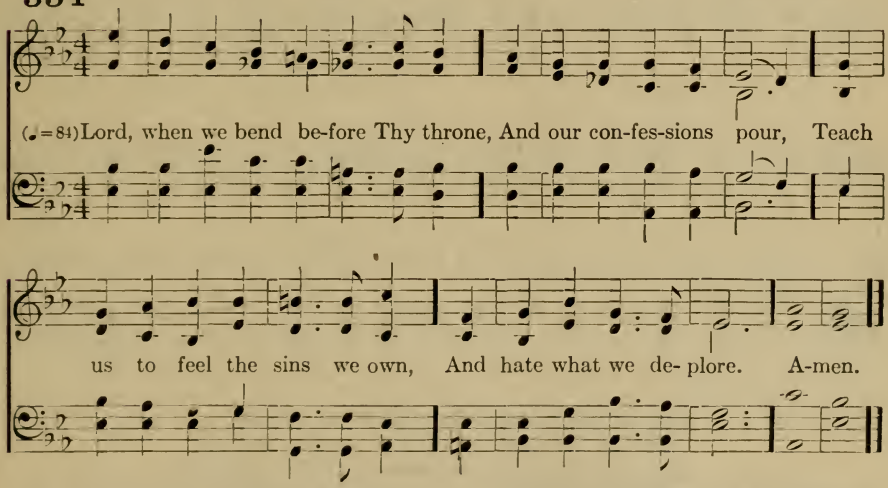
4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven! Amen.

JOHN H. GURNEY

334 HOLY TRINITY C. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY



2 Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

5 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise.

6 Then on Thy glories, while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll renew,
Till Love divine transported tell
Our God's our Father too. Amen.

JOSEPH D. CARLYLE

335 STRENGTH AND STAY 11s & 10s.

JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=112) Fa-ther, to us Thy children, humbly kneel-ing, Conscious of weak-ness,

ig-norance, sin and shame, Give such a force of · · ho - ly thought and

feel - ing, That we may live to glo - ri - fy Thy name; A-men.

2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on Thee still.

3 Oh, let not all the pains and toils be wasted,
Spent on our life by saints now gone to rest,
Nor that deep sorrow the Redeemer tasted,
When on His soul the guilt of men was pressed.

4 Let all Thy goodness by our minds be heeded,
Let all Thy mercy on our souls be sealed:
Thy power, O Lord, can give the cleansing needed,
Oh, speak the word, Thy servants shall be healed. Amen.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

Penitence

336 LEBANON S. M. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL

(♩=144) I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled.

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;

I did not love my Father's voice; I loved a - far to roam. A-men.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold;
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR

337 ST. CRISPIN L. M.

GEORGE J. ELVEY

(♩=84) Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - men.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am: Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

(*Second Tune*)

WOODWORTH L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

(♩=96) Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. Amen.

338 JUST AS I AM 8.8.8.6

JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=92) O Thou, the con - trite sin - ners' Friend, Who, lov - ing,

lov'st them to the end, On this a - lone my

Slower.

hopes de - pend, That Thou wilt plead for me. A - men.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

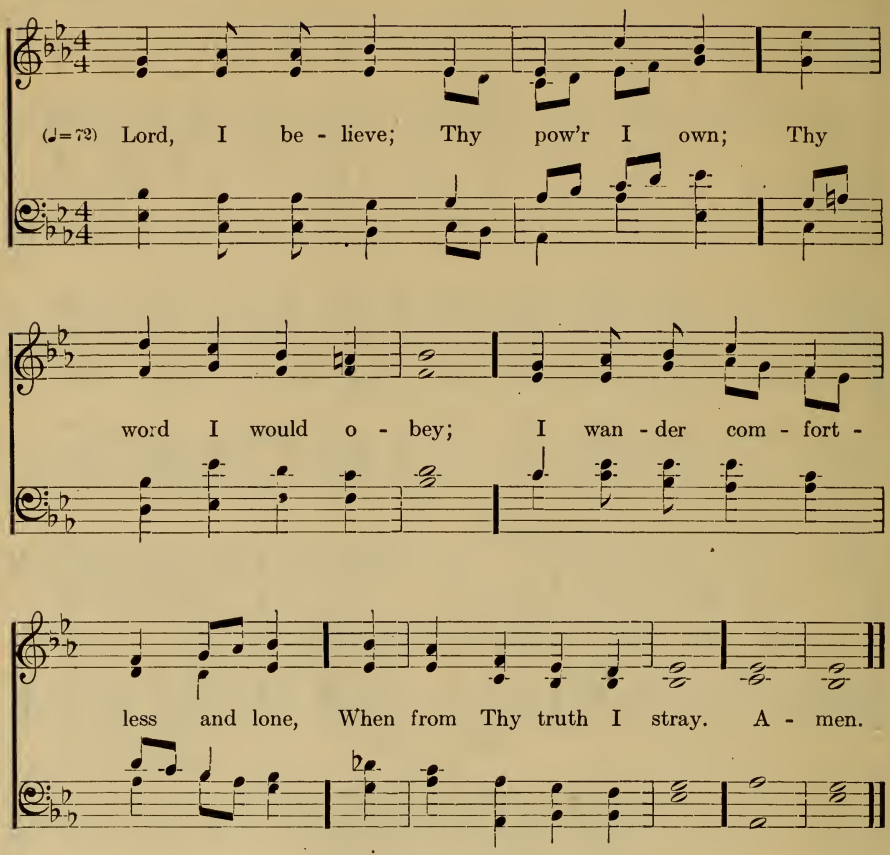
4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with sorrow, pain, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

339 ELVET C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES



2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

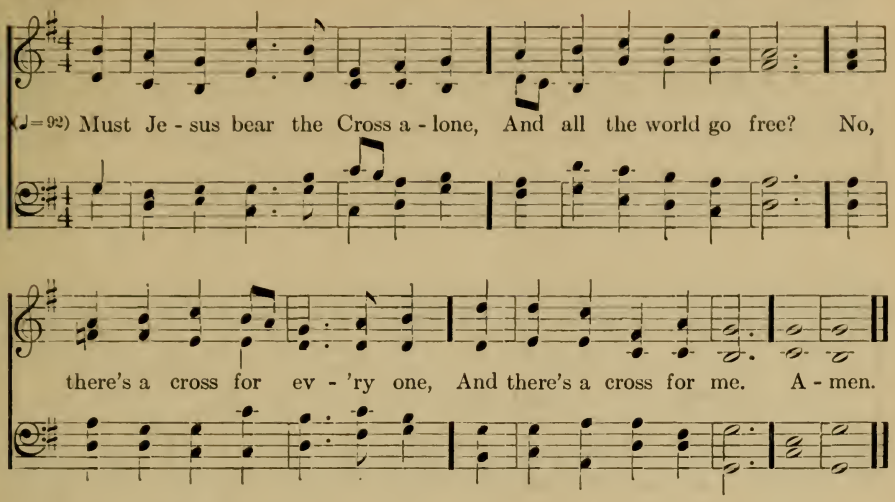
3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak:
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes! I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help thou mine unbelief!" Amen.

JOHN R. WREFORD

340 FAITH C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES



2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

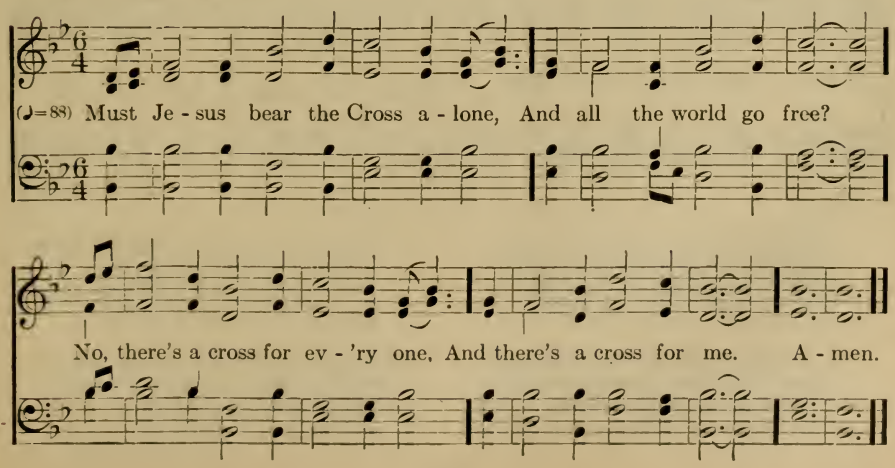
5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away. Amen.

THOMAS SHEPHERD

(*Second Tune*)

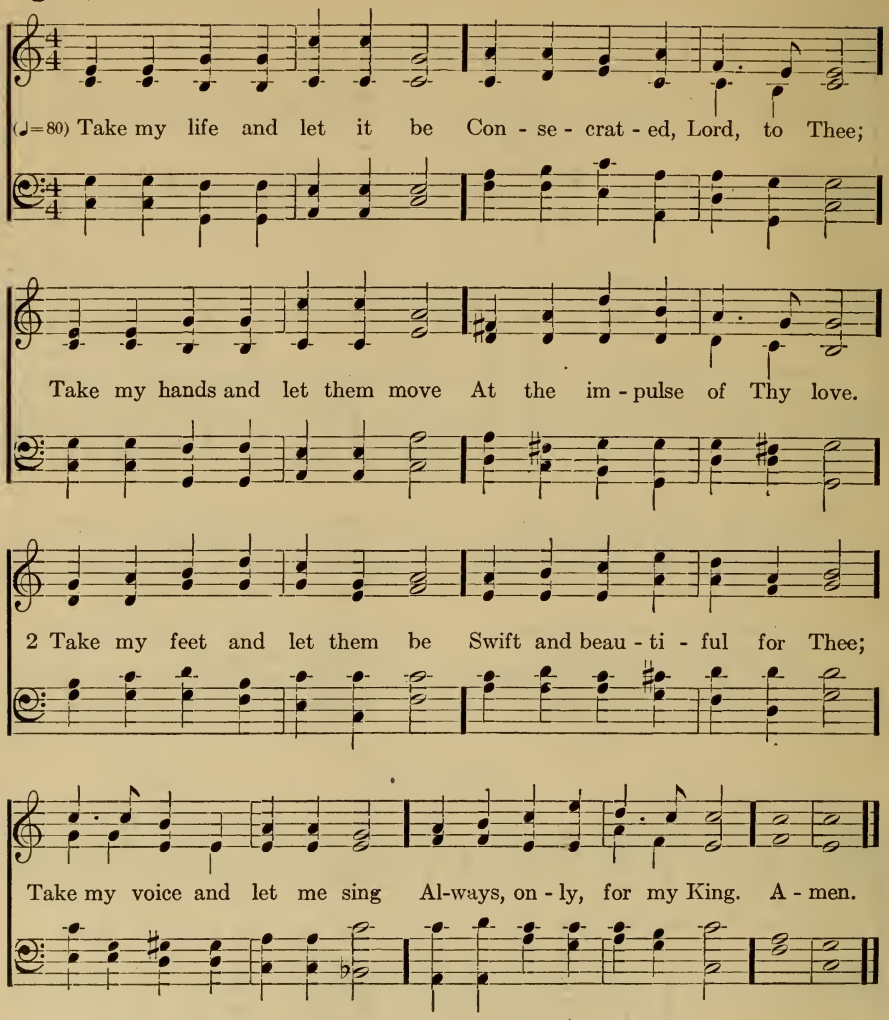
MAITLAND C. M.

GEORGE N. ALLEN



341 CULFORD 7s. D.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS



3 Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

4 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart: it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love: my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee! Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

Consecration

(*Second Tune*)

ELLINGHAM 7s. NATHANAEL S. GODFREY

(♩=112) Take my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;

Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love. A-men

342 FEDERAL STREET L. M. HENRY K. OLIVER

(♩=100) O Son of Man, Thy-self once cross'd By ev-'ry suf-f'ring here be - low,

Who taught'st Thy noble martyr-host To fol-low in Thy path of woe: A-men.

(May be sung to Melcombe, No. 10)

2 O Son of God, Whose glory cast,
Its light upon Thy champion's face,
Revealing to his eyes at last
The marvels of the holiest place:

3 Be ours the faith that sees Thee stand
Beside the throne of God on high,
To succor with Thy strong right hand
Thy soldiers when to Thee they cry.

4 Be ours the hope, resigned and meek,
That trusts the spirit to Thy care,
That longs Thy face in heaven to seek,
And dwell with Thee in glory there.

5 Be ours the love, divine and free,
Which asks forgiveness for our foes;
Which draws, in life, its life from Thee,
And, dying, finds in Thee repose. Amen.

JOSEPH F. THRUPP

343 ST. POLYCARP 8s. & 7s. D.

JOSEPH BARNBY

May be sung in unison.

(♩=80) Je - sus, I my cro s have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;

Des - ti- tute, despised, for-sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be:

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

Yet how rich is my con- di- tion! God and heav'n are still my own. A-men.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Consecration

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
Amen.

HENRY F. LYTE

(*Second Tune*)

ELLESDIE 8s & 7s. D.

Arr. fr. MOZART by JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK

(♩=100) Je - sus, I my cross have tak- en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;

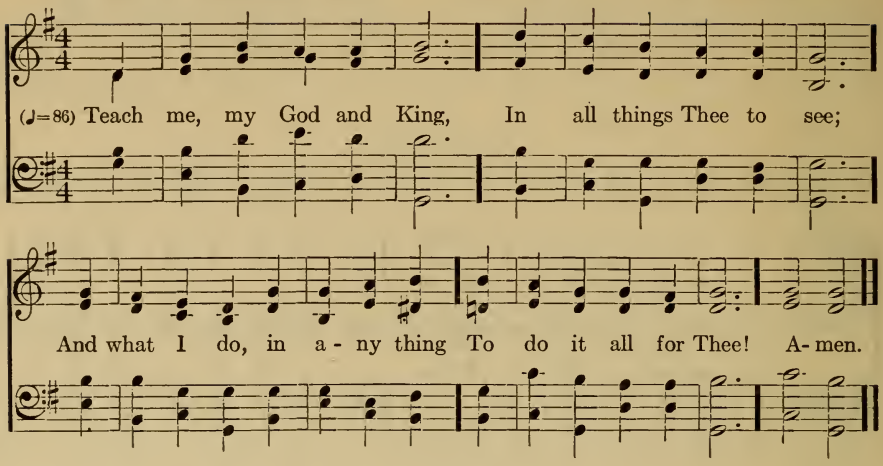
Des - ti-tute, de-spised, for - sak-en, Thou from hence my all shalt be:

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am- bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

Yet how rich is my con - di-tion! God and heav'n are still my own. A-men.

344 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

Genevan Psalter



2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do be Thou the way,
In all be Thou the end.

3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

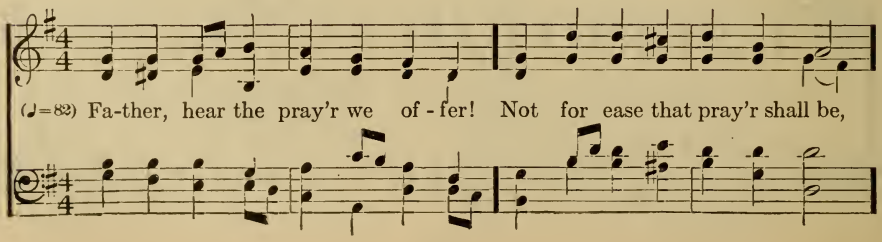
4 If done to obey Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work, divine.

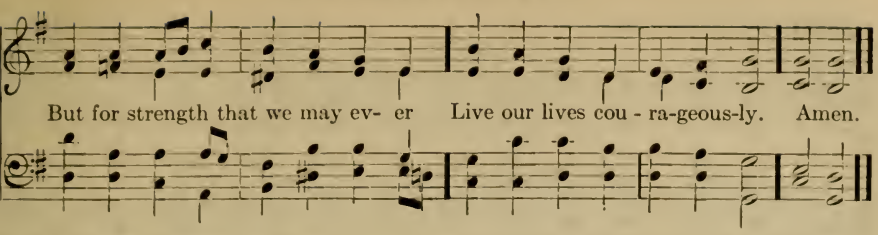
5 Thee, then, my God and King,
In all things may I see;
And what I do, in anything,
May it be done for Thee! Amen.

George Herbert, alt.

345 LOVE DIVINE 8s & 7s.

John Stainer





2 Not for ever in green pastures,
Do we ask our way to be;
But by steep and rugged pathways
Would we strive to climb to Thee.

3 Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would win the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

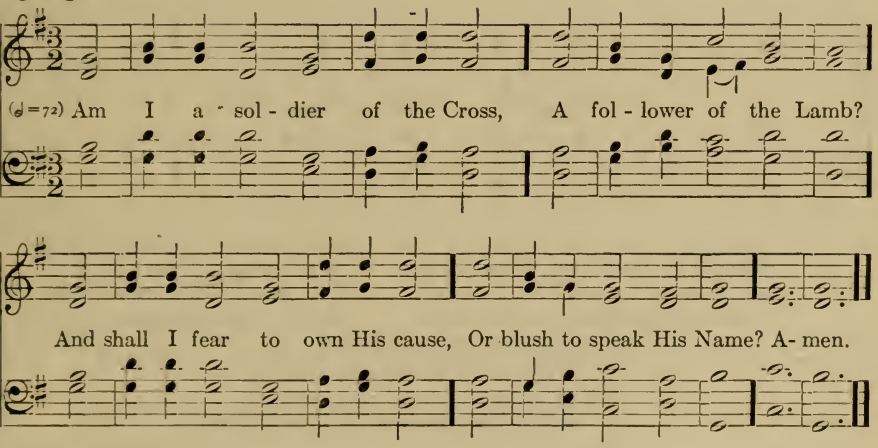
4 Be our strength in hours of weakness;
In our wanderings be our Guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father! be Thou at our side.

5 Let our path be bright or dreary,
Storm or sunshine be our share,
May our souls, in hope unweary,
Make Thy work our ceaseless prayer.
Amen.

LOVE M. WILLIS

346 MARLOW C. M.

JOHN CHETHAM



2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS

347 OXFORD 8s & 7s.

JOHN STAINER

(♩=108) All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus, This our song shall ev - er be; For we have no hope, no Sav - iour, If we have not hope in Thee. A - men.

2 All for Jesus, Thou wilt give us
Strength to serve Thee, hour by hour,
None can move us from Thy presence,
While we trust Thy love and power.

3 All for Jesus, Thou hast loved us;
All for Jesus, Thou hast died;
All for Jesus, Thou art with us;
All for Jesus crucified.

4 All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
This the Church's song must be;
Till, at last, her sons are gathered
One in love and one in Thee. Amen.

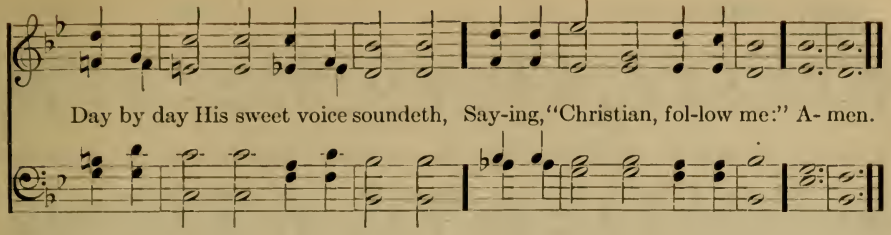
WILLIAM J. S. SIMPSON

348 GALILEE 8s & 7s.

WILLIAM H. JUDE

(♩=96) Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,

Consecration



2 As of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

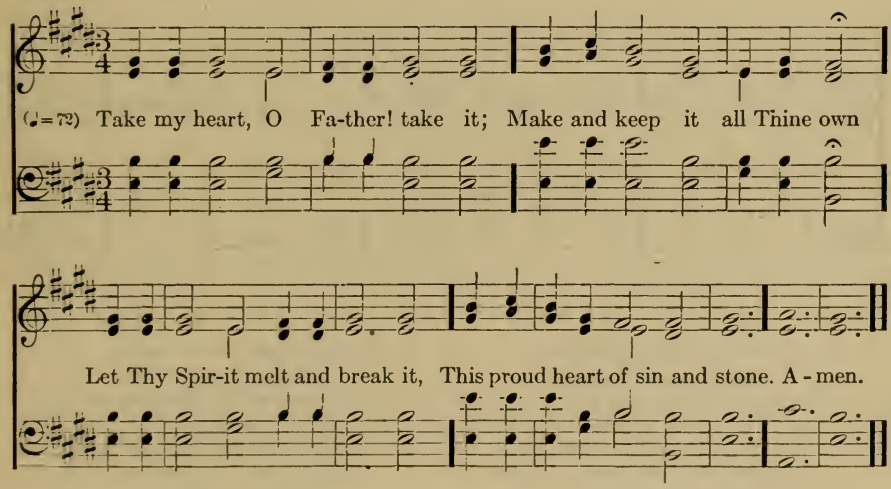
4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

349 DORRNANCE 8s & 7s.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY



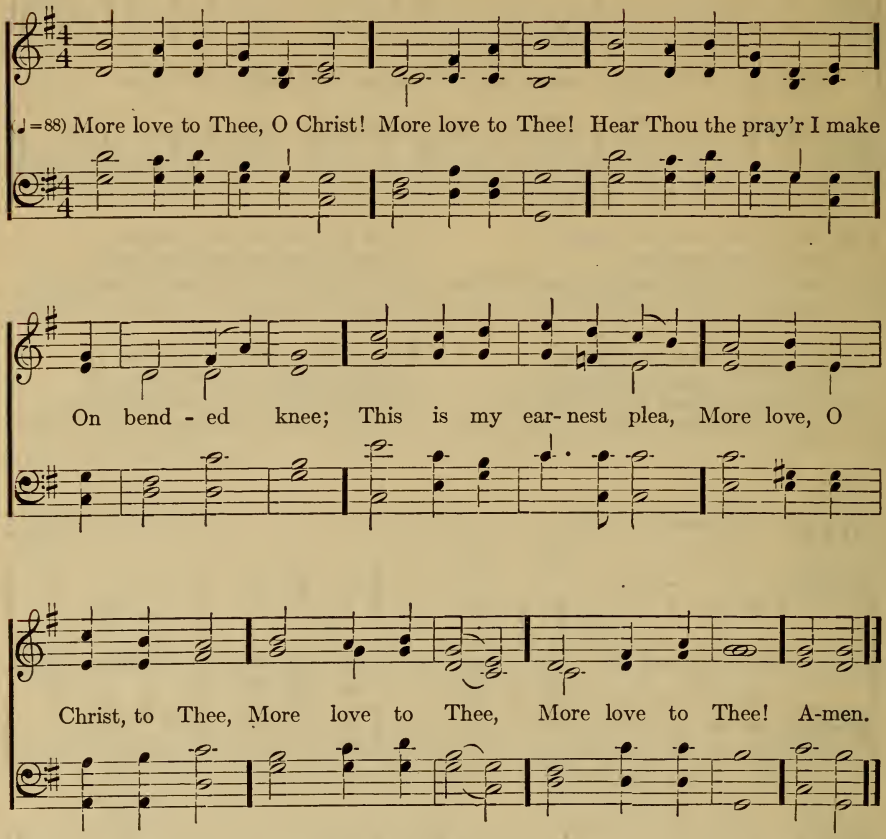
2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let Thy grace surround me,
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till Thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly Thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal me
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path of heaven.
Amen.

Anonymous

350 PROPRIOR DEO 6.4.6.4.6.6.4 ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN



2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek;
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee! Amen.

ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS

351 ST. EDMUND 6.4.6.4.6.6.4

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

(♩=112) Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love, Thou gav - est me,

Nor should I aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee:

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fill its vow,

Some of - f'ring bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee. A-men.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat
Pleading for me,
Upward in faith I look,
Jesus, to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee. Amen.

S. DRYDEN PHELPS

352 DAY OF REST 7s & 6s. D.

JAMES W. ELLIOTT

(♩=92) O Je - sus, I have prom- ised To serve Thee to the end;

Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!

I shall not fear the bat - tle, If Thou art by my side,

Voices in Unison *In Harmony*

Nor wan- der from the path - way, If Thou wilt be my Guide. A-men.

2 Oh, let me feel Thee near me!
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will!
Oh, speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control!
Oh, speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!

5 Oh, let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant my own!
My hope to follow duly,
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end!
At last in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend! Amen.

JOHN E. BODE

353 ADORO TE 8s. 6 l.

JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=84) Je -sus, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;

Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace.

Slower

Jesus, my Lord, I Thee a-dore; Oh, make me love Thee more and more! A-men.

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought!
Oh, far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I am or have is Thine;
And Thou, my Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more! Amen.

HENRY COLLINS

354 ELLACOMBE 7s & 6s. D.

German Melody

(♩=92) Go for - ward, Christian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban - ner true!

The Lord Him- self, thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.

His love fore-tells thy tri - als, He knows thine hour-ly need;

He can with bread of heav - en Thy faint-ing spir - it feed. A - men.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more are o'er thee watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, Thy Captain,
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter,
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past;
Oh, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last. Amen.

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT

355 PEARSALL 7s & 6s. D.

ROBERT L. DE PEARSALL

(♩=92) O hap - py band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread

With Je - sus as your Fel - low, To Je - sus as your Head!

Oh, hap - py if ye la - bor As Je - sus did for men!

Oh, hap - py, if ye hun - ger As Je - sus hun-gered then! A-men.

2 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn;

3 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;
What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

4 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize!
To Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God Whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
Now and for evermore. Amen.

Latin Hymn, c. 820. Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE

356 DIADEMATA S. M. D.

George J. Elvey

(♩=100) Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on;

Strong in the strength which God sup-plies, Through His e - ter - nal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His might - y power;

Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con-quer - or. A-men.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, thro' Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

Charles Wesley

357 WEBB 7s & 6s. D. GEORGE J. WEBB

♩=104) Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the Cross!

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner! It must not suf - fer loss:

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,

Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A-men.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey!
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes!
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone!
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the Gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
When duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there!

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long:
This day, the noise of battle;
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally! Amen.

GEORGE DUFFIELD

The Christian Life

(*Second Tune*)

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS 7s & 6s. D., with Refrain — ADAM GEIBEL

(♩=120) Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the Cross! Lift

high His roy - al ban - ner! It must not suf - fer loss: From

vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead! Till

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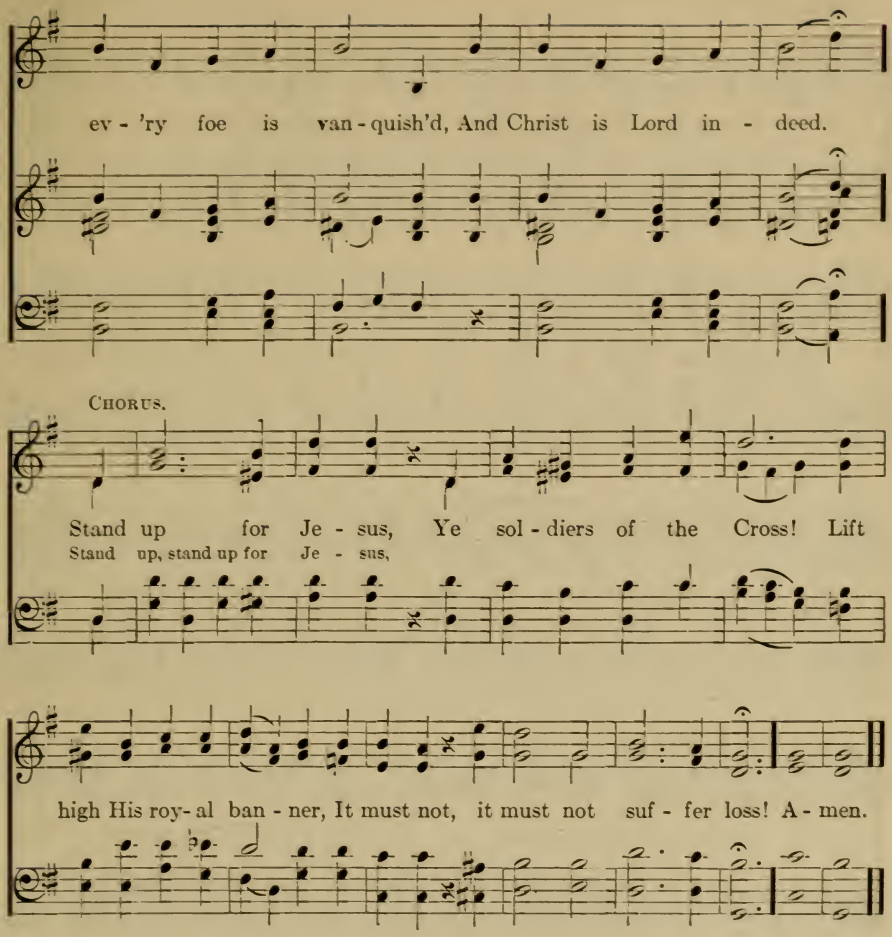


2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey!
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes!
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone!
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the Gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there!

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long:
This day the noise of battle;
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally! Amen.

GEORGE DUFFIELD

358 CHENIES 7s & 6s. D.

TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS

(♩=94) O broth - ers, lift your voic - es Tri - um-phant songs to raise;

Till heav'n on high re - joic - es, And earth is filled with praise.

Ten thou - sand hearts are bound-ing With ho - ly hopes and free;

The Gos - pel trump is sound - ing, The trump of Ju - bi - lee. A-men.

2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
The Cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
Faith is our battle-token:
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us: Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due!
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
Not unto us: in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

4 Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore:
Praise, glory, adoration
Be Thine for evermore!
Still on in conflict pressing
On Thee Thy people call,
Thee, King of kings confessing,
Thee, crowning Lord of all. Amen.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH

359 ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON 7s & 6s. D.

JAMES WALCH

(♩=100) O Thou be - fore Whose pres - ence, Naught e - vil may come in,

Yet Who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin;

Oh, give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin-bound free,

And Christ-like, tender pit - y, To seek the lost for Thee. A - men.

2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:
The forces at his hand,
With woes that none can number,
Despoil the pleasant land;
All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their Saviour's armor
Be stronger than the strong.

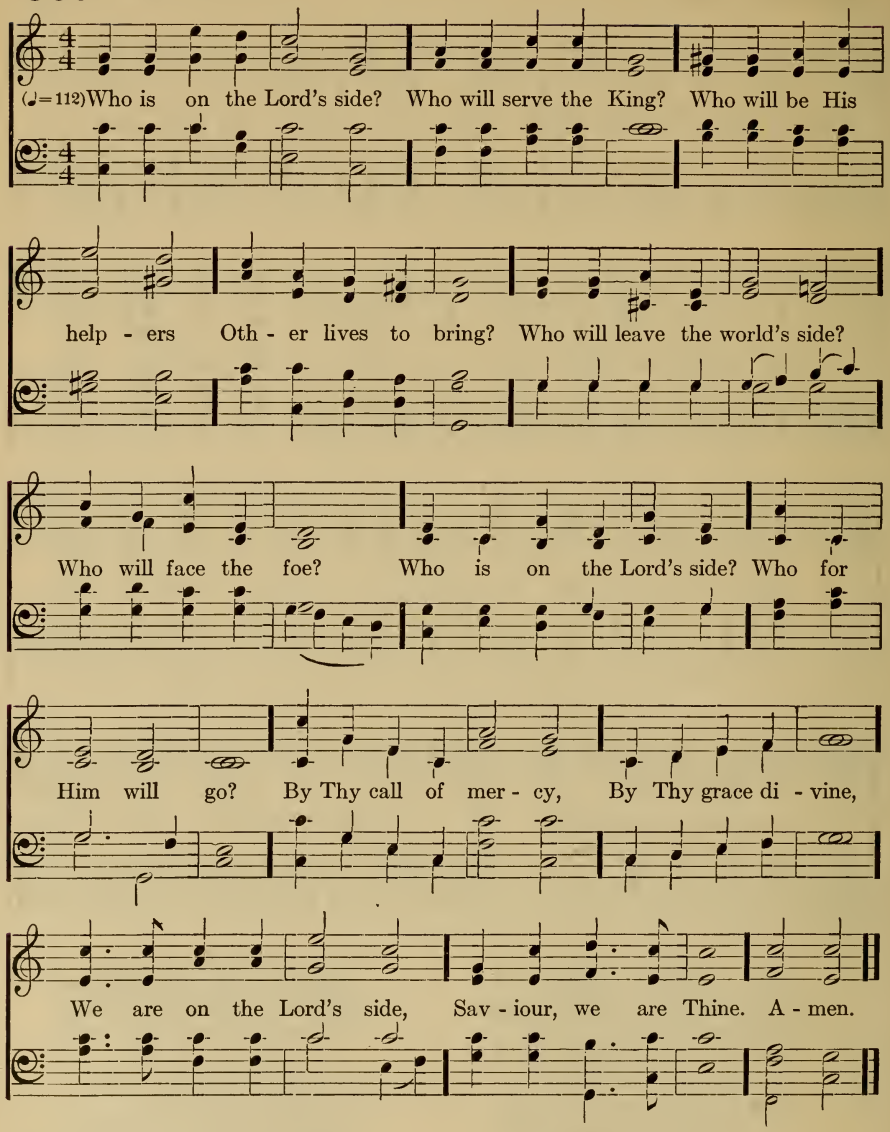
3 So hast Thou wrought among us
The great things that we see:
For things that are we thank Thee,
And for the things to be:
For bright Hope is uplifting
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive beneath Thy blessing
For greater things than these.

4 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,
O Purity and Power!
Lead on, till peace eternal
Shall close this battle-hour:
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
In triumph, meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy Trinity. Amen.

SAMUEL J. STONE

360 ARMAGEDDON 6s & 5s. D. With Refrain

Arr. by John Goss



2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died:
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem:
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou has made us free.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

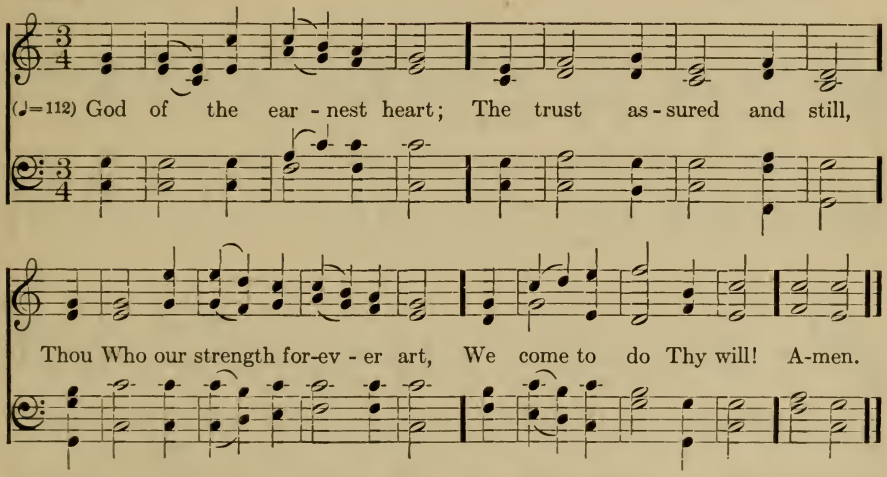
4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow:
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure;
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

5 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band;
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine. Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

361 FERGUSON S. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY



2 Upon that painful road
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God;

3 'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self, and live;

4 To draw Thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown,
The Spirit's Godlikeness.

5 No dreams from toil to charm,
No trembling on the tongue,
Lord, in Thy rest may we be calm,
Through Thy completeness strong.

6 Thou hearest while we pray;
Oh, deep within us write,
With kindling power, our God, to-day,
Thy word—" On earth be light."
Amen.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

362 CONQUEROR 8s & 7s. D. HENRI F. HEMY

(♩=88) We are liv - ing, we are dwelling In a grand and aw - ful time,

In an age on a - ges, tell - ing To be liv - ing is sub-lime.

Hark! the wak - ing up of na- tions, Gog and Ma- gog to the fray;

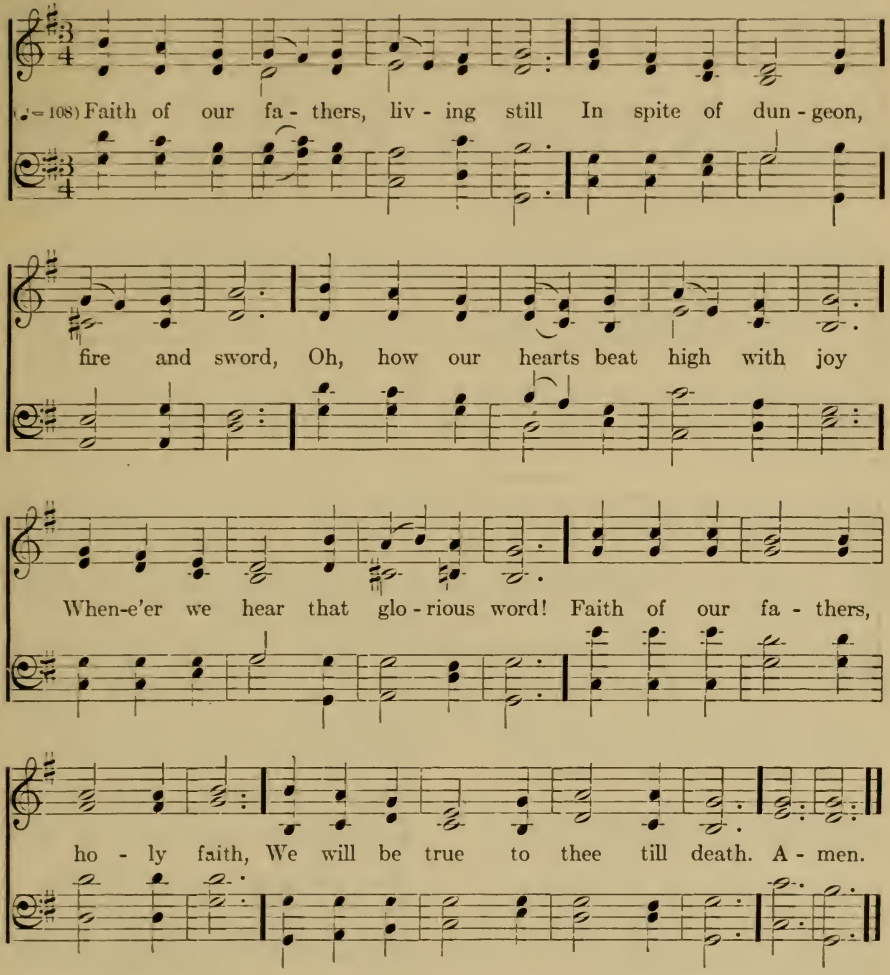
Hark! what soundeth is cre - a-tion's Groaning for the lat - ter day. A-men.

2 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned Cross unfolding,
On, right onward, for the right!
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad:
Strike, let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God. Amen.

ARTHUR C. COXE, arr., ab.

363 ST. CATHERINE L. M. 61.

HENRI F. HEMY and J. G. WALTON



2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
And blest would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, should die for thee:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

3 Faith of our fathers, we will strive
To win all nations unto thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
Mankind shall then indeed be free:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

4 Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.
Amen.

FREDERICK W. FABER, alt.

364 WIMBORNE L. M.

JOHN WHITAKER

(♩=120) Not long on Her- mon's ho - ly height The heav'n - ly vi - sion fills our sight; We may not breathe that pur - er air, Nor build our tab - er - na - cles there. A - men.

2 The vision fades, the splendor dies;
The saints have sought again the skies;
The homely garb the Master wore
Is bright with sudden glow no more.

3 If with the Master we would go,
Our feet must thread the vale below,
Where dark the lonely pathways wind,
The golden glory left behind.

4 Where hungry souls ask One to feed,
Where wanderers cry for One to lead,
Where helpless hearts in chains are bound,
There shall the Master still be found:

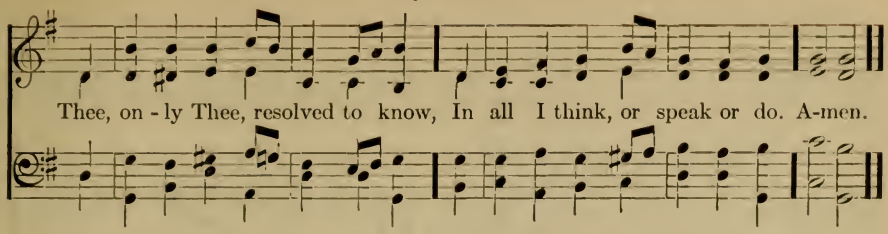
5 There patient bending o'er His task,
No raiment white our eyes shall ask,
Content while thro' each cloud we trace
The glory of the Master's face. Amen.

THEODORE C. PEASE

365 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. fr. ROBERT SCHUMANN

(♩=88) Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bor to pur-sue;



2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil:
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

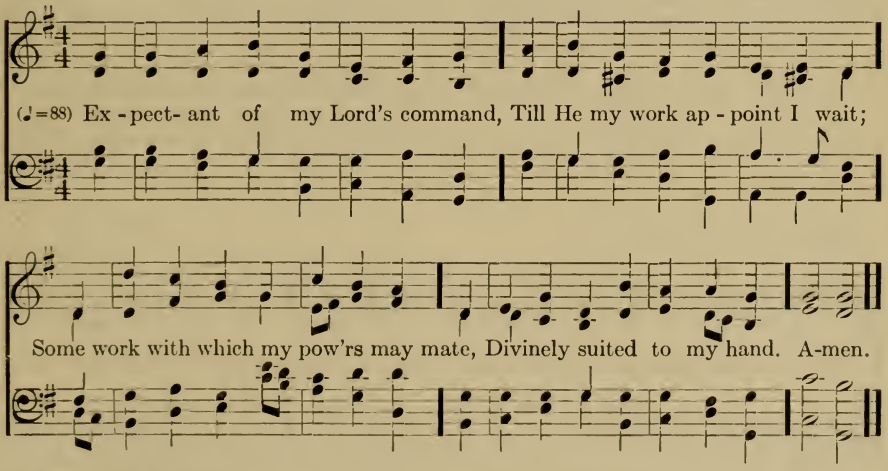
4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious Day.

5 Fain would I still for Thee employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given;
Would run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.
Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY

366 ELY L. M.

THOMAS TURTON



2 Some work by which my soul may grow
In health and sinew, and acquire
Strength to fulfil her large desire
That from the flower the fruit may show.

3 Some work by which my heart may prove
On Whom her steadfast wishes rest,
And undeniably attest
Her deep sincerity of love.

4 Some work whose end shall make my days
Nor useless nor ignoble glide;
A work whose influence shall abide,
Redounding to the Master's praise.

5 O Master, I would yield to Thee
Of life's great energies the whole,
E'en as the lavish rivers roll
Their wealth of waters to the sea.
Amen.

WILLIAM T. MATSON

367 MARYTON L. M.

HENRY P. SMITH

(♩=112) O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low- ly paths of ser- vice free;

Tell me Thy secret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A-men.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live. Amen.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

368 PENTECOST L. M.

WILLIAM BOYD

(♩=100)

Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength,and Christ thy right;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e- ter - nal- ly. A-men.

2 Run the straight race thro' God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

JOHN B. MONSELL

(*Second Tune*)

COURAGE L. M. With Refrain

HORATIO PARKER

(♩=104) Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right; Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly;.... Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

Refrain for all verses

369 MENDON L. M.

German. Arr. by Lowell Mason

(♩=88) Go, la - bor on! spend and be spent! Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will; It is the way the Mas - ter went; Should not the ser - vant tread it still? A - men.

2 Go, labor on! 'tis not for nought;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises: what are men?

3 Go, labor on! enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Go, labor on, while it is day!
The world's dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

5 Toil on! faint not! keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win!
Go forth, into the world's highway!
Compel the wanderer to come in!

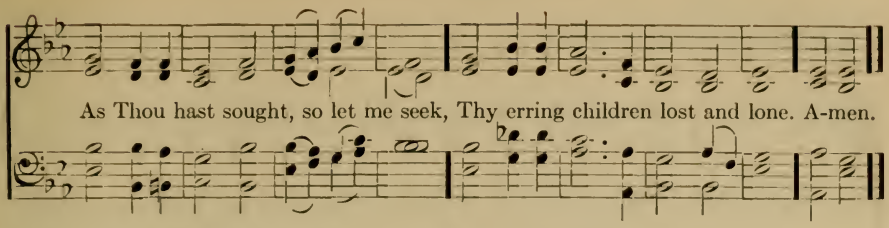
6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold I come!"
Amen.

Horatius Bonar

370 HOLLEY L. M.

George Hews

(♩=90) Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv-ing ech - oes of Thy tone;



2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

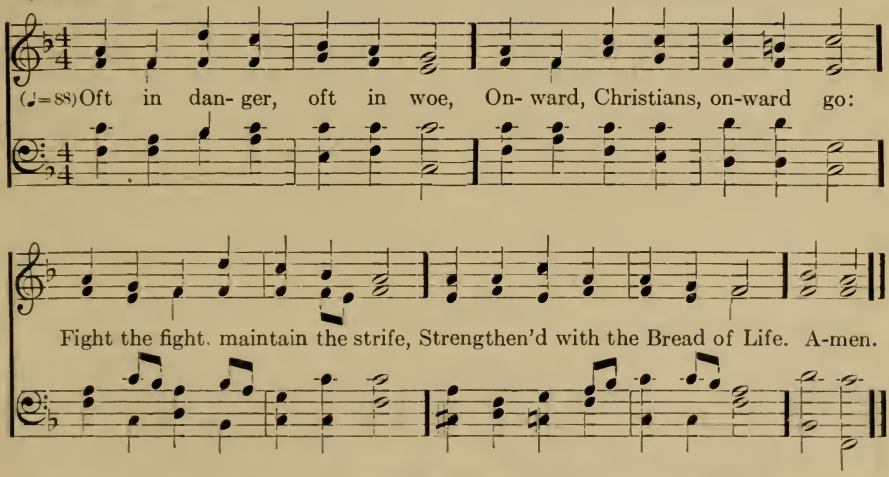
6 Oh, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.
Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

371 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7s.

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT



2 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

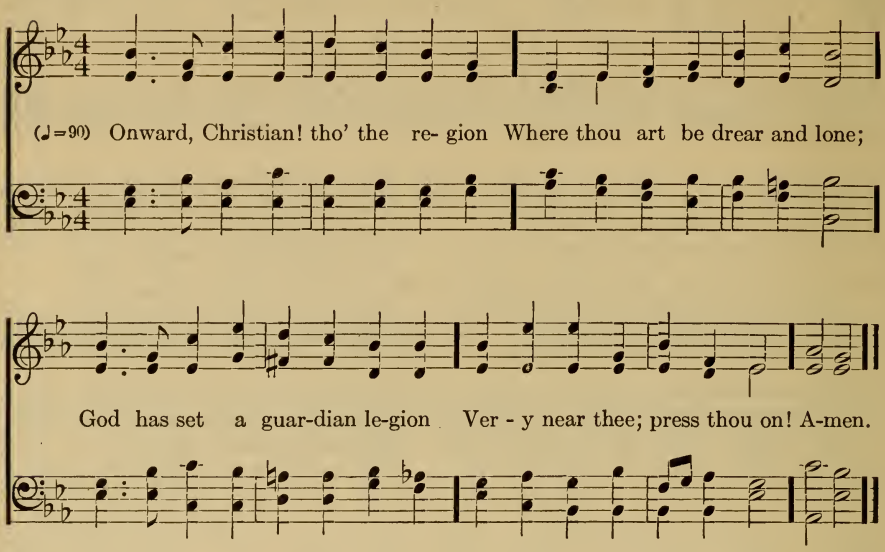
3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.

HENRY K. WHITE

372 ST. OSWALD 8s & 7s.

JOHN B. DYKES.



2 Listen, Christian! their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee: "God is love:"
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever, heaven's above."

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it; press thou on!

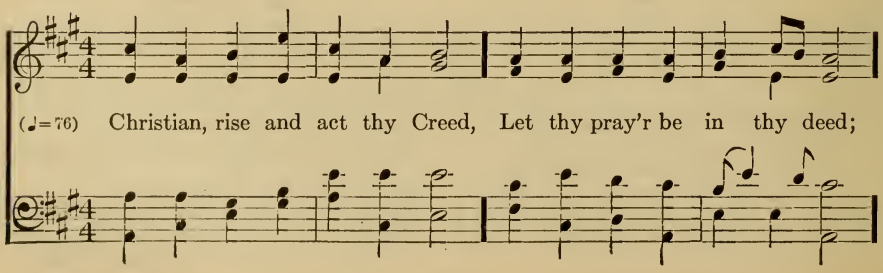
4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace,
While it needs thee; oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release!

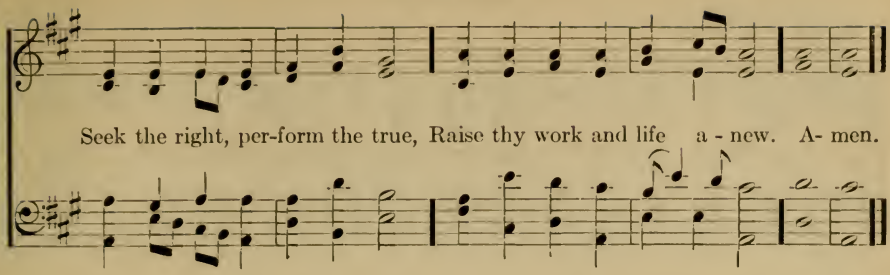
5 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done."
Amen.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

373 NUREMBERG 7s.

JOHANN R. AHLE





2 Hearts around thee sink with care;
Thou canst help their load to bear,
Thou canst bring inspiring light,
Arm their faltering wills to fight.

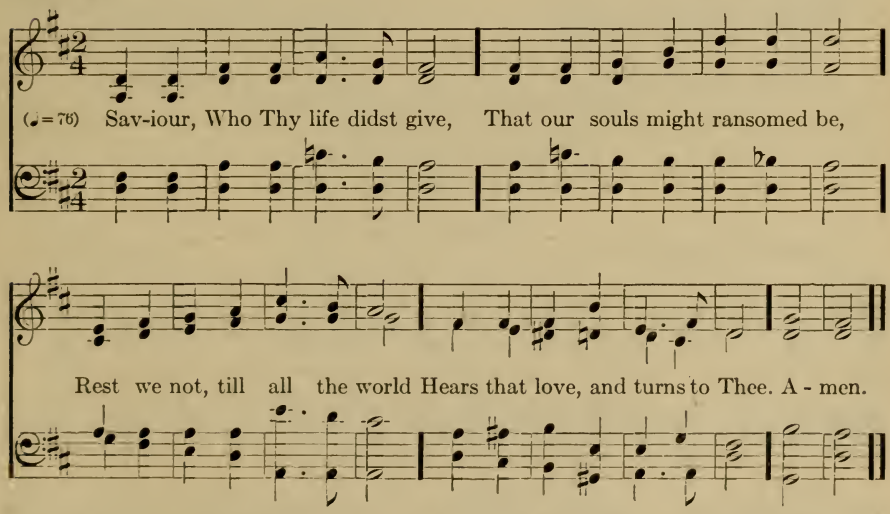
3 Let thine alms be hope and joy,
And thy worship God's employ;
Give Him thanks in humble zeal,
Learning all His will to feel.

4 Come then, law divine, and reign,
Freest faith assailed in vain,
Perfect love bereft of fear,
Born in heaven and radiant here. Amen.

F. A. Rollo Russell

374 CYPRUS 7s.

Arr. fr. Mendelssohn.



2 Help us, that we falter not,
Tho' the fields are white and wide,
And the reapers, sorely pressed,
Call for aid on every side.

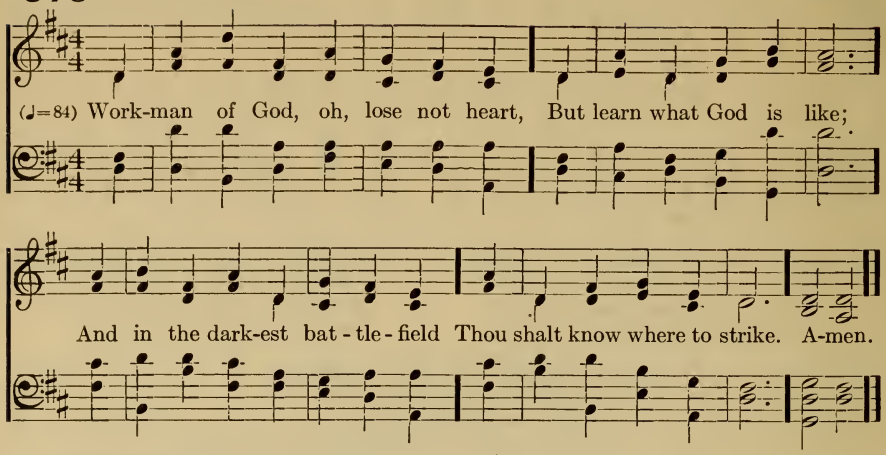
3 Guide us, that with swifter feet
We may speed us on our way,
Leading darkened nations forth
Into Thine eternal day.

4 Sweet the service, blest the toil,
Thine alone the glory be;
Oh, baptize our souls anew;
Consecrate us all to Thee. Amen.

Amelia De F. Lockwood

375 ST. DAVID C. M.

Ravenscroft's Psalter



2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible.

3 Blest too is he who can divine,
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

4 God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

5 Then learn to scorn the praise of men
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

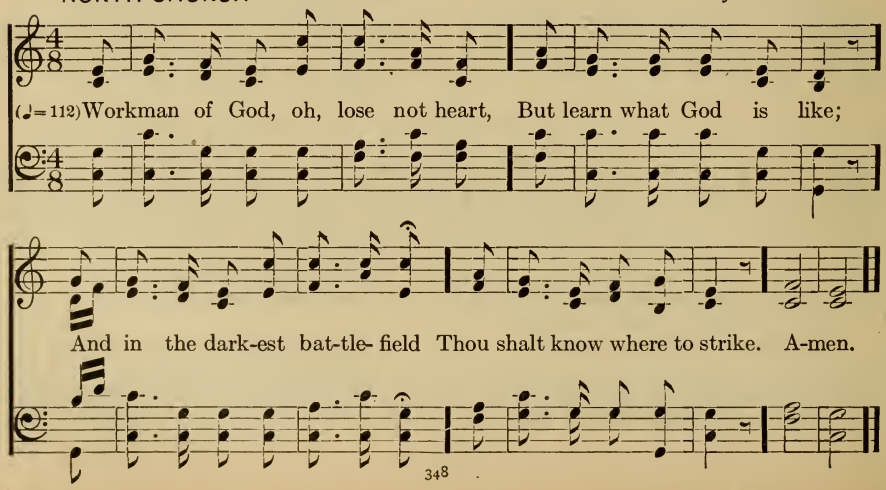
6 For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin. Amen.

Frederick W. Faber

(*Second Tune*)

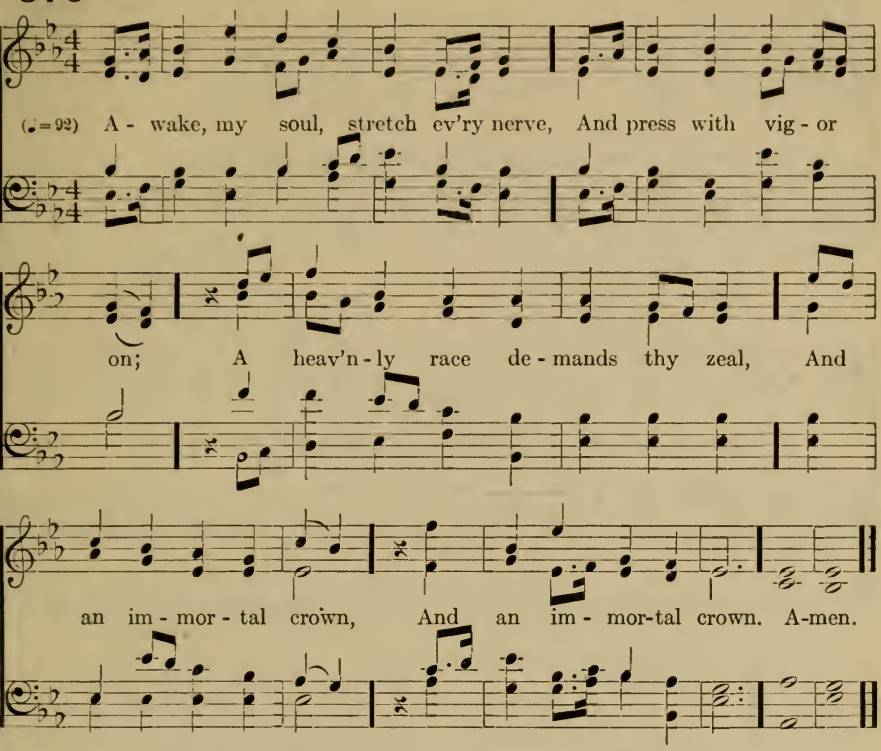
NORTH CHURCH C. M.

John E. Gould



376 CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. fr. George F. Händel



2 A cloud of witnesses around
  Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
  And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
  That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
  To thine uplifted eye:

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
  Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
  Shall blend in common dust.

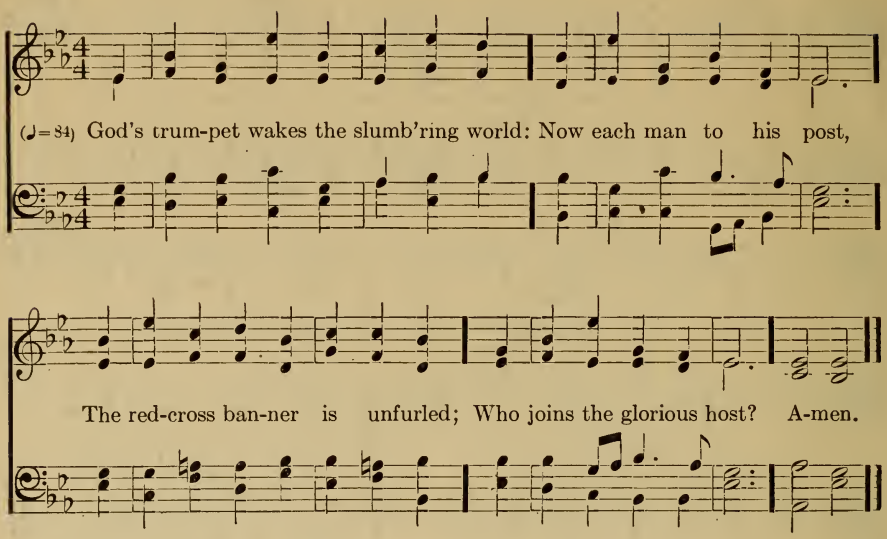
5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
  Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
  I'll lay my honors down.

6 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
  And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
  And an immortal crown. Amen.

Phillip Doddridge

377 LONDON C. M.

Scotch Psalter



2 He who, in fealty to the truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth;
He joins the noble host.

3 He who, no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness against wrong;
He joins the sacred host.

4 He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still;
He joins the faithful host.

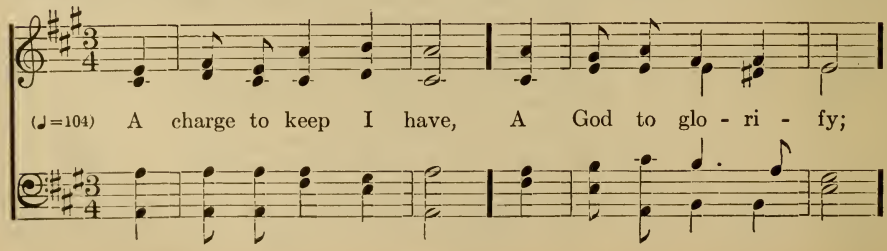
5 He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most,
And shuns not pain or shame or loss;
He joins the martyr host.

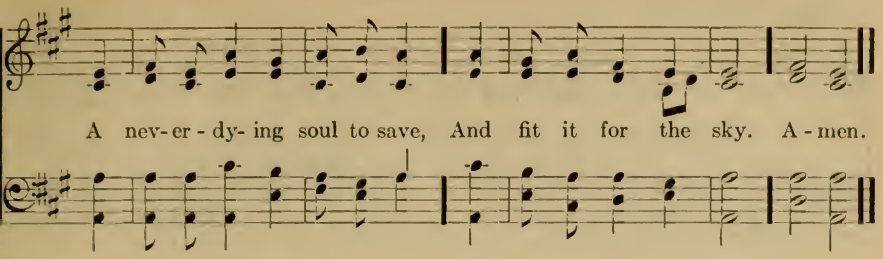
6 God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world:
Now each man to his post,
The red-cross banner is unfurled;
We join the glorious host. Amen.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

378 OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. fr. a Gregorian Chant, by LOWELL MASON





2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill:
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

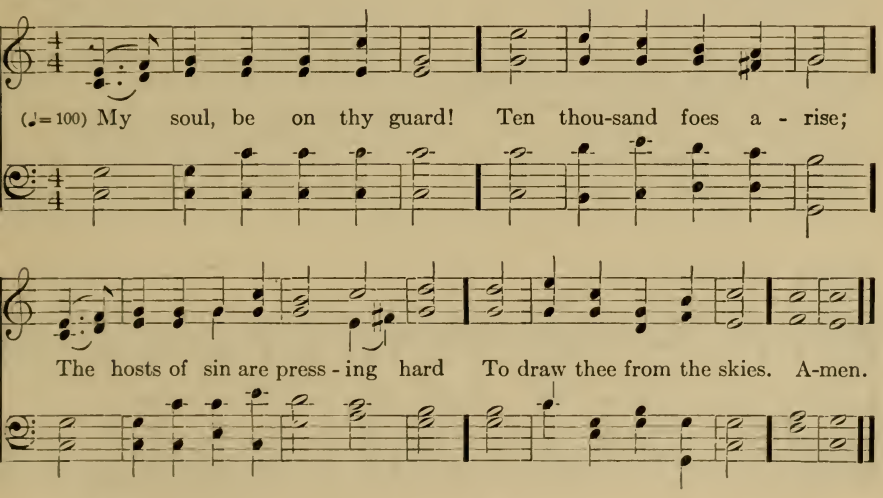
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Steadfast to walk in Christ's dear way
And God to glorify. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY

379 LABAN S. M.

LOWELL MASON



2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

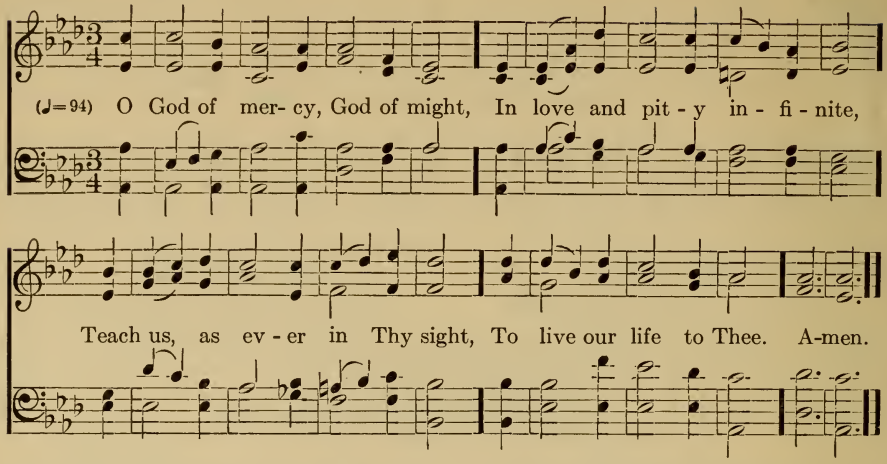
3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode. Amen.

GEORGE HEATH

380 KIRKSTALL 8.8.8.6

FRANK O. CARR



2 And Thou, Who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
Oh, hear us, for to Thee we cry,
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou has taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought,
That every word, and deed, and thought
May work a work for Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

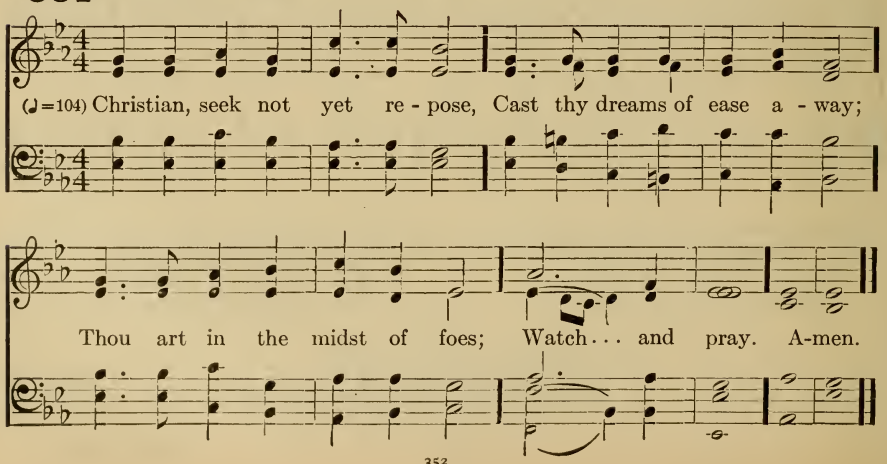
5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee. Amen.

CODFREY THRING

381 VIGILATE 7.7.7.3

WILLIAM H. MONK



2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil one;
Watch and pray.

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they watch each warrior's way;
All with one deep voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

4 Hear, above all these, thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
Watch and pray.

5 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

382 FORTITUDE 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5

WILLIAM C. FILBY

(♩=88) Breast the wave, Christian, When it is stron-gest; Watch for day, Christian,

When the night's long-est; On-ward and on-ward still Be Thine en-

dea - vor; The rest that re - main-eth Will be for ev - er. A-men.

* This note for 1st verse only.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;
He Who hath promisèd
Faltereth never;
He Who hath loved so well,
Loveth forever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever. Amen.

JOSEPH STAMMERS

383 DILIGENCE 7.6.7.5 D.

LOWELL MASON

(♩= 120) Work, for the night is com - ing: Work thro' the morn-ing hours;

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;

Work while the day grows bright-er, Un - der the glow - ing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A-men.

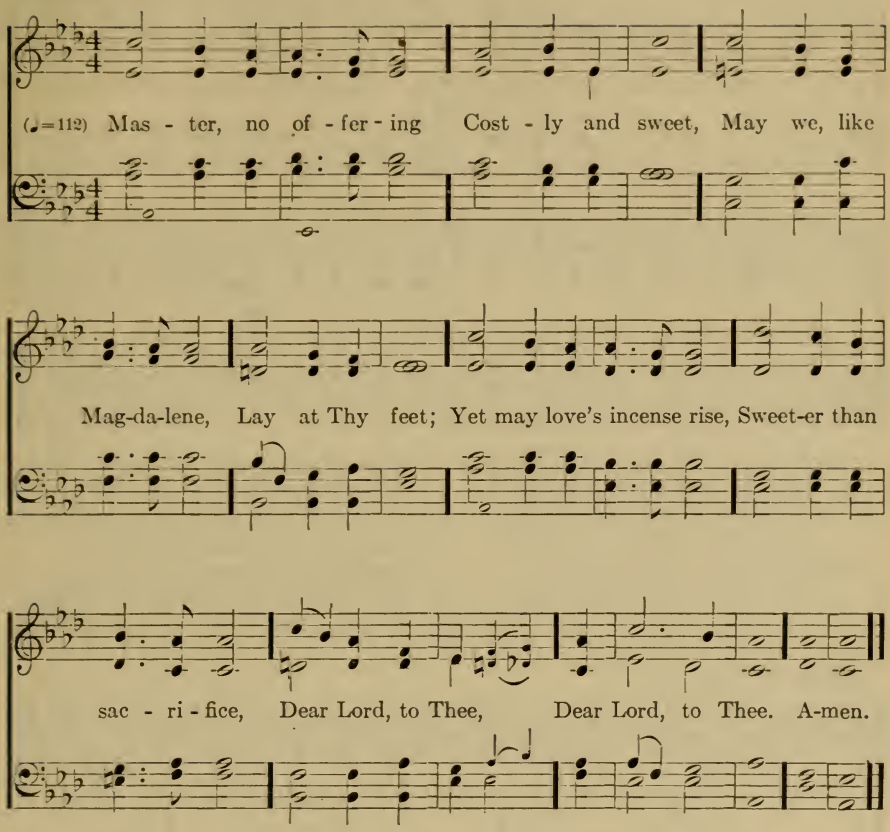
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give to each flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming!
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening
When man's work is o'er. Amen.

ANNA L. WALKER

384 LOVE'S OFFERING 6.4.6.4.6.6.4

EDWIN P. PARKER



2 Daily our lives would show
Weakness made strong,
Toilsome and gloomy ways
Brightened with song;
Some deeds of kindness done,
Some souls by patience won,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

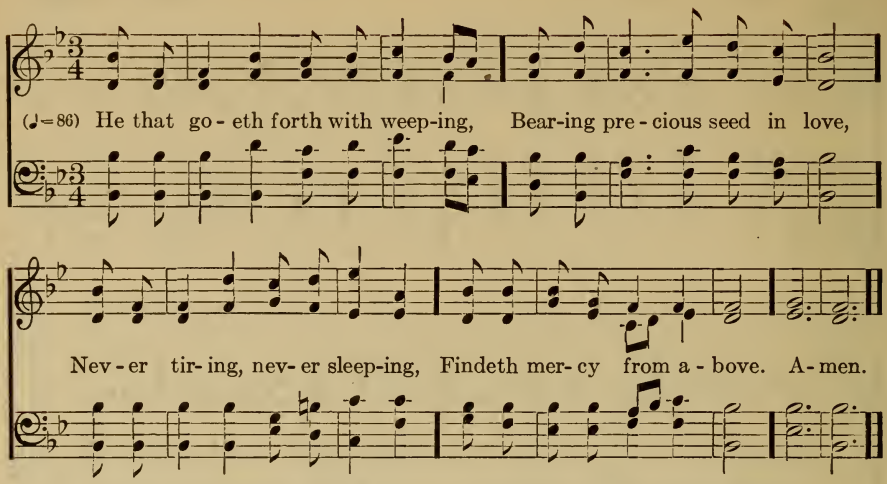
3 Some word of hope, for hearts
Burdened with fears,
Some balm of peace, for eyes
Blinded with tears;
Some dews of mercy shed,
Some wayward footstep led,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

4 Thus, in Thy service, Lord,
Till eventide
Closes the day of life,
May we abide:
And when earth's labors cease,
Bid us depart in peace,
Dear Lord, to Thee. Amen.

EDWIN P. PARKER

385 STOCKWELL 8s & 7s.

DARIUS E. JONES



2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

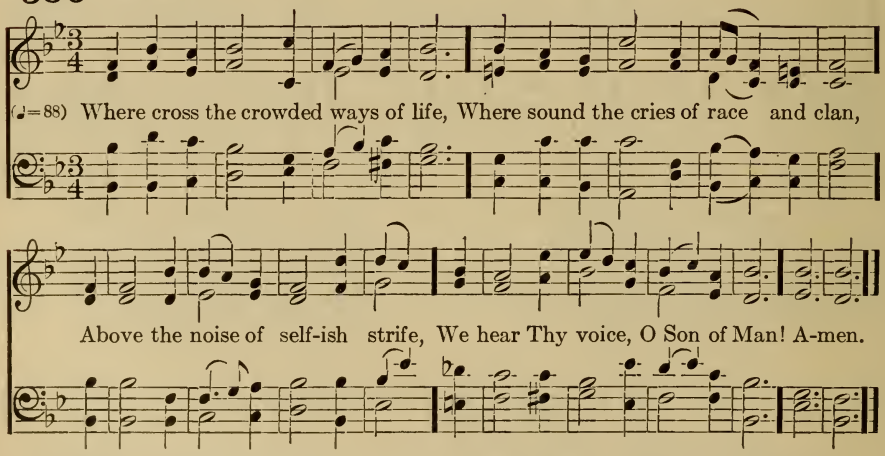
3 Sow thy seed, be never weary;
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near. Amen.

THOMAS HASTINGS

386 GERMANY L. M.

(?)



2 In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

3 From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

4 The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

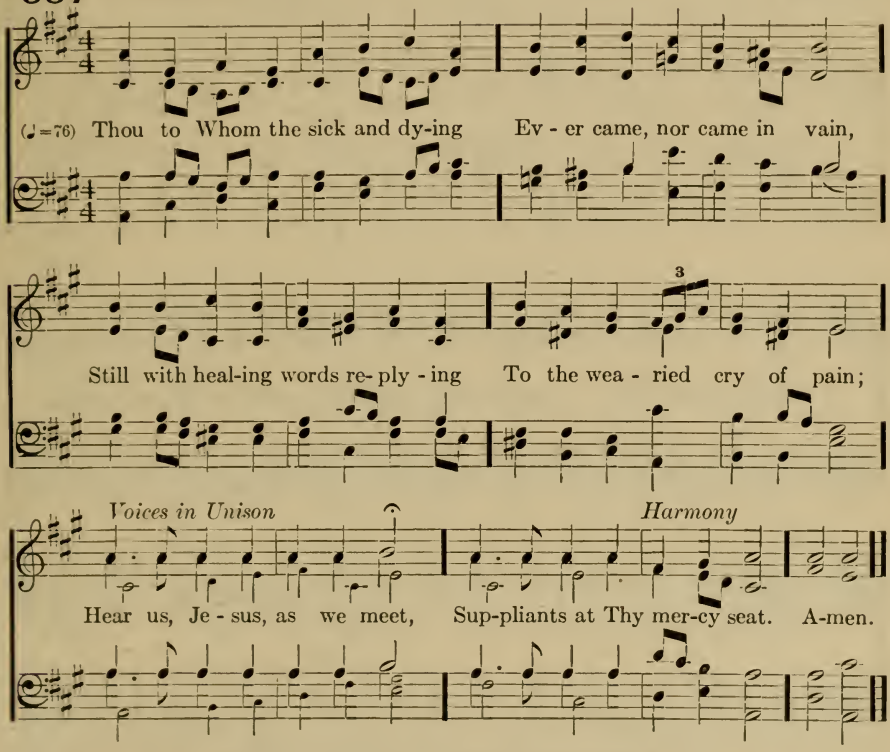
5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
Among these restless throngs abide,
Oh, tread the city's streets again,

6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love
And follow where Thy feet have trod:
Till glorious from Thy heaven above
Shall come the city of our God. Amen.

F. Mason North

387 SUPPLIANT 8.7.8.7.7.7

John Stainer



2 Every care, and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small,
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
When, where'er, it may befall,
Lay we humbly at Thy feet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

3 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's, care;
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

4 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart;
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy seat.

5 So may sickness, sin, and sadness,
To Thy healing virtue yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment seat. Amen.

Godfrey Thring

388 LUX BENIGNA 10.4.10.4.10.10

JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=100) Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th' en - cir - cling gloom,

Lead Thou me on: The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see....

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me. A - men.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. Amen.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

Trust

(*Second Tune*)

NEWMAN 10.4.10.4.10.10 J. Baptiste Calkin

♩=112) 1 Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead
2 I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst

Swell

Ped.

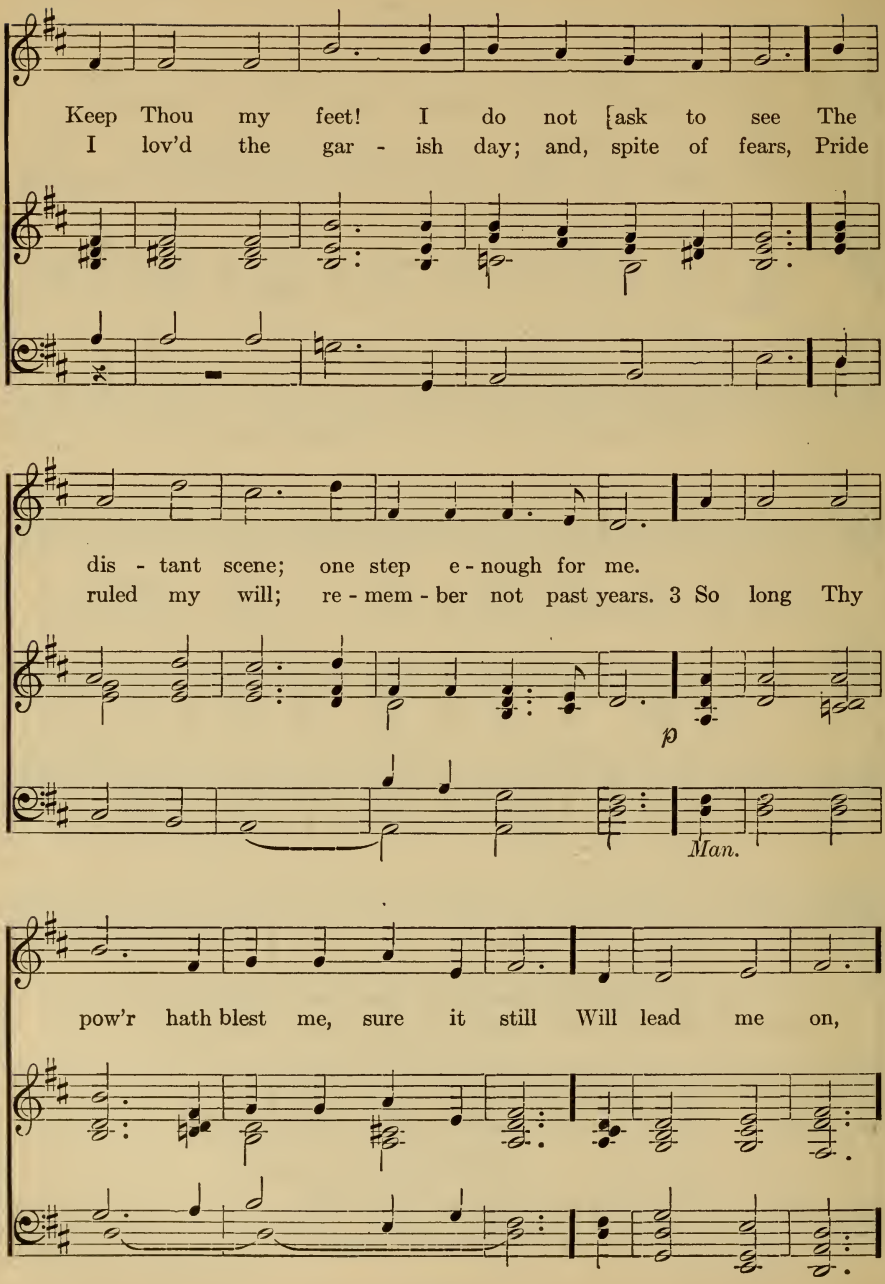
Thou me on, Lead Thou me on: The night is dark, and
lead me on, Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and

I am far from home, Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on!
see my path; but now Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on!

p

Ped.

The Christian Life



Trust

Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till

f Gt. Full

Ped.

The night is gone, The night is gone; And with the morn those

p Sw.

Man.

an- gel fac - es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a while. A-men.

389 HOLLINGSIDE 7s. D.

JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=80) Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the temp - est still is high:

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

Safe in - to the ha-ven guide; Oh, re-ceive my soul at last! A-men.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Trust

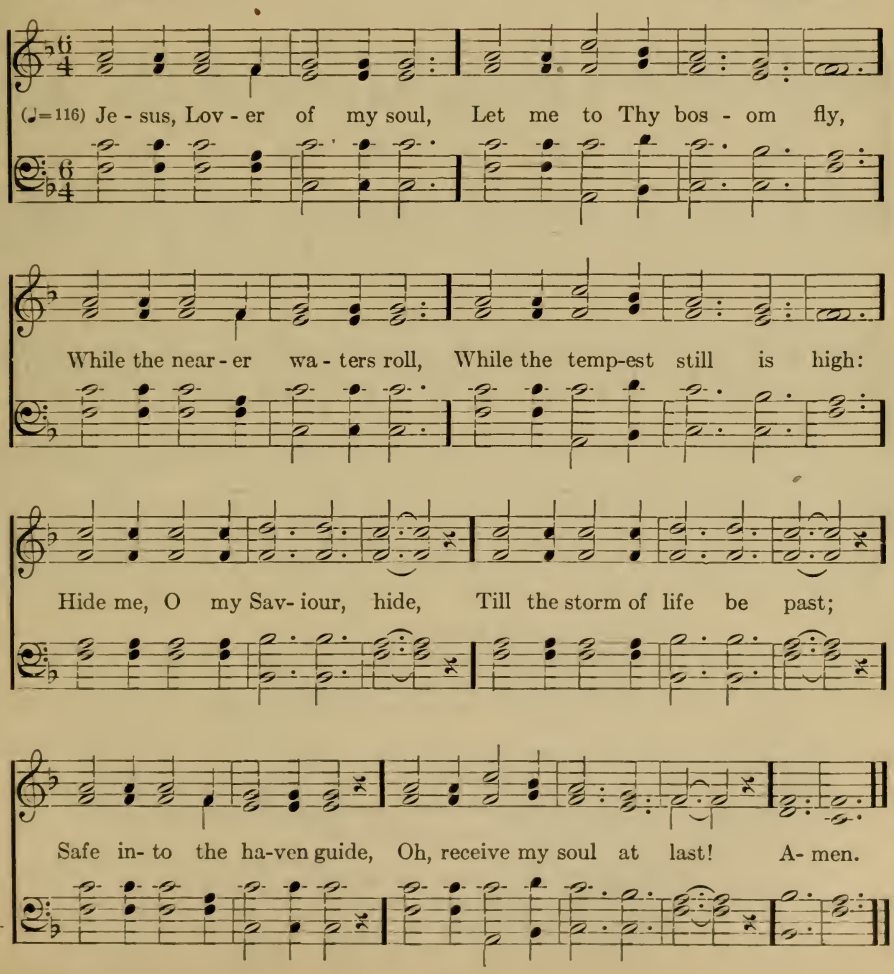
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY

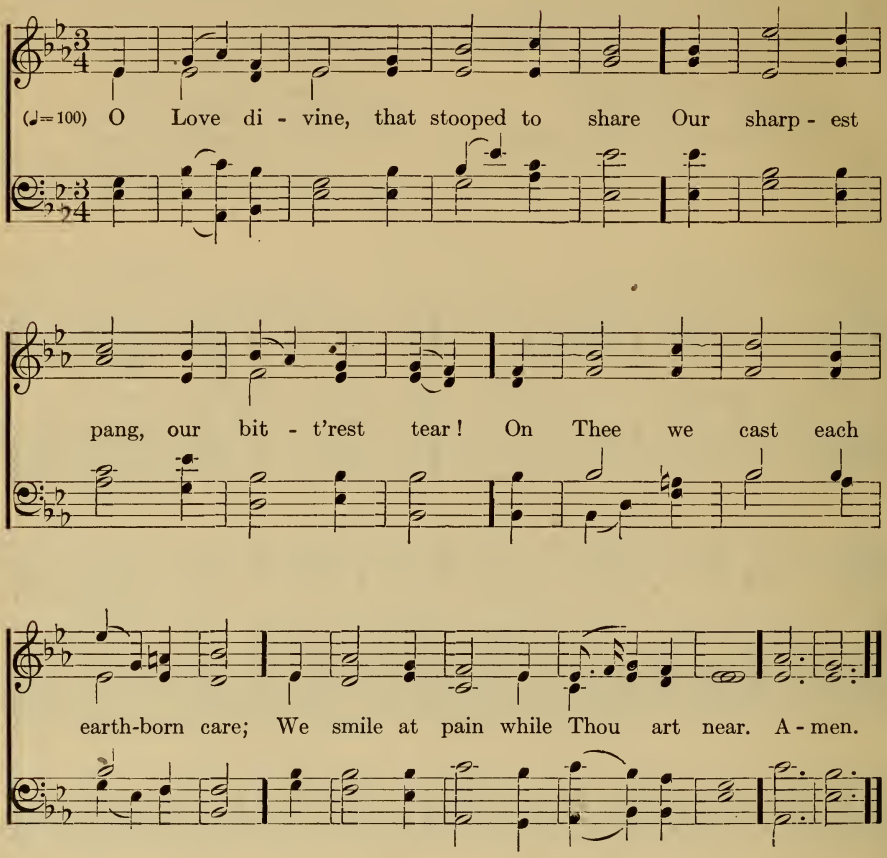
(*Second Tune*)

MARTYN 7s. D. SIMEON B. MARSH



390 ROCKINGHAM L. M.

EDWARD MILLER



2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

4 On Thee we rest our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear!
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near. Amen.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

391 BENTLEY 7s & 6s. D.

JOHN HULLAH

(♩= 100) Some-times a light sur - pris - es The Chris-tian while he sings;

It is the Lord, Who ris - es With heal- ing in His wings:

When com-forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain

A sea - son of clear shin - ing To cheer it aft - er rain. A- men.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER

392 AURELIA 7s & 6s. D.

SAMUEL S. WESLEY

(♩=108) In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;

And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth -ing chang - es here:

The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,

But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed? A-men.

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh;
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me. Amen.

ANNA L. WARING

Trust

(*Second Tune*)

SCHUBERT 7s & 6s. D. Arr. fr. SCHUBERT by BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT

(♩=104) In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;

And safe is such con- fid - ing, For noth - ing chang-es here:

The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,

But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?

But God is round a- bout me, And can I be dis-mayed? A - men.

393 ST. BEDE C. M. 61. JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=108) Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me;

The chang-es that are sure to come, I do not fear to see:

I ask Thee for a pres-ent mind, In - tent on pleas-ing Thee. A-men.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

5 And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
More careful, not to serve Thee much,
But please Thee perfectly. Amen.

ANNA L. WARING, alt.

Trust

394 CHALVEY S. M. D. LEIGHTON G. HAYNE

(♩=88) Je - sus, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care;

With hum - ble con - fi - dence look up, And know Thou hear'st my prayer.

Give me on Thee to wait, Till I can all things do;

On Thee, al-might - y to cre - ate, Al-might-y to re - new. A-men.

2 Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name;
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

3 I rest upon Thy Word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY

395 ZENNOR Irregular

FREDERICK C. MAKER

(♩=104) He leads us on by paths we did not know; Up - ward He leads us, though our steps be slow; Though oft we faint and fal - ter on the way, Though storms and dark-ness oft ob-scure the day, Yet when the clouds are gone, We know He leads us on. A - men.

2 He leads us on through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and fears,
He guides our steps; through all the tangled maze
Of losses, sorrows, and o'erclouded days,
We know His will is done,
And still He leads us on.

3 And He, at last, after the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,
After our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last. Amen.

HIRAM O. WILEY

Trust

396 JEWETT 6s. D. Arr. fr. CARL M. VON WEBER

(♩=84) My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine!

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign:

Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,

And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done! A-men.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear:
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee:
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done! Amen.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLK. Tr. JANE BORTHWICK

397 ADESTE FIDELES 11s. (?)

(♩=92) How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled, To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? A-men.

2 Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed!
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

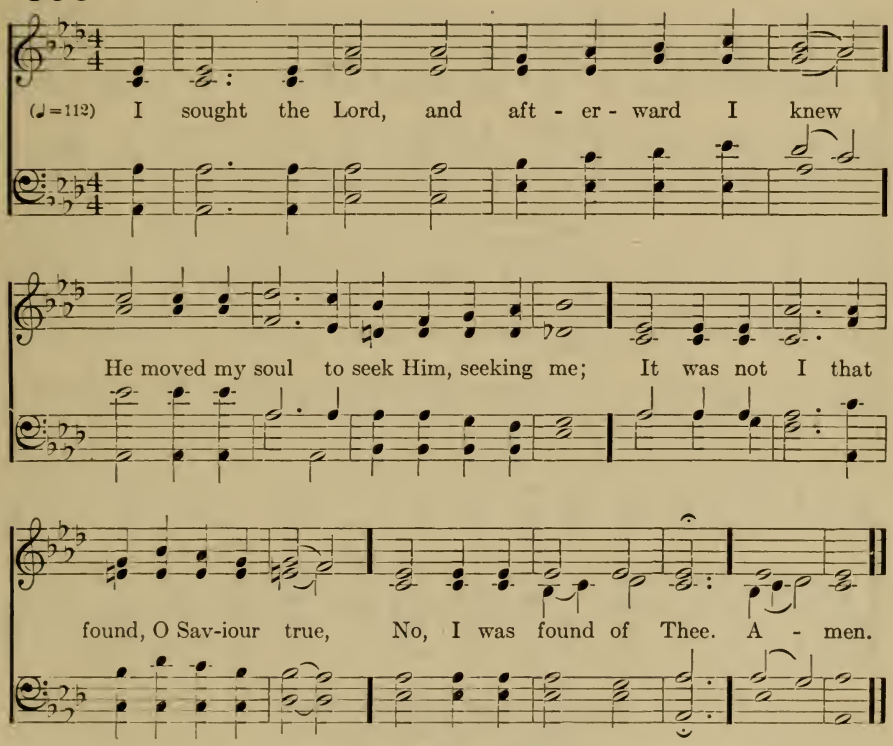
4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake. Amen.

R. Keene (?)

398 PEACE 10.10.10.6

George W. Chadwick



2 Thou didst reach forth Thy hand and mine enfold;
I walked and sank not on the storm-vexed sea;
'Twas not so much that I on Thee took hold,
As Thou, dear Lord, on me.

3 I find, I walk, I love, but, oh, the whole
Of love is but my answer, Lord, to Thee;
For Thou wert long beforehand with my soul,
Always Thou lovedst me. Amen.

Anonymous

399 REGENT SQUARE 8.7.8.7.4.7

HENRY SMART

(♩=108) Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand. Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more. A - men.

2 Open now the crystal fountains,
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
||:Strong Deliverer,:||
Be Thou still my Strengt and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
||:Songs of praises:||
I will ever give to Thee. Amen.

PETER WILLIAMS and WILLIAM WILLIAMS

Trust

(*Second Tune*)

AUTUMN 8s & 7s. D

FRANÇOIS H. BARTHÉLÉMON

(♩=104) Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land;

I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand.

2 O - pen now the crys-tal foun-tains Whence the liv - ing wa - ters flow;

Let the fi - ery, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro'. A - men.

(May be sung to St. Oswald, No. 372)

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be the Lord my Righteousness.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side. Amen.

375 PETER WILLIAMS and WILLIAM WILLIAMS

400 BLESSED HOME 6s. D.

JOHN STAINER

(♩=86) Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be:

Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough, It will be still the best;

Wind - ing or straight, it leads Right on - ward to Thy rest. A-men.

2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God:
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR

Trust

(*Second Tune*)

INVITATION 6s. D. FREDERICK C. MAKER

(♩=96) Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be:

Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough, It will be still the best;

Wind - ing or straight, it leads Right on - ward to Thy rest. A-men.

2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God:
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR

401 ST. ANDREW S. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=38) Rest in the Lord, my soul; Com-mit to Him thy way: What

to thy sight seems dark as night, To Him is bright as day. A- men.

2 Rest in the Lord, my soul;
He planned for thee thy life;
Brings fruit from rain, brings good from pain,
And peace and joy from strife.

3 Rest in the Lord, my soul;
This fretting weakens thee;
Why not be still? accept His will:
Thou shalt His glory see. Amen.

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK

402 HANFORD 8.8.8.4

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

(♩=92) Je-sus, my Sa-viour, look on me, For I am wea- ry and op-prest;

I come to cast my- self on Thee: Thou art my Rest. A-men.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length:
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, send Thou forth some cheering ray!
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

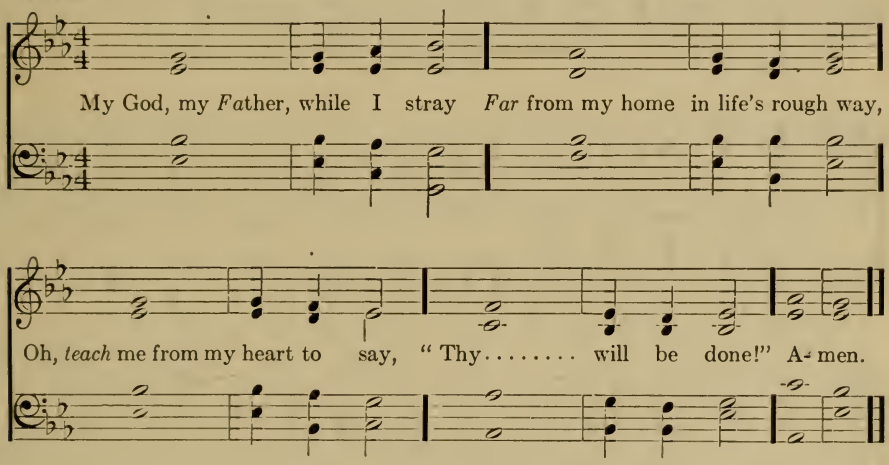
5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

403 TROYTE'S CHANT

ARTHUR H. D. TROYTE



2 Though dark my *path*, and sad my lot,
Let me be *still* and murmur not,
Or breathe the *pray*er divinely taught,
" Thy will be done! "

3 What though in *lone*ly grief I sigh
For friends be*loved*, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would *I* reply,
" Thy will be done! "

4 If Thou should'st *call* me to resign
What most I *prize*, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee *what* is Thine;
" Thy will be done! "

5 Let but my *faint*ing heart be blest
With Thy good *Spi*rit for its guest,
My God, to *Thee* I leave the rest;
" Thy will be done! "

6 Renew my *will* from day to day,
Blend it with *Thine*, and take away
All that now makes it *hard* to say,
" Thy will be done! "

7 Then, when on earth I *breathe* no more
The prayer oft mixed with *tears* before,
I'll sing upon a *hap*pier shore,
" Thy will be done! " Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

404 FLORENCE 10s. 6 l.

WALTER HATELY

(♩=120) Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side; Bear pa - tient -

ly the cross of grief or pain; Leave to thy God to

or - der and pro - vide; In ev - 'ry change He faith - ful

will re - main. Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heav'nly Friend,

Through thorn - y ways, leads to a joy - ful end. A - men.

2 Be still, my soul: thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as He has the past;
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
His voice who ruled them while He dwelt below.

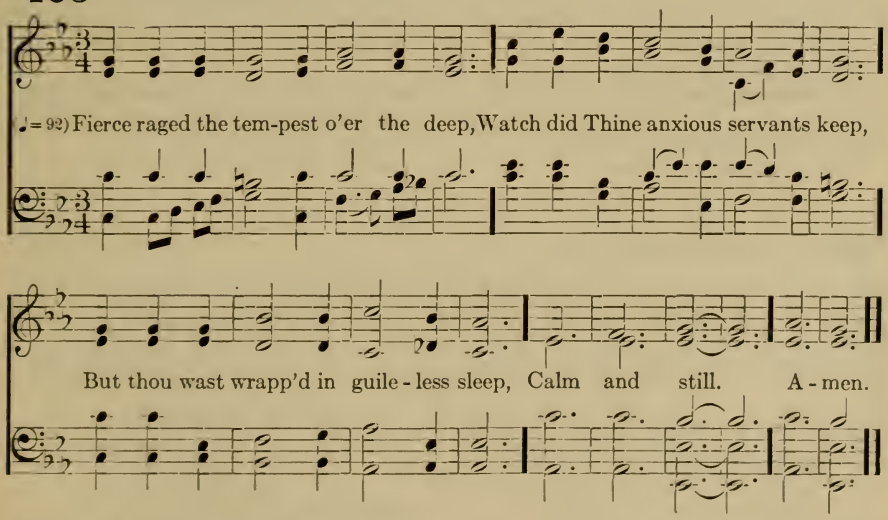
3 Be still, my soul: when dearest friends depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
Then shalt thou better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.
Be still, my soul: thy Jesus can repay
From His own fulness all He takes away.

4 Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on
When we shall be for ever with the Lord,
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessèd we shall meet at last. Amen.

CATHERINE A. D. VON SCHLEGEL. Tr. JANE BORTHWICK

405 ST. AËLRED 8.8.8.3

JOHN B. DYKES



2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"Oh, save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still." Amen.

GODFREY THRING.

406 SAWLEY C. M.

JAMES WALCH

(♩=100) Fa-ther of love, our Guide and Friend, Oh, lead us gen - tly on,

Un - til life's tri - al time shall end, And heav'nly peace be won. A - men.

2 We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God.

3 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise:

4 Or, if some darker lot be good,
Oh, teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure.

5 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,
In hope, and love, and fear.

6 And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise. Amen.

WILLIAM J. IRONS

407 SILVER STREET S. M.

ISAAC SMITH

(♩=116) Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un - dis-may'd; God hears thy

sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head. A - men.

2 Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear. Amen.

PAULUS GERHARDT. Tr. JOHN WESLEY

408 FATHERLAND 5.5.8.8.5.5

J. EDWARDS

(♩=90) Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And al - though the way be cheer - less We will fol - low calm and fear - less; Guide us by Thy hand, To our Fa - ther - land. A - men.

Guide....

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a woe
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland. Amen.

JANE BORTHWICK

409 HE LEADETH ME L. M. With Refrain.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

(♩=116) He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heavenly comfort fraught!

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me!

His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-men.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me! etc.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine.
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me! etc.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc. Amen.

JOSEPH H, GILMORE

Trust

(*Second Tune*)

HUMILTY L. M. — SAMUEL P. TUCKERMAN

(♩=112) He leadeth me! O blessed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me. A-men.

410 DENNIS S. M.

Arr. fr. JOHANN G. NAGELI by LOWELL MASON

(♩=88) How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!

Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust His constant care. A - men.

2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away. Amen.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

411 SELVIN S. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason

(♩=84) If through un - ruf - fled seas, Toward heaven we calm - ly sail, With grate - ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fa - v'ring gale. With grate - ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fa - v'ring gale. A - men.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
‖: Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home. :‖

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control;
‖: Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul. :‖

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
‖: And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone. :‖ Amen.

Augustus M. Toplady, alt.

Trust

412 STEPHANOS 8.5.8,3

HENRY W. BAKER

(♩= 80) Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan- guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest." A- men.

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes.'" Amen.

JOHN M. NEALE

(*Second Tune*)

GENEVA 8.5.8.3

ETHELBERT W. BULLINGER

(♩=86) Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis-trest?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com-ing, Be . . . . . at rest." A - men.

413 SOLITUDE 7s.

LEWIS T. DOWNES

(♩=84) Come, my soul, thy suit pre- pare; Je - sus loves to an- swer prayer;

He Him-self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay. A-men.

2 Thou art coming to a King:
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith;
Let me die Thy people's death. Amen.

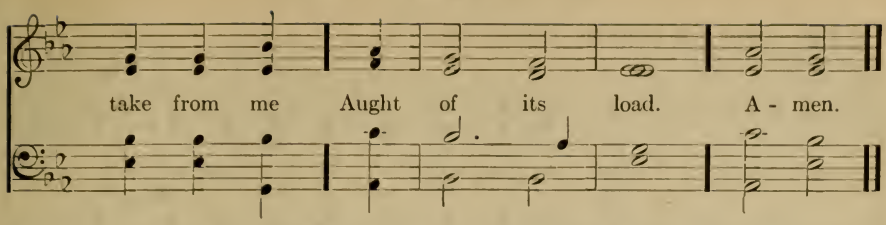
JOHN NEWTON

414 SUBMISSION 10s & 4s.

ALBERT L. PEACE

(♩=108) I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be

A pleas - ant road; I do not ask that Thou wouldst



2 I do not ask that flowers should always
Beneath my feet; [spring
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I
Lead me aright, [plead:
Though strength should falter and
though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst
Full radiance here; [shed
Give but a ray of peace, that I may
tread
Without a fear.

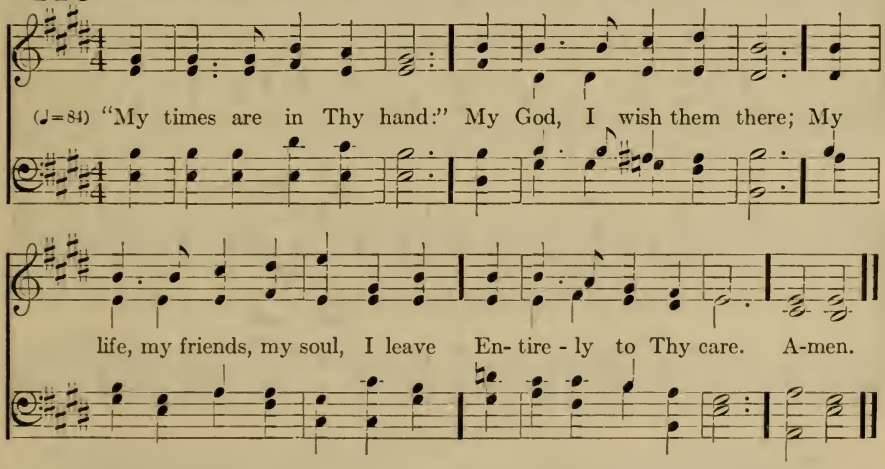
5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light. Amen.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

415 ALDERSGATE S. M.

GEORGE P. MERRICK



2 "My times are in Thy hand:"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Jesus, the Crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide. Amen.

WILLIAM F. LLOYD

416 BRATTLE STREET C. M. D.

Arr. fr. PLEYEL

(♩=92) While Thee I seek, pro-tect-ing Pow'r, Be my vain wish-es stilled;

And may this con-se-crat-ed hour With bet-ter hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the pow'r of tho't bestowed; To Thee my tho'ts would soar:

Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer-cy I a-dore. A-men.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storms shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee. Amen.

HELEN M. WILLIAMS

Trust

(*Second Tune*)

ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M. — ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE

(♩=80) While Thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Pow'r, Be my vain wish - es stilled;

And may this con - se - crat-ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. A-men.

417 RETREAT L. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS

(♩=94) From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There

is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy seat. A-men.

(May be sung to Humility, No. 422)

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?

5 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy seat. Amen.

HUGH STOWELL

418 DOMINUS REGIT ME 8s & 7s.

JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=88) The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness fail-eth nev - er; I

noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for ev - er. A - men.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever. Amen.

HENRY W. BAKER

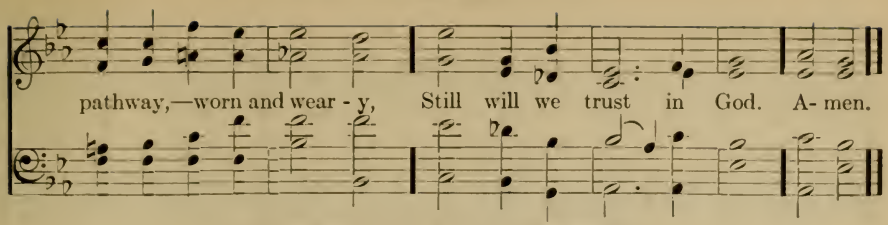
419 BIRKDALE 11.10.11.6

JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=120) Still will we trust, tho' earth seem dark and drear- y, And the heart

faint be - neath His chastening rod; Though rough and steep our

Trust



2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through Him alone Who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

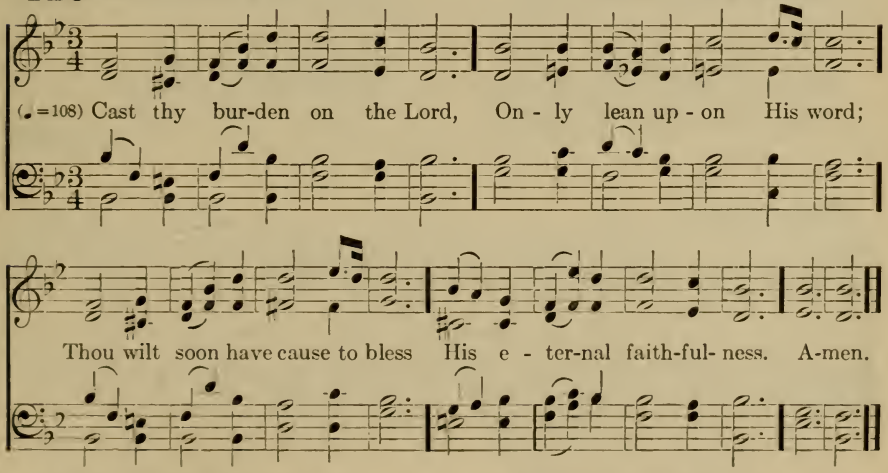
3 Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast designed;
Choose for us, God, Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross. Amen.

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH

420 GOTTSCHALK 7s.

Arr. fr. LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK



2 He sustains thee by His hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those whom Jesus once hath loved
From His grace are never moved.

3 Human counsels come to naught;
That shall stand which God hath wrought;
His compassion, love, and power
Are the same for evermore.

4 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfil
All the pleasure of His will.

5 Jesus, Guardian of Thy flock,
Be Thyself our constant Rock;
Make us, by Thy powerful hand,
Strong as Zion's mountain stand.
Amen.

Anonymous

421 PLEYEL'S HYMN 7s.

IGNACE J. PLEYEL

(♩=69) Chil-dren of the heav'nly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet-ly sing;

Sing our Saviour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways! A- men.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless homes shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee. Amen.

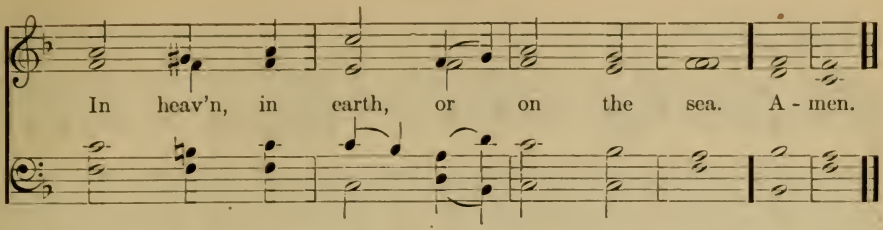
JOHN CENNICK

422 HUMILITY L. M.

SAMUEL P. TUCKERMAN

(♩=112) O Lord, how full of sweet con - tent Our years of pil - grim-

age are spent! Wher - e'er we dwell, we dwell with Thee,



2 To us remains nor place nor time;
Our country is in every clime:
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

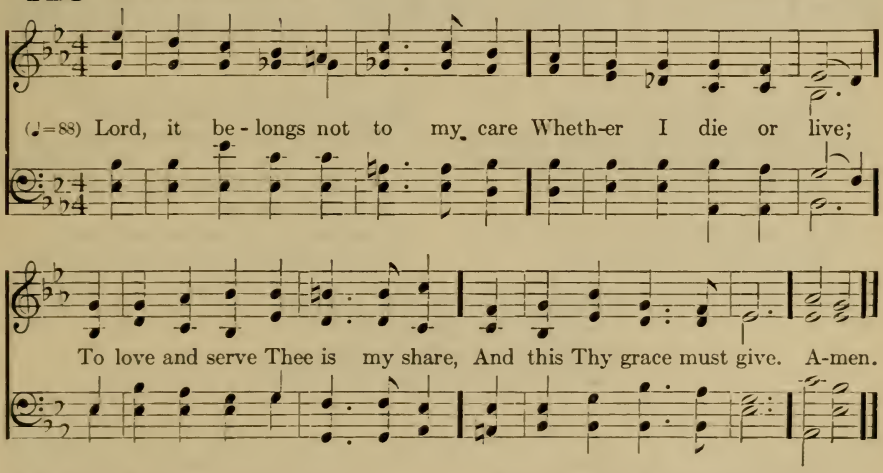
3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all. Amen.

JEANNE M. B. GUYON. Tr. WILLIAM COWPER, alt.

423 HOLY TRINITY C. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY



2 If life be long, oh, make me glad
The longer to obey;
If short, no laborer is sad
To end his toilsome day.

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
And he that to God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me
Thy blessèd face to see: [meet
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

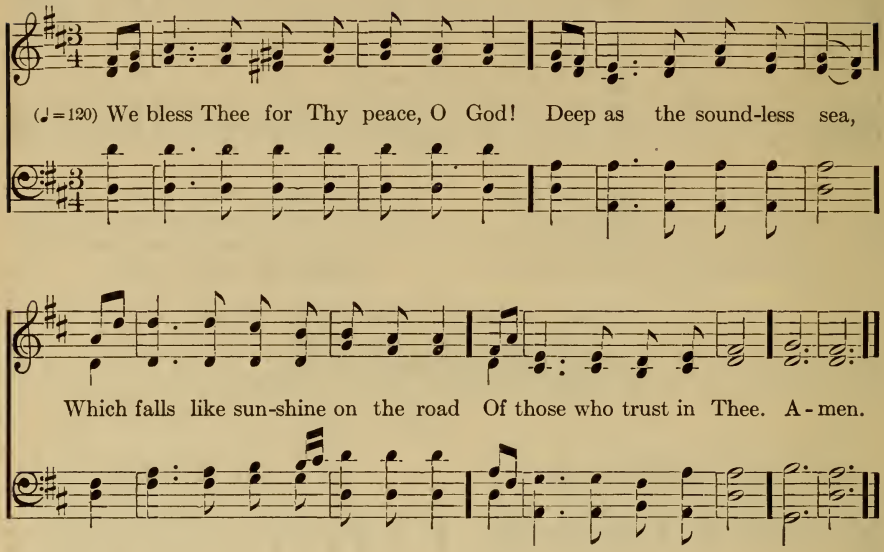
5 Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing my Saviour's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him, Amen.

RICHARD BAXTER

424 COOLING C. M.

Alonzo J. Abbey



2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee:

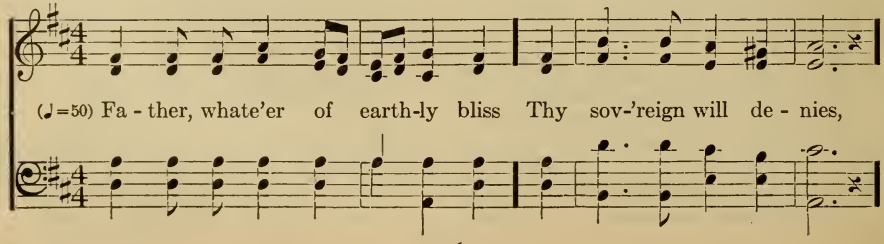
4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep;
God's sunshine o'er the whole!

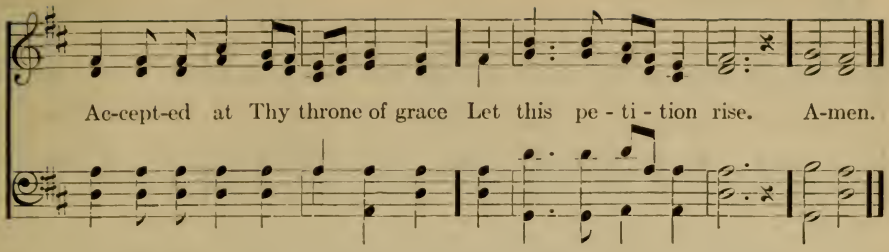
5 O Father, give our hearts such peace
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee. Amen.

Anonymous

425 NAOMI C. M.

Arr. fr. Johann G. Nageli by Lowell Mason



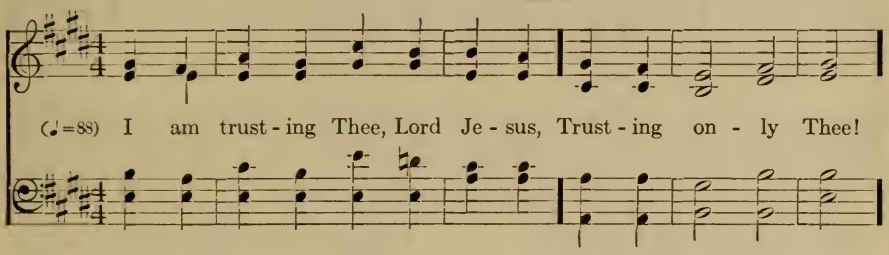


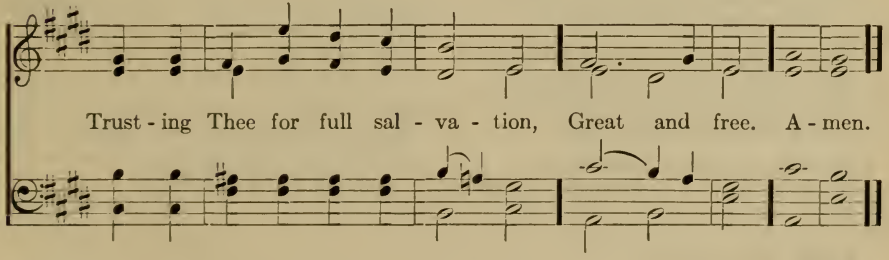
2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end. Amen.

ANNE STEELE, alt.

426 ST. HELEN'S 8.5.8.4 ROBERT P. STEWART





2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

4 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

5 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all. Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

427 FLEMMING 8.8.8.6

Arr. fr. FREDERICK F. FLEMMING

(♩=92) O Ho - ly Sav - iour, Friend un - seen, The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean; Help me thro' - out life's vary - ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee. A-men.

(May be sung to Kirkstall, No. 380)

2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

4 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love in gentle tone
Whispers, "Still cling to me."

5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
We ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

6 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appall,
While as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour, I cling to Thee? Amen.

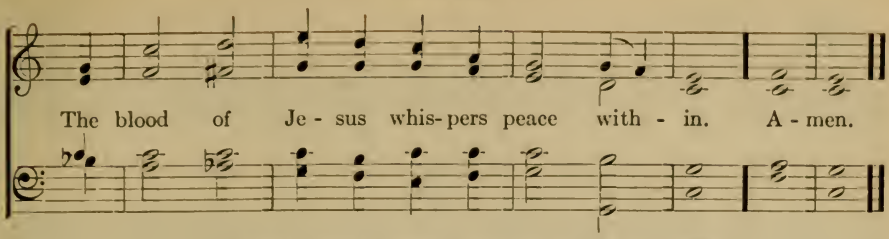
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

428 PAX TECUM 10.10

GEORGE T. CALDBECK

(♩=92) Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?

Trust



2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

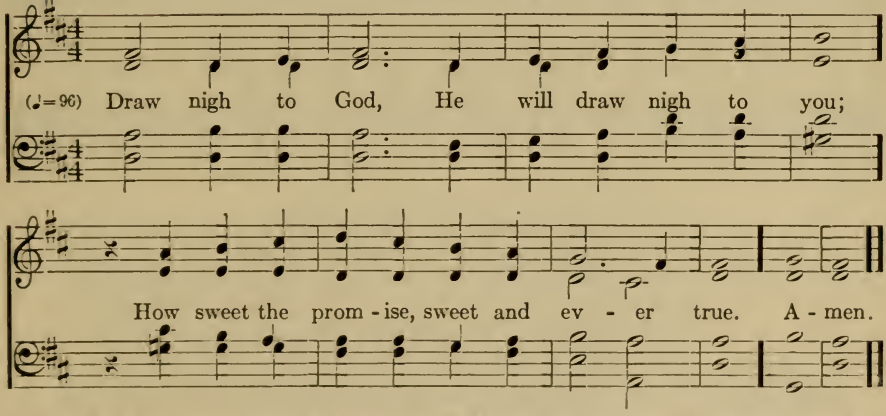
6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH

429 ST. MARTHA'S-ON-THE-HILL 10.10

ANDREW FREEMAN



2 Hast thou but eyes to see the vision fair
Of earth and sky? Behold His presence there.

3 Hast thou a heart to love? About thee press
Unnumbered hearts that need thy tenderness.

4 Thy love thou canst not lose; He waits to fill
The emptied heart and make it richer still.

5 Make Him but room, He seeks to enter in,
To bring thee peace for pain, and heal thy sin.

6 He loveth all; no longer fear and doubt;
His heart is wide, and none will He cast out.

7 Come then in trust and unto God draw nigh,
Live in His Life, and thou shalt never die. Amen.

WILLIAM G. TARRANT

430 REDEMPTION L. M.

MARIA LUIGI CHERUBINI

(♩=96) E - ter - nal Beam of Light di - vine, Foun - tain of

un - ex - haust - ed love, In Whom the Fa - ther's glo - ries

shine, Through earth be - neath and heav'n a - bove! A - men.

2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear:
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

3 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh;
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief and care and fear shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

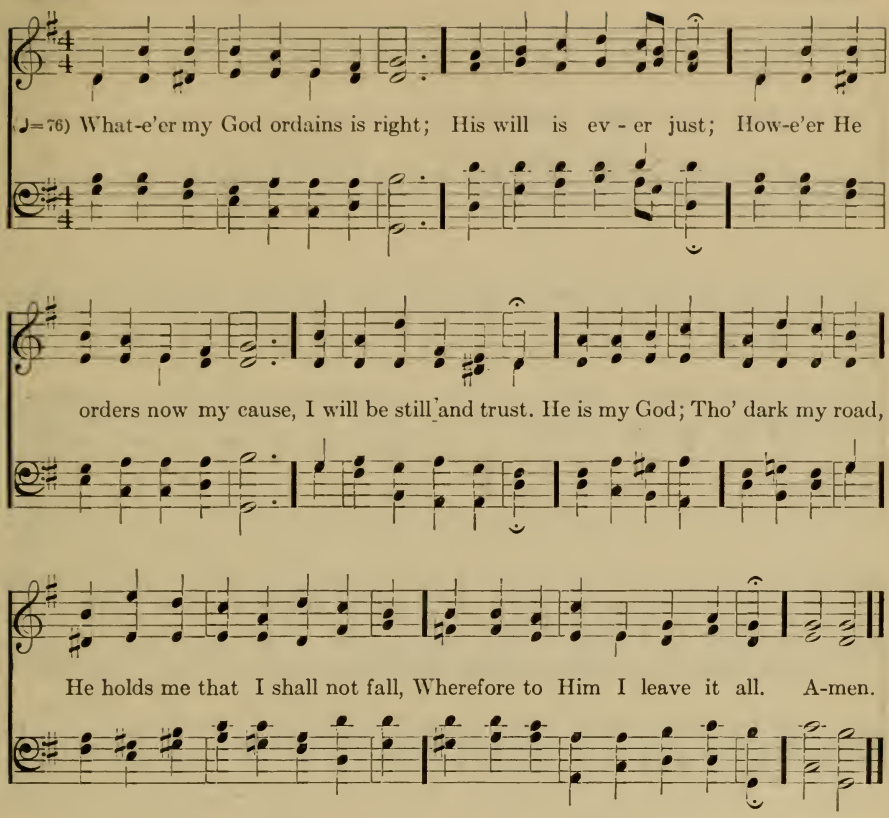
4 Speak to my warring passions, peace;
Say to my trembling heart, be still:
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

5 O death, where is thy sting? where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God, or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save? Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY

431 RODIGAST 8.6.8.6.4.4.8.8

WALTER B. GILBERT



2 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
He never will deceive;
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to Him I cleave,
And take content
What He hath sent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.

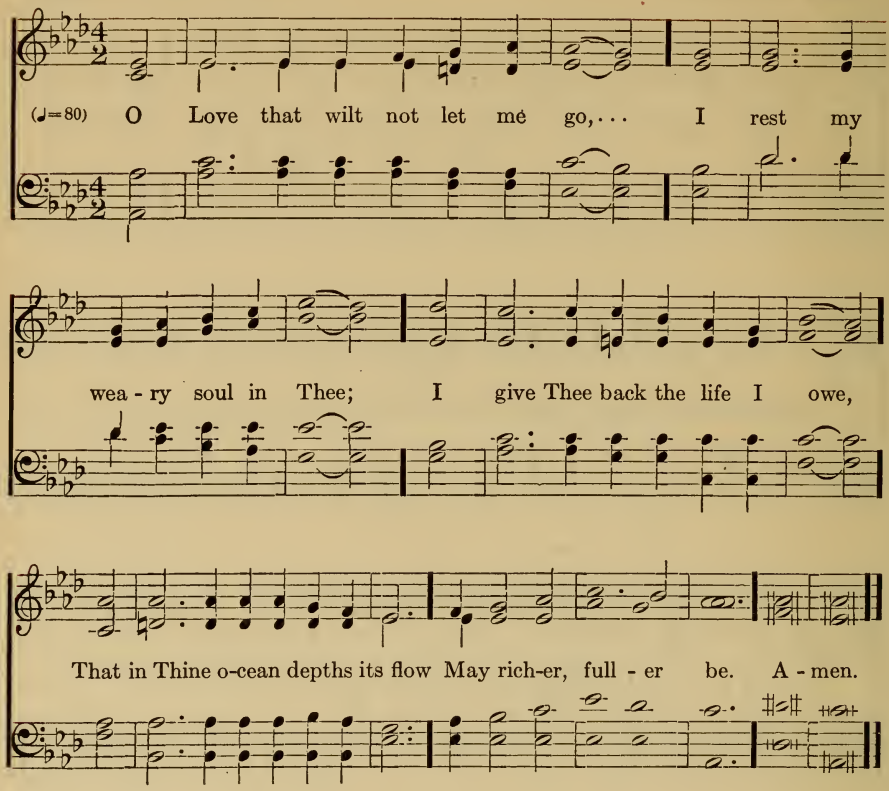
4 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
My light, my life is He,
Who cannot will me aught but good;
I trust Him utterly;
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,
How faithful was our Guardian here.

5 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Here will I take my stand,
Though sorrow, need, or death make [earth
For me a desert land.
My Father's care
Is round me there,
He holds me that I shall not fall;
And so to Him I leave it all. Amen.

SAMUEL RODIGAST. Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH

432 ST. MARGARET 8.8.8.8.6

ALBERT L. PEACE



2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be. Amen.

GEORGE MATHESON

Trust

433 NEUMARK 9.8.9.8.8.8 — GEORGE NEUMARK

(♩=72) If thou but suf - fer God to guide thee, And trust in

Him in all thy ways, He'll give thee strength whate'er be - tide thee,

And bear thee through all ev - il days: Who trusts in God's un -

chang-ing love Builds on the rock that naught can move. A - men.

2 Only be still and wait His leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-discerning love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

3 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving,
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His word; though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee:
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed. Amen.

GEORGE NEUMARK

434 EIN' FESTE BURG Irregular

MARTIN LUTHER

(♩=56) A migh-ty for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;

Our help - er He, a - mid the flood Of mor- tal ills pre - vail - ing.

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are

great; And armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e - qual. A-men.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask Who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him!

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him Who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever. Amen.

MARTIN LUTHER. Tr. FREDERICK H. HEDGE

Trust

435 CHENIES 7s & 6s. D. TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS

(♩=112) God is my strong sal - va - tion; What foe have I to fear?

In dark - ness and temp - ta - tion, My light, my help is near:

Though hosts en - camp a - round me, Firm in the fight I stand;

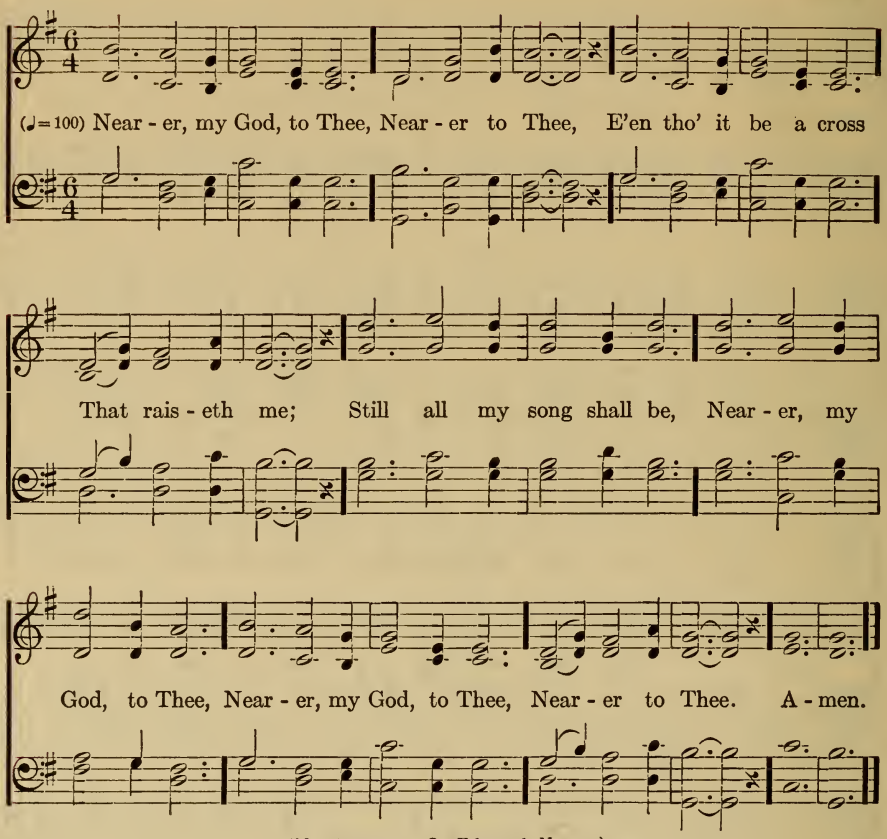
What ter - ror can con - found me, With God at my right hand? A-men.

2 Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate:
His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
The Lord will give thee peace. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

436 BETHANY 6.4.6.4.6.6.4

LOWELL MASON



(May be sung to St. Edmund, No. 351)

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

SARAH F. ADAMS

437 LYTE S. M.

JOHN B. WILKES

(♩=96) Far from my heav'n - ly home. Far from my Fa - ther's breast,

Faint-ing I c y, blest Spir-it, come, And speed me to my rest. A-men.

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints abode?

4 God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast:
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last! Amen.

HENRY F. LYTE

438 SIENNA S. M.

JOHN H. DEANE

(♩=100) My Spir - it on Thy care, Blest Sav - iour, I re - cline;

Thou wilt not leave me to de - spair, For Thou art love di - vine. A-men.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform:
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure in having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee. Amen.

HENRY F. LYTE

439 I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR 6.4.6.4 With Refrain

ROBERT LOWRY

(♩=100) I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;

No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.

REFRAIN

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee;

Oh, bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee! A-men.

Copyright, 1900, by Mary Runyon Lowry. Renewal. Used by permission.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.—*Ref.*

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.—*Ref.*

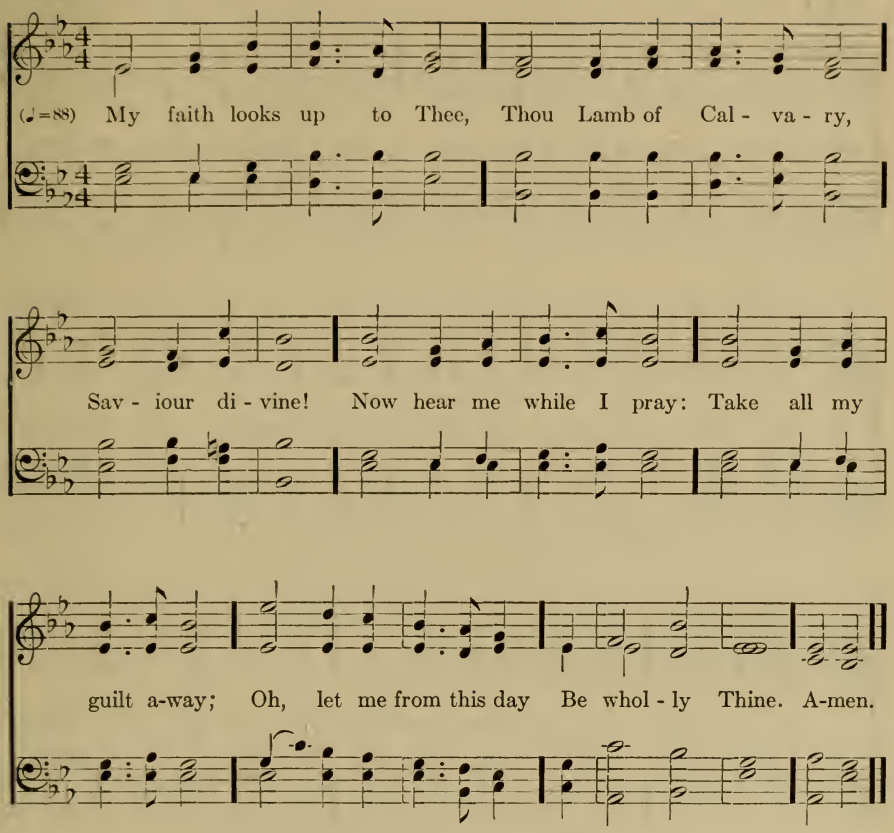
4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.—*Ref.*

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son!—*Ref.* Amen.

ANNIE S. HAWKS

440 OLIVET 6.6.4.6.6.4

LOWELL MASON



2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

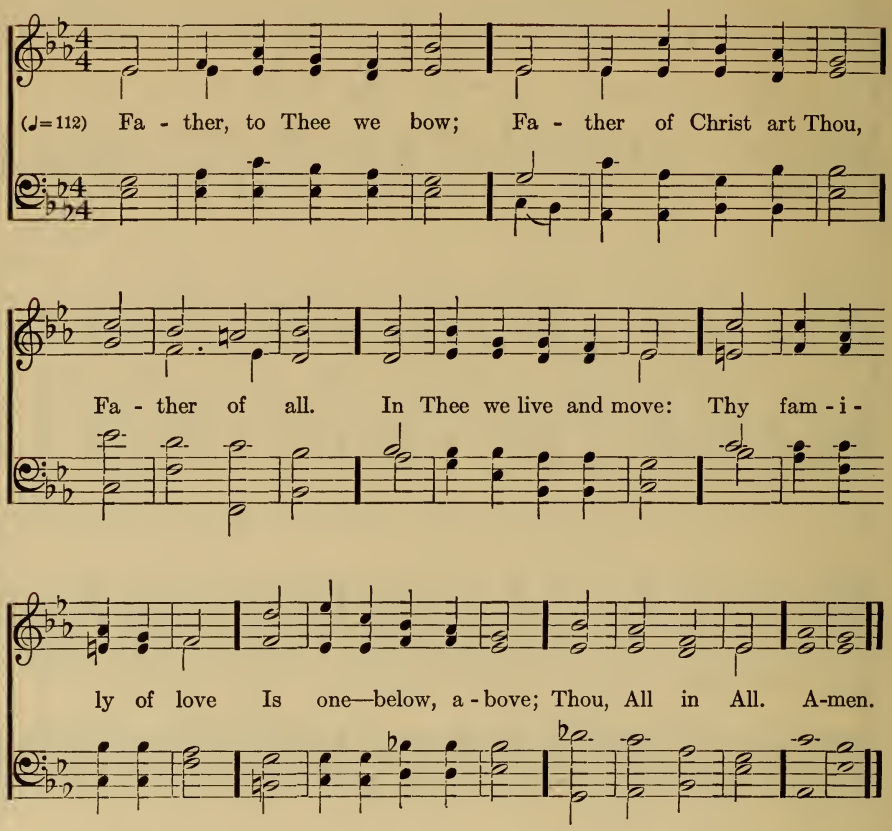
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul! Amen.

RAY PALMER

441 ST. AMBROSE 6.6.4.6.6.4

WILLIAM H. MONK



2 Thy rich and glorious grace
Gird all our struggling days
With holy power;
That so Thy Spirit's might,
Filling our souls with light,
May lift to cloudless height
Each o'ercast hour.

3 In us may faith enshrine
Thy Christ—His Cross our sign,
His love our root;
That power to apprehend
The love which knows no end
From strength to strength may tend
With holy fruit.

4 We with all saints would know
The utmost Thou wouldst show
In Christ our Lord:
All lower longings stilled,
From Him would we be filled
Full as Thy grace hath willed,
Fullness of God.

5 To Thee, Who more canst bless
Than prayers or thoughts express
With powers divine,
Thy Church in Christ doth raise
Her filial hymn of praise:
Through everlasting days
All glory Thine. Amen.

JAMES MORRIS WHITON

442 LONGWOOD 10s.

JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=90) Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of peace; With - out Thy guiding hand we go a - stray, And doubts ap - pal, and sor-rows still in - crease; Lead us thro' Christ, the true and liv - ing Way. A-men.

(May be sung to Langran, No. 154, or Dalkeith, No. 543)

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee. Amen.

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH

443 AMSTERDAM 7s & 6s. D.

Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch,
through Wesley's Foundry Tune-book

(♩=92) Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;

Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Toward heav'n, thy destined place:

Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove. A-men.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, my soul, oh, cease to mourn!
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given. Amen.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE, v. 3 alt.

444 Tune—AMSTERDAM

1 Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice,
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice.
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place;
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of Thy grace.

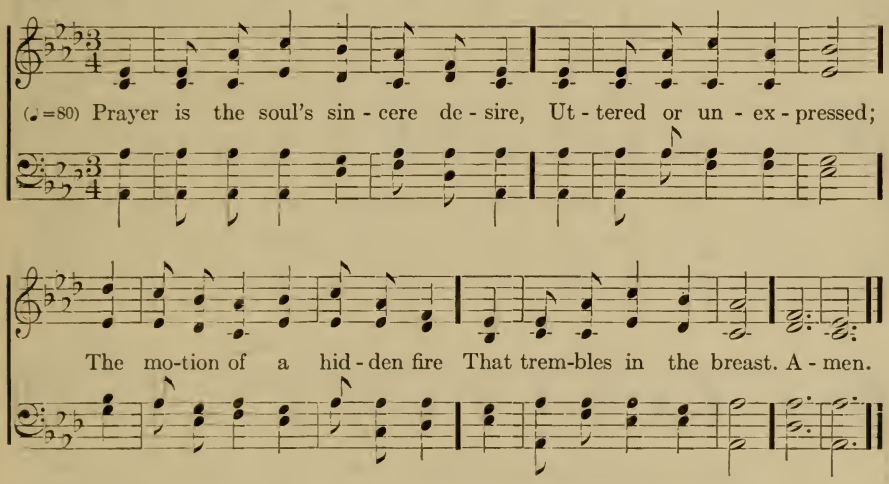
2 Lord, my time is in Thy hand,
My soul to Thee convert;
Thou canst make me understand,
Though I am slow of heart.
Thine in Whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the praise is Thine;
Thou art wisdom, power and love,
And all Thou art is mine.

3 From the world of sin and noise
And hurry I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe:
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in Thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of Thy love. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY

445 EVAN C. M.

WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL



2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou, by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

446 MARLBOROUGH 11s & 10s.

Arr. by Arthur S. Sullivan

(♩=108) Fa - ther, in Thy mys - te - rious pres - ence kneel - ing,

Fain would our souls feel all Thy kin - dling love;

For we are weak, and need some deep re - veal - ing

Of trust, and strength, and calm-ness from a - bove. A - men.

2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow;
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 In the heart's depths, a peace serene and holy
Abides; and, when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, oh! may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

Aspiration

4 Now, Father, now in Thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love;
Now make us strong; we need Thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above. Amen.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

(*Second Tune*)

HENLEY 11s & 10s. LOWELL MASON

(♩=112) Fa - ther, in Thy mys - te - rious pres - ence kneeling,

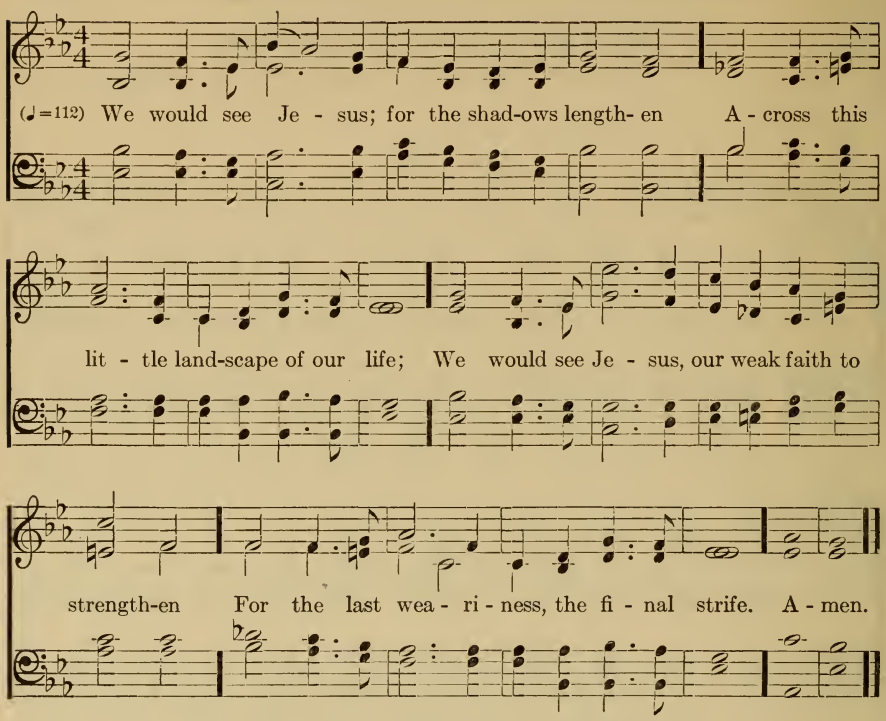
Fain would our souls feel all Thy kin - dling love;

For we are weak, and need some deep re - vealing

Of trust, and strength, and calm- ness from a - bove. A - men.

447 FELIX 11s & 10s.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY



2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night. Amen.

ANNA B. WARNER

Aspiration

448 NEWCASTLE 8.6.8.8.6 — HENRY L. MORLEY

(♩=112) E - ter - nal Light! e - ter - nal Light! How pure the soul must be,

When, placed with - in Thy search - ing sight, It shrinks not but, with

calm de - light, Can live, and look on Thee! A - men.

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3 Oh, how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?

4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode,
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God.

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love. Amen.

THOMAS BINNEY

449 MORECAMBE 10s.

FREDERICK C. ATKINSON

(♩= 116) Thou Life with- in my life, than self more near, Thou veil - ed Pres - ence

in - fi - nite - ly clear, From all il - lu - sive shows of sense I flee,

To find my cen - ter and my rest in Thee. A - men.

2 Below all depths Thy saving mercy lies,
Through thickest glooms I see Thy light arise;
Above the highest heavens Thou art not found
More surely than within this earthly round.

3 Take part with me against these doubts that rise
And seek to throne Thee far in distant skies;
Take part with me against this self that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares.

4 How shall I call Thee Who art always here?
How shall I praise Thee Who art still most dear?
What may I give Thee, save what Thou hast given?
And whom but Thee have I in earth or heaven? Amen.

ELIZA SCUDDER

Aspiration

450 PAX DEI 10s. JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=90) As pants the wea - ried hart for cool - ing springs,

That sinks ex - haust - ed in the sum - mer's chase,

So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,

So thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing place. A - men.

2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love. Amen.

ROBERT LOWTH. Tr. GEORGE GREGORY

451 ST. MARY MAGDALENE 6s & 5s. D.

JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=100) Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind;

Dear - er yet and dear - er, Ev - 'ry du - ty find;

Hop - ing still and trust - ing God with - out a fear,

Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear: A - men.

2 Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain;
Surer yet and surer,
Peace at last to gain;
Suff'ring still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind:

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night;
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light,
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest. Amen.

Anonymous

452 BLUMENTHAL 7s. D.

JACOB BLUMENTHAL

(♩=104) Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my cry; Ho - ly Sav - iour, bend Thine ear;

Ho - ly Spir - it, come Thou nigh: Fa - ther, Sav - iour, Spir - it, hear!

Fa - ther, save me from my sin; Sav - iour, I Thy mer - cy crave;

Gracious Spir - it, make me clean: Fa-ther, Son and Spir - it, save! A-men.

2 Father, let me taste Thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move:
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!
Father, Son, and Spirit—Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God! Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR

453 WAVERTREE L. M. 61.

WILLIAM SHORE

(♩=100) Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower, Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;

Thee will I love with all my pow'r, In all Thy works, and Thee a - lone;

Thee will I love, till sa - cred fire Fills my whole soul with pure de-sire. A - men.

2 In darkness willingly I strayed;
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved;
Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread;
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved;
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day. Amen.

JOHANN SCHEFFLER, Tr. JOHN WESLEY

Aspiration

454 ADORO TE L. M. 61. JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=84) Thou hid - den love of God, whose height, Whose depth un -

fath - omed no man knows: I see from far Thy beau-teous light,

In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose: My heart is pained, nor

can it be At rest, till it find rest in Thee. A - men.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

3 Oh, hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My base affections crucify,
Nor let one favorite sin survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call!
Speak to my inmost soul, and say
I am thy love, thy God, thy all!
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice!
Amen.

GERHARDT TERSTEEGEN. Tr. JOHN WESLEY

The Christian Life

455 BEECHER 8s & 7s. D. JOHN ZUNDEL

(♩=108) Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!

Fix in us Thy hum- ble dwell- ing, All Thy faith- ful mer-cies crown.

Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas - sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va -tion, En- ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart. Amen.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

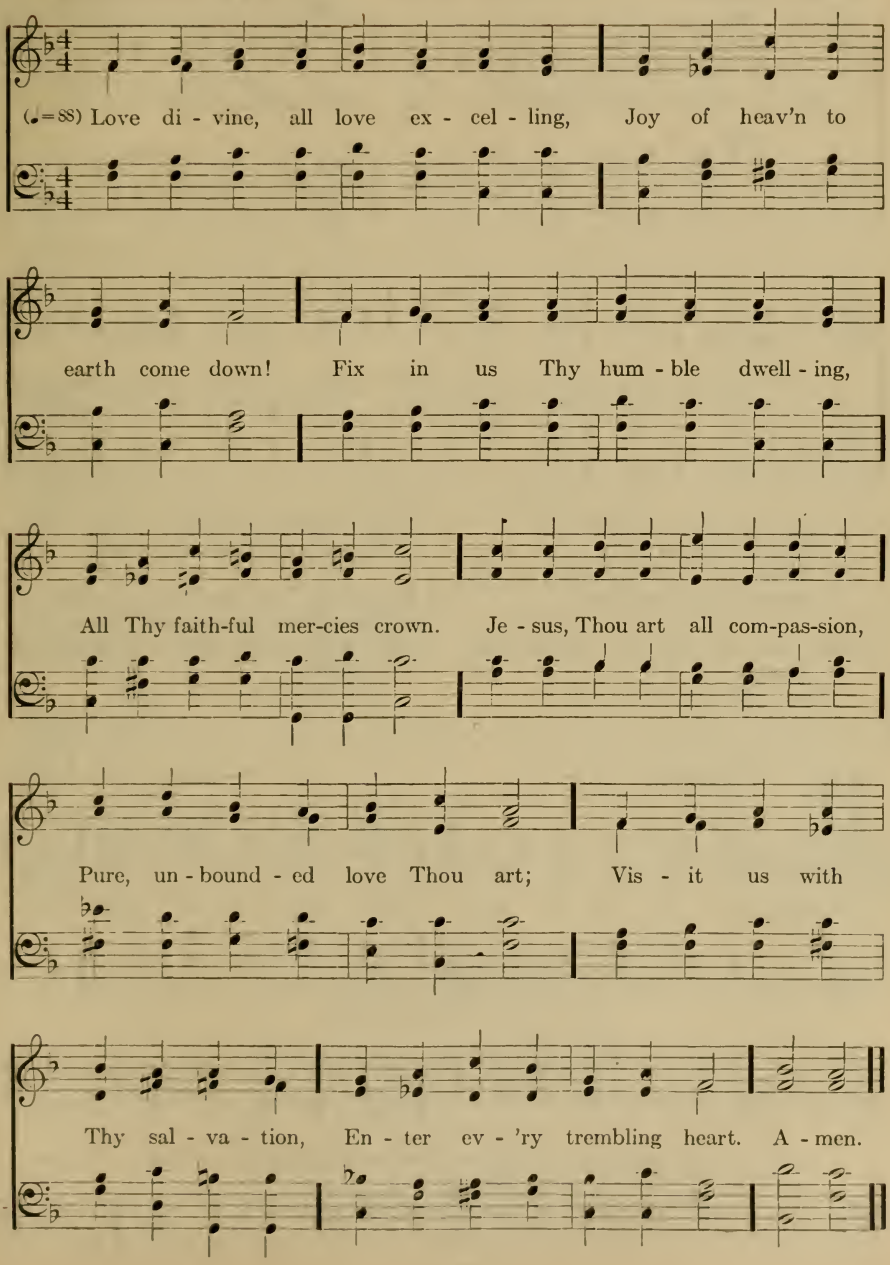
3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Come to us, dear Lord, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY, alt.

Aspiration

LOVE DIVINE 8s & 7s. D. (*Second Tune*) GEORGE F. LE JEUNE



456 MANOAH C. M.

Arr. fr. Rossini

(♩=104) If Thou im-part Thy-self to me, No oth - er good I need;

If Thou, the Son, shalt make me free, I shall be free in-deed. A-men.

2 I cannot rest till in Thy blood
I full redemption have;
But Thou, thro' Whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

3 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe—and not in vain;
My faith shall make me whole.

4 I too, with Thee, shall walk in white;
With all Thy saints shall prove
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height,
Of everlasting Love. Amen.

Charles Wesley

457 ST. GEORGE S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett

(♩=92) Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God; The

se - cret of the Lord is theirs; Their soul is Christ's a - bode. A - men.

2 The Lord, Who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King;

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be:
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee. Amen.

JOHN KEBLE

458 LIGHT OF THE WORLD 11s & 6s.

GEORGE A. MACFARREN

(♩= 120) Light of the world, for ev - er, ev - er shin - ing,
There is no change in Thee; True Light of life, all
joy and health en-shrin - ing, Thou canst not fade nor flee. A-men.

2 Thou hast arisen, but Thou declinest never;
To-day shines as the past:
All that Thou wast, Thou art, and shalt be ever,
Brightness from first to last!

3 Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness;
Day fills up all its blue:
Unfailing beauty, and unfaltering gladness,
And love forever new!

4 Light of the world, undimming and unsetting,
Oh, shine each mist away:
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting;
Be our unchanging day! Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR

459 BERA L. M.

JOHN E. GOULD

(♩=88) O Thou to Whose all - search - ing sight The dark-ness shin - eth as the light, Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee; Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free! A - men.

2 Wash out the stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the Cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill! Amen.

NICHOLAS L. ZINZENDORF. Tr. JOHN WESLEY

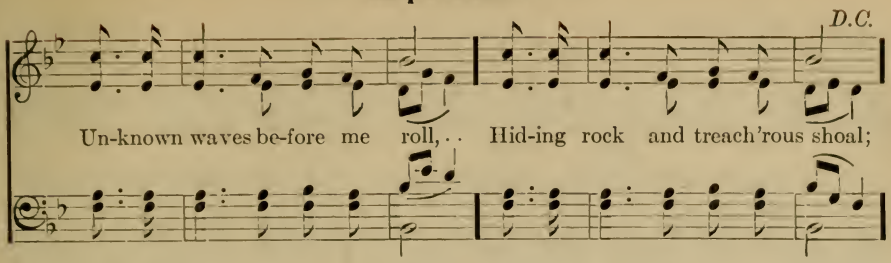
460 PILOT 7s. 6l.

JOHN E. GOULD

Fine.

(♩=86) Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
D.C.—Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav -iour, pi - lot me. A-men.

Aspiration



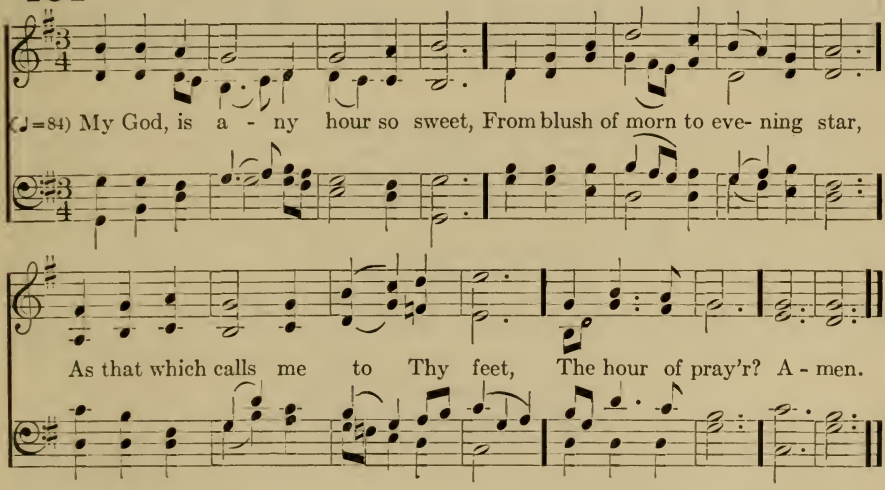
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee." Amen.

EDWARD HOPPER

461 ALMS GIVING 8.8.8.4

JOHN B. DYKES



2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer up-borne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

462 BEATITUDO C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=100) Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame,

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb! A-men.

2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

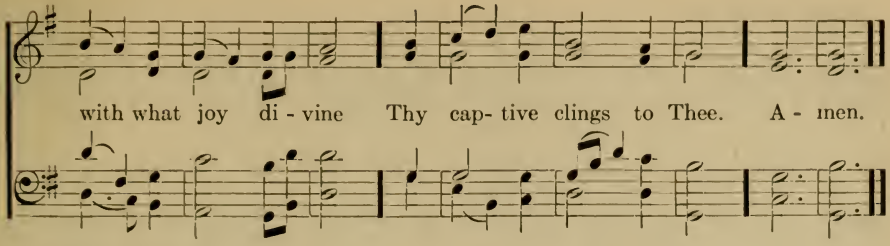
WILLIAM COWPER

463 THATCHER S. M.

Arr. fr. GEORGE F. HÄNDEL

(♩=100) Dear Lord and Mas-ter mine, Thy hap - py ser - vant see: My Conqueror,

Aspiration



2 I love Thy yoke to wear,
To feel Thy gracious bands,
Sweetly restrained by Thy care,
And happy in Thy hands.

3 No bar would I remove;
No bond would I unbind;
Within the limits of Thy love
Full liberty I find.

4 I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God;
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of Thee the road.

5 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on Thy breast;
The conflicts that Thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

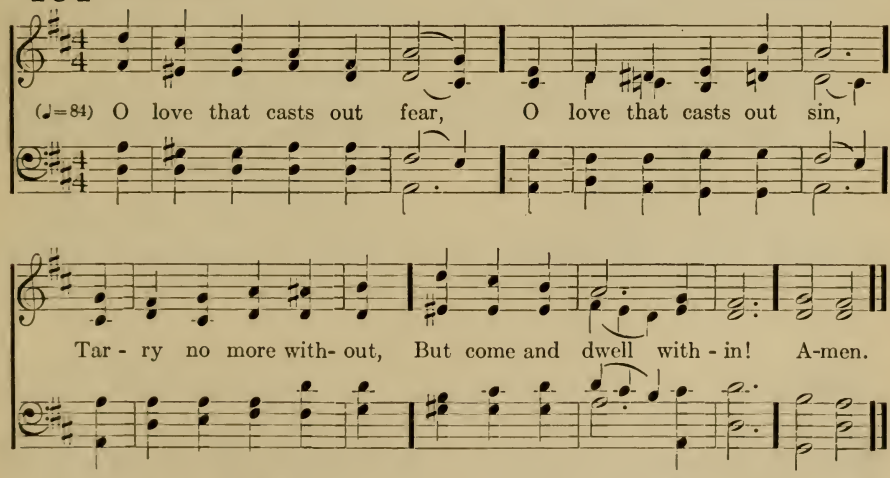
6 Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true;
My Guardian and my Guide divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through.

7 My Conqueror and my King,
Still keep me in Thy train;
And with Thee Thy glad captive bring,
When Thou return'st to reign. Amen.

THOMAS H. GILL

464 ST. DENYS 6s.

FRANK SPINNEY



2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround us as we go;
So shall our way be safe,
Our feet no straying know.

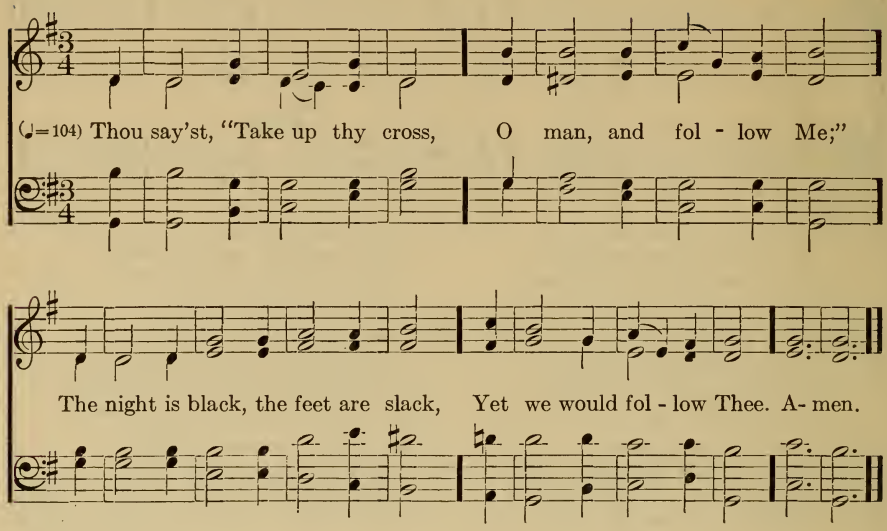
3 Great love of God come in!
Well-spring of heavenly peace;
Thou Living Water, come!
Spring up, and never cease.

4 Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR

465 MARSHALL S. M.

George J. Geer



2 But, O dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy face could see!
Thy blessèd face one moment's space—
Then might we follow Thee!

3 Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can we follow Thee?

4 Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?

5 O heavy cross—of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore Thyself restore
And help to follow Thee!

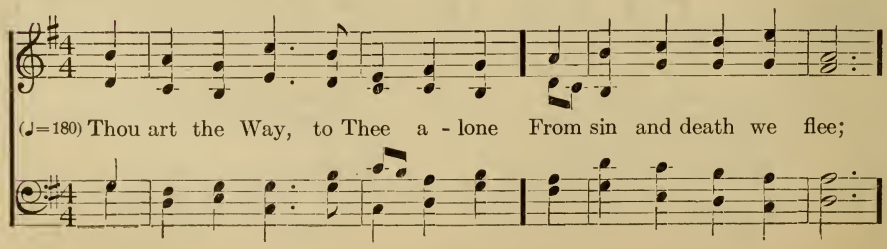
6 If not as once Thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow Thee.

7 Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:
Set up Thy throne within Thine own:
Go, Lord: we follow Thee. Amen.

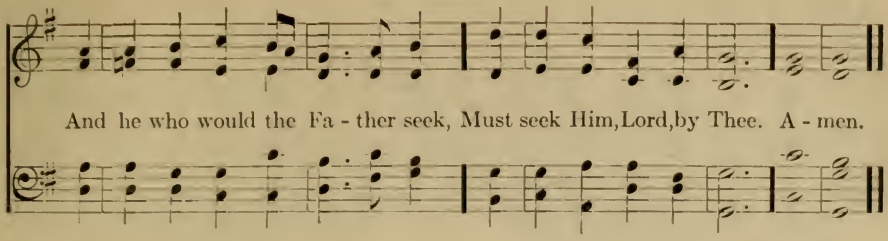
Francis T. Palgrave

466 FAITH C. M.

John B. Dykes



Aspiration



2 Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

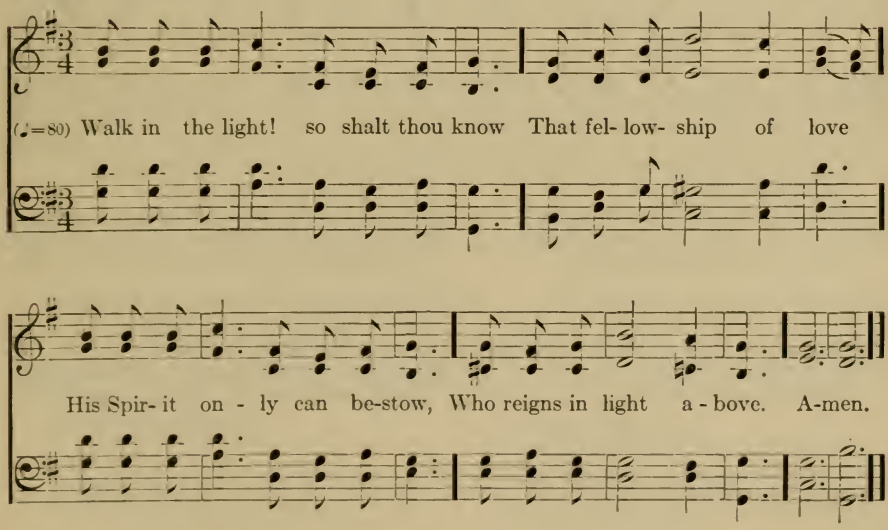
3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

GEORGE W. DOANE

467 LAMBETH C. M.

WILHELM SCHULTHES



2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light on thee hath shone
In which is perfect day.

3 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear:
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light. Amen.

BERNARD BARTON

468 ELTON 8.6.8.8.6.

FREDERICK C. MAKER

(♩=96) Dear Lord and Fa- ther of man- kind, For- give our fe - verish ways;

Re-clothe us in our right - ful mind; In pur - er lives Thy

ser - vice find, In deep - er rev- 'rence, praise. A - men.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love.

4 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire:
Speak thro' the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm! Amen.

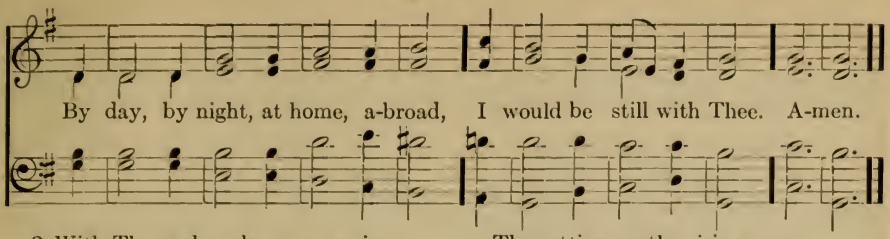
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

469 MARSHALL S. M.

GEORGE J. GEER

(♩=104) Still, still with Thee, my God, I would de - sire to be;

Aspiration



2 With Thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising, sun
With Thee my heart would find.

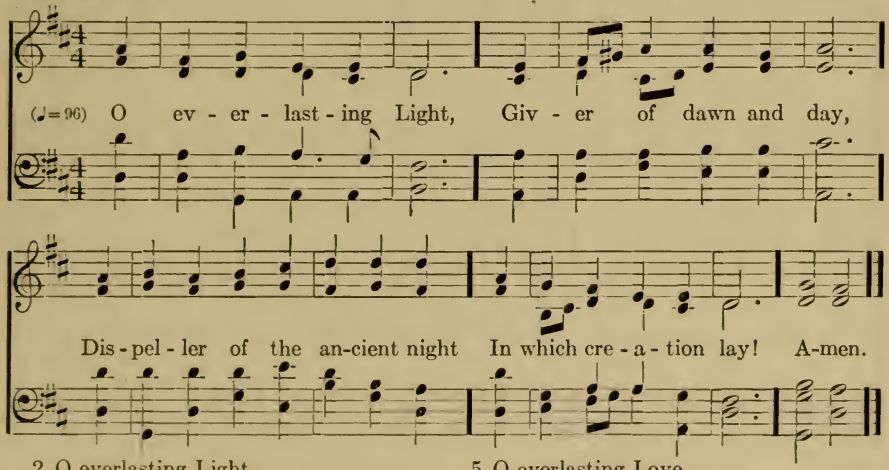
5 With Thee, when darkness brings,
The signal of repose;
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee. Amen.

JAMES D. BURNS

470 SWABIA S. M.

JOHANN CRÜGER. Arr. by WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL



2 O everlasting Light,
Shine graciously within!
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come, shine away my sin.

3 O everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure Guide of erring age and youth,
Lead me, and teach me too.

4 O everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy, and light, and day.

5 O everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace;
Pour down Thy fullness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

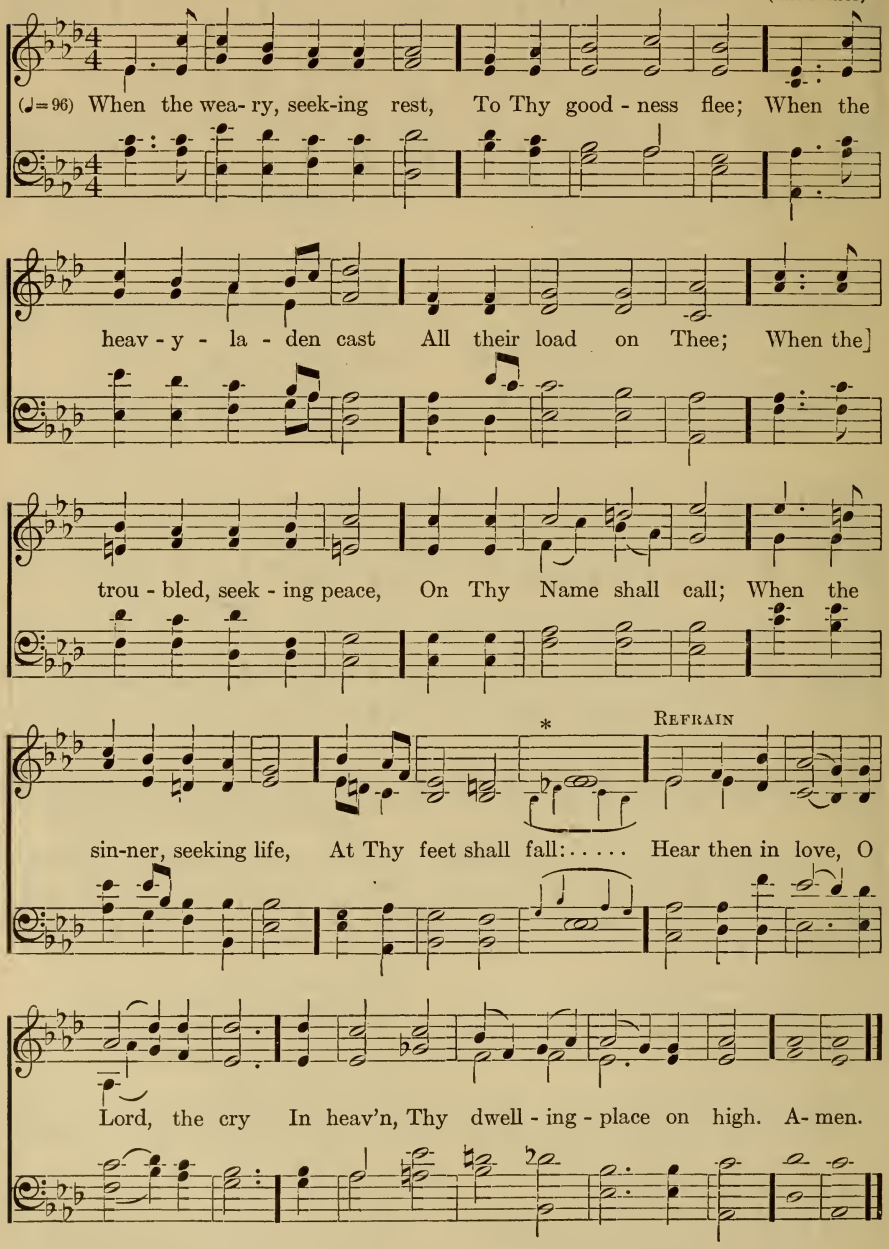
6 O everlasting Rest,
Lift off life's load of care;
Relieve, revive the burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear.

7 Thou art in heaven our all,
Our all on earth art Thou;
Upon Thy glorious Name we call,
Lord Jesus, bless us now. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR

471 INTERCESSION 7s & 5s. D. With Refrain

WILLIAM H. CALLCOTT and FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY (last 2 lines)



*The small notes may be sung or not, as preferred

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, from his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:—*Ref.*

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:—*Ref.*

4 When the child, with loving heart,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, trusting still,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:—*Ref.* Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR

472 DULCE CARMEN 8s & 7s. 6l.

J. MICHAEL HAYDN

(♩=100) Lead us, heav'nly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;
Yet pos-sess-ing ev - 'ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa-ther be. A - men.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

JAMES EDMESTON

473 HOMELAND 7s & 6s. D.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

(♩=108) The Home-land! Oh, the Home - land! The land of souls free - born!

No gloom - y night is known there, But aye the fade - less morn:

I'm sigh - ing for that Coun - try, My heart is ach - ing here;

There is no pain in the Home-land, To which I'm drawing near. A- men.

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil,
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invade their holy home:
O dear, dear native Country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of His eternal love. Amen.

HUGH R. HAWEIS (?)

The Life Everlasting

(*First Tune*)

474 PILGRIMS 11s & 10s. With Refrain — HENRY SMART

(♩=108) Hark! hark, my soul! An-gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields, and

ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are tell- ing

REFRAIN

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

an-gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night! A-men.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc. Amen.

FREDERICK W. FABER

The Christian Life

(*Second Tune*)

VOX ANGELICA 11s & 10s. With Refrain — JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=100) Hark! hark, my soul! An- gel- ic songs are swell- ing O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

REFRAIN

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night! Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night! A - men.

The Life Everlasting

(*Third Tune*)

ANGELS OF JESUS 11s & 10s. With Refrain — JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=116) Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel- ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

REFRAIN

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing- ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night! A - men.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Ref.—Angels of Jesus, etc.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Ref.—Angels of Jesus, etc.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night [be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Ref.—Angels of Jesus, etc.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless [love.
Ref.—Angels of Jesus, etc. Amen.

FREDERICK W. FABER

475 MATERNA C. M. D.

SAMUEL A. WARD

(♩=92) O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee?

When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?. .

O hap - py har-bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas-ant soil! . .

In thee no sor-row may be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil. A-men.

2 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light,
O my sweet home, Jerusalem
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant [flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Right through thy streets, with silver [sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

4 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see! Amen.

Latin Hymn. Tr. "F. B. P.," arr. by DAVID DICKSON

476 PEARSALL 7s & 6s. D. (HORA NOVISSIMA—Part I)

ROBERT L. DE PEARSALL

The world is ver - y e - vil, The times are wax - ing late,

Be so - ber and keep vi - gil, The Judge is at the gate;

The Judge Who comes in mer - cy, The Judge Who comes with might,

To ter - mi-nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right. A-men.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that bear no thorn
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;

3 'Mid power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
Where rests a peace untroubled,
Peace holy and profound.
O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure for all distrest!

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest! Amen.

BERNARD OF CLUNY Tr. JOHN M. NEALE

477 ST. ANSELM 7s & 6s. D. (HORA NOVISSIMA—Part II) JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩= 100) For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep; For ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy ho - ly name, they weep.

The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc-tion to the breast, And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A - men.

(May be sung to Homeland, No. 473)

2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy;
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart,
And none, O Peace, O Zion,
Can sing thee as thou art.

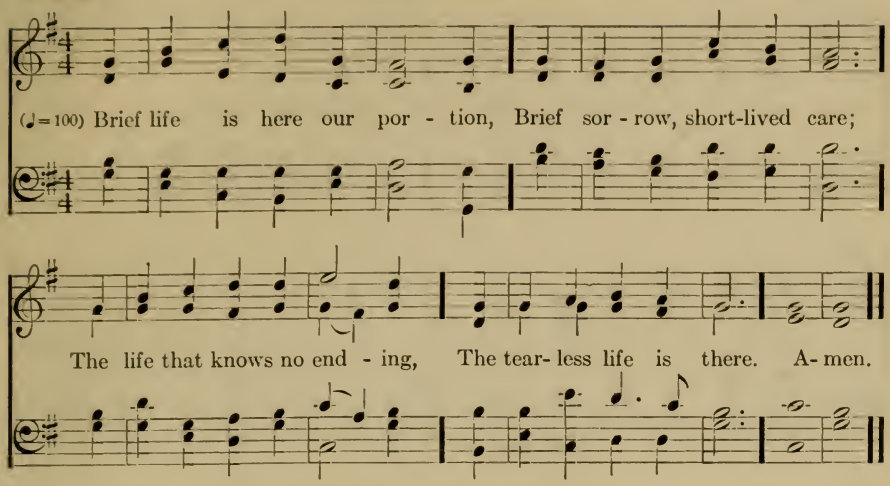
3 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
And the corner stone is Christ.

4 The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They build thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower. Amen.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. Tr. JOHN M. NEALE

The Life Everlasting

478 ST. ALPHEGE 7s & 6s. (HORA NOVISSIMA—Part III) HENRY J. GAUNTLETT



2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

4 And He Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.

5 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

6 There God our King and Portion,
In fullness of His grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

7 O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I e'er see thy face,
O sweet and blessèd country
Shall I e'er win thy grace?

8 Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art! Amen.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. Tr. JOHN M. NEALE

479 EWING 7s & 6s. D. (HORA NOVISSIMA—Part IV)

ALEXANDER EWING

(♩=100) Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest;

Be - neath thy con- tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-pressed:

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be- yond com-pare! A - men.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,
And there from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. Tr. JOHN M. NEALE

The Life Everlasting

(*Second Tune*)

URBS BEATA 7s & 6s. D. With Refrain — George F. Le Jeune

(♩=96) Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon-ey blest; Be-

neath thy con-tem-pla-tion Sink heart and voice op-prest. I know not, oh, I

know not, What joys a - wait us there! What ra-dian - cy of glo - ry!

Je - ru - - - - sa - lem, the

What bliss be-yond com-pare! Je - ru - sa-lem, the gold-en! With milk and hon-ey

gold - en Be-neath

blest; Be-neath thy con-tem-pla-tion Sink heart and voice op-prest. A-men.

Org.

480 SOUTHWELL C. M.

HERBERT S. IRONS

(♩=80) Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me,

When shall my la - bors have an end In joy, and peace, and thee? A-men.

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

From a Latin Hymn. Tr. "F. B. P.," arr. by JOSEPH BROMEHEAD (?)

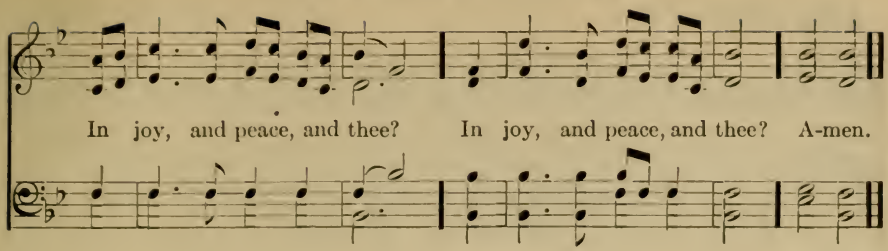
(*Second Tune*)

RHINE C. M.

Arr. fr. FRIEDRICH BURGMÜLLER

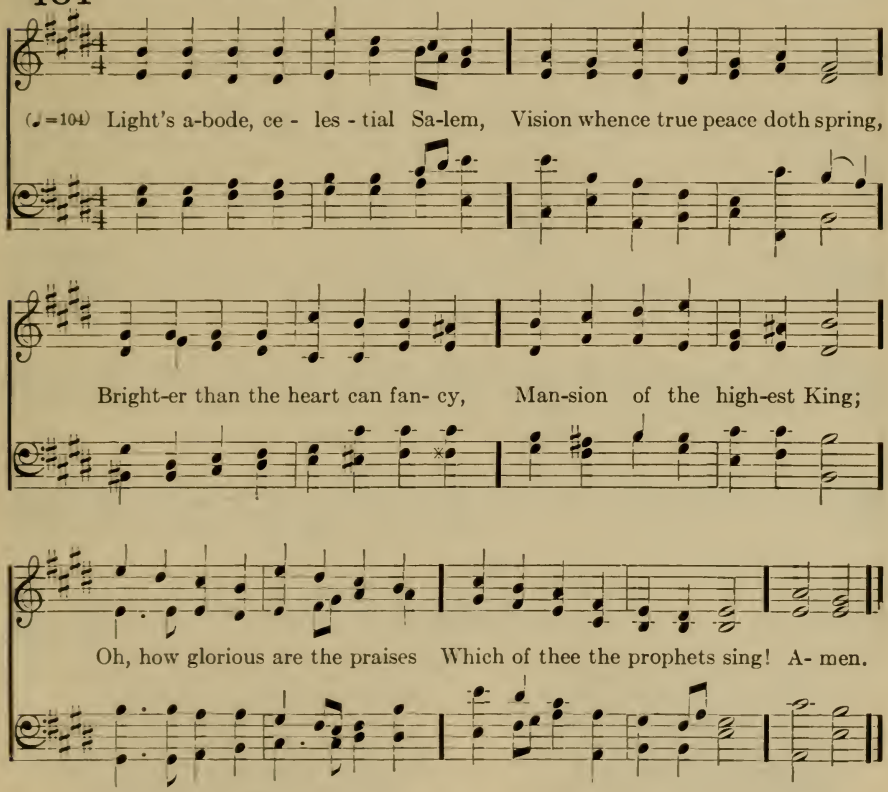
(♩=100) Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er

dear to me, When shall my la - bors have an end



481 BENEDIC ANIMA 8s & 7s. 61.

JOHN GOSS



2 There forever and forever
Alleluia is out-poured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

3 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter there thy labors
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with joy mayst stand arrayed.
Amen.

Latin Hymn, 15th cent. Tr. JOHN M. NEALE

482 BONAR 8.8.7.8.8.7

J. Baptiste Calkin

(♩=88) Up-ward where the stars are burning, Si - lent, si - lent in their turning,

Round the nev - er chang-ing pole; Up-ward where the sky is brightest,

Up-ward where the blue is lightest, Lift I now my long - ing soul. A-men.

2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings;
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him,
With His name the palace rings.

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessèd feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.
Amen.

Horatius Bonar

483 PARADISE 8.6.8.6.6.6.6 JOSEPH BARNBY

(♩=92) O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;

Where loy - al hearts and true,

Where loy - - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap - ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A-men.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We long to sin no more;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We shall not wait for long;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep us in Thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts, etc Amen.

FREDERICK W. FABER

484 CASTLE RISING C. M. D.

FREDERICK A. J. HERVEY

(♩= 100) The ro - seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The bright-ness of the day,

The crim - son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way!

Oh, for the pearl - y gates of heav'n, Oh, for the gold - en floor,

Oh, for the Sun of right-eous-ness That set-teth nev - er - more! A - men.

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And, by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown! Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

The Life Everlasting

485 RUTHERFORD 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5 Arr. fr. CHRETIEN D'URHAN by EDMUND F. RIMBAULT

(♩=104) The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of Heav - en breaks,

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.

Oh! dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land. A-men.

2 Oh, Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams of earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land. Amen.

ANNE R. COUSIN

486 LEIGHTON S. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX

(♩=88) For - ev - er with the Lord! A - men, so let it be; Life from the dead is in that word, And im - mor-tal - i - ty. A - men.

(May be sung to Schumann, No. 270)

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

5 Then, then I feel, that He
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

6 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

487 SHEPHERD C. M.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

(♩=108) There is a land of pure dé - light, Where saints im- mor - tal reign; E - ter - nal day ex- cludes the night, And pleas-ures banish pain. A-men.

The Life Everlasting

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS

(*Second Tune*)

VARINA C. M. D. Arr. by GEORGE F. ROOT

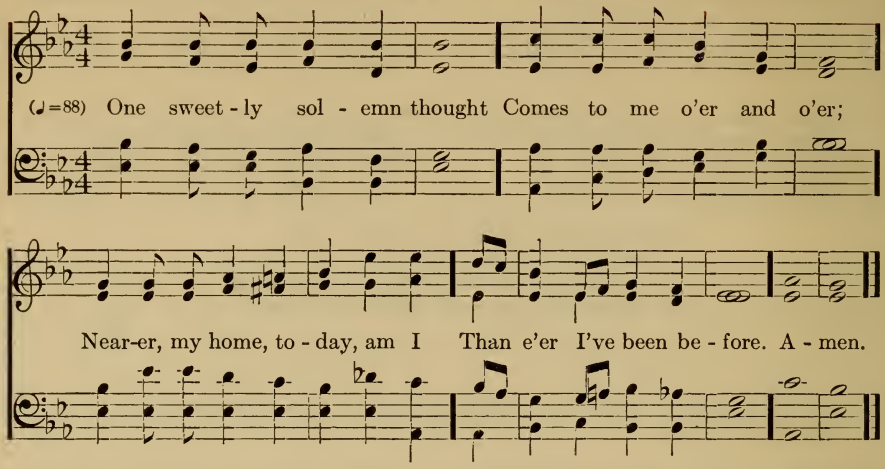
(♩=92) { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor - tal reign; }
{ In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night And pleas-ures ban - ish pain. }

2 There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er with'ring flowers;

Death, like a nar - row sea, di- vides This heav'nly land from ours. A- men.

488 DOLCE DOMUM S. M.

R. S. Ambrose



2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be,
Nearer to-day the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down,
Nearer to leave the heavy cross,
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 But lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the deep and unknown stream
To be crossed ere we reach the light.

5 Jesus, perfect my trust,
Strengthen my power of faith:
Nor let me stand at last alone
Upon the shore of death;

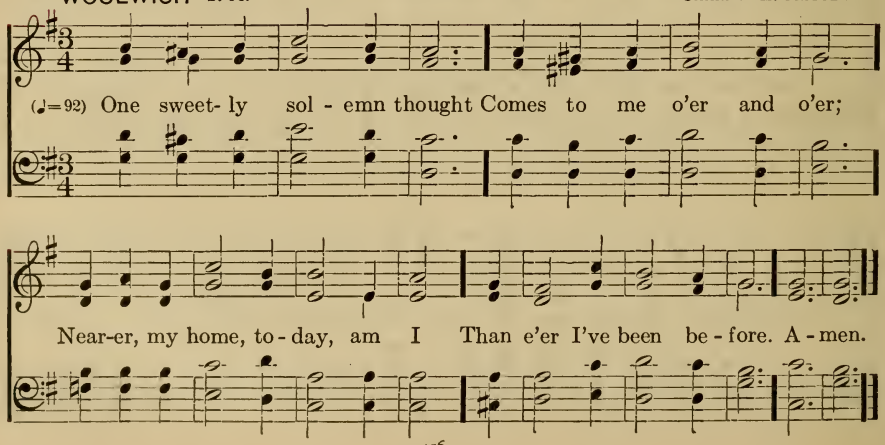
6 Feel Thee near when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think. Amen.

Phœbe Cary, alt.

(*Second Tune*)

WOOLWICH S. M.

Charles E. Kettle



The Life Everlasting

CHANT (?)

One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,

I'm nearer home to-day, Than I ever have been be - fore.

Nearer my Father's house where the many man - sions be.

Nearer the great white throne, Nearer the crys - tal sea. A - men.

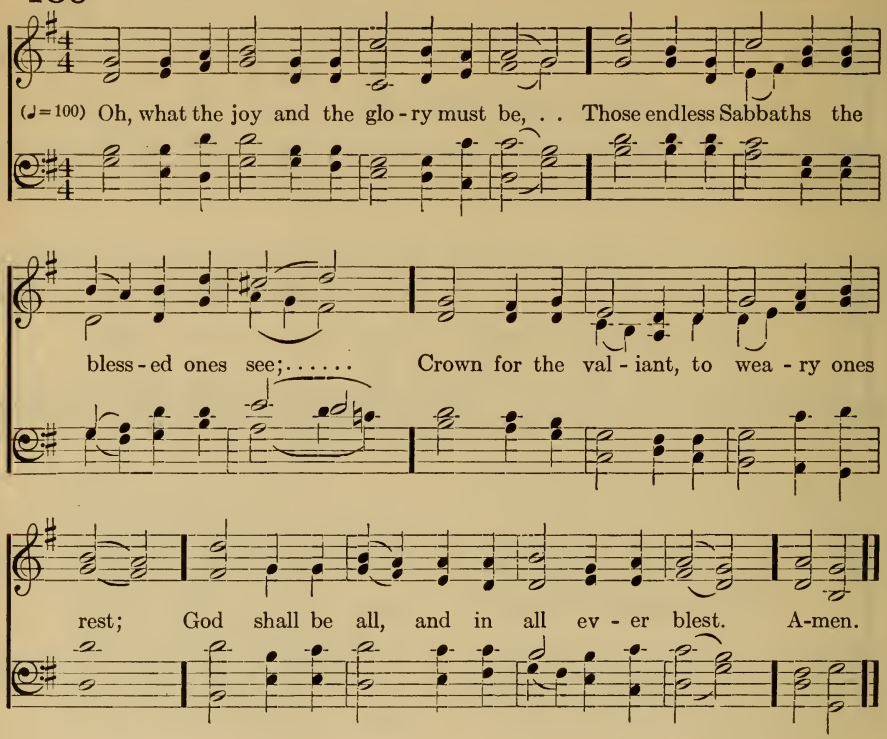
2 Nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our | bur-dens | down;
Nearer leaving the cross, Nearer | gaining ˙ the | crown;
But lying darkly between, Winding | down ˙ through the | night,
Is the deep and | un-known | stream || To be crossed ere we | reach the | light.

3 Jesus, perfect my trust, Strengthen the | hand ˙ of my | faith,
Let me feel Thee near when I stand On the edge of the | shore of | death
Feel Thee near when my feet Are slipping | over ˙ the | brink,
For it may be I'm | near-er | home, || Nearer | now ˙ than I | think. A - | men.

PHŒBE CARY, alt.

489 O QUANTA QUALIA 10s.

Ancient Plain-song



2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring
We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people eternally raise.

5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

6 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One. Amen.

PETER ABELARD. Tr. JOHN M. NEALE

490 CHRIST CHURCH 6.6.6.6.8.8

CHARLES STEGGALL

(♩=100) Je - ru - sa - lem on high My song and cit - y is, My home whene'er I die, The cen - tre of my bliss: O hap-py place! when shall I be, My God, with Thee to see Thy face? A - men.

2 There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live:
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

3 The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease:
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

4 The Lord's apostles there
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

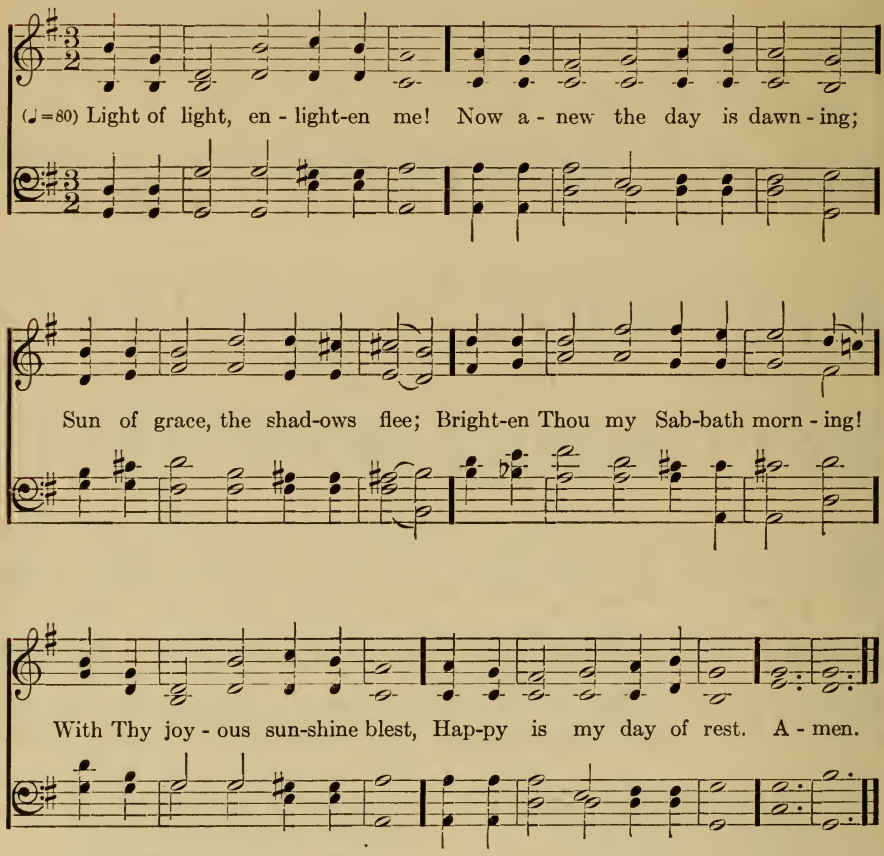
5 The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
Clothed in their white array,
Their scars with glory crowned.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

6 Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay!
No place like that on high;
Lord, thither guide my way!
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?
Amen.

SAMUEL CROSSMAN

491 HINCHMAN 7.8.7.8.7.7

UZZIAH C. BURNAP



2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless Thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.

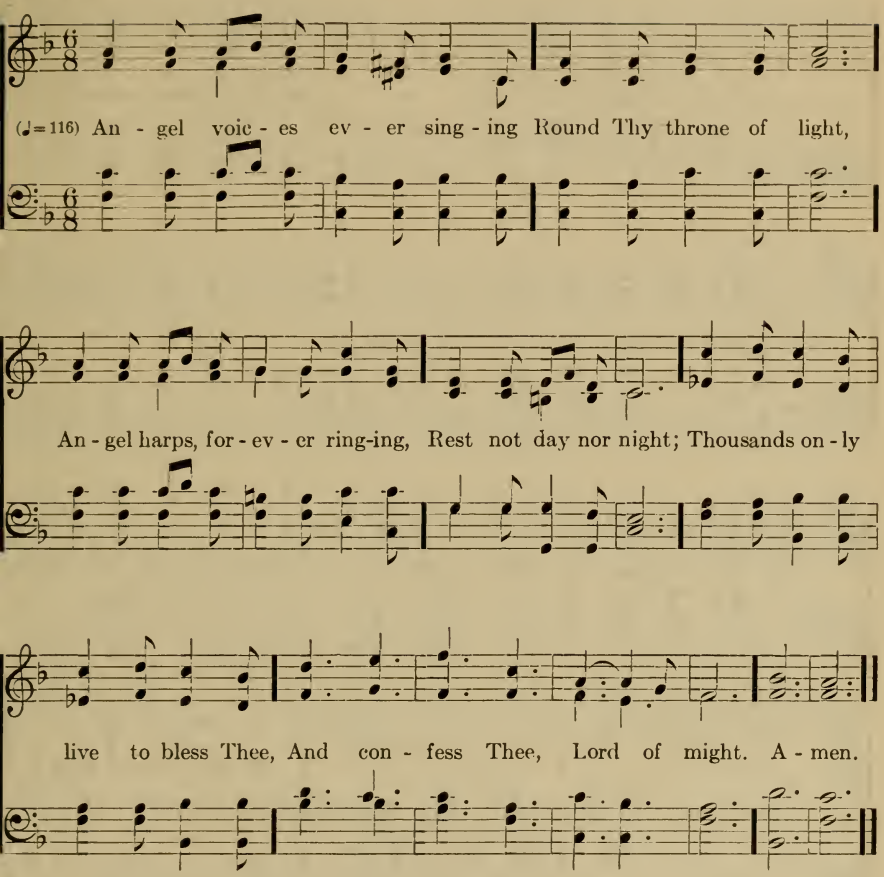
4 Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee up-springing,
Have a foretaste inly given,
How they worship Thee in heaven.

5 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy:
Come, thou gracious majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught to-day my soul shall move.
Simply resting in Thy love. Amen.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLCK. Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH

492 ANGEL VOICES 8.5.8.5.8.7

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN



2 Lord, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure didst design.

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices
In our choicest melody.

4 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be!
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven render Thee. Amen.

FRANCIS POTT

493 PATMOS 7.6.8.6 D.

H. J. Storer

(♩=96) I heard a sound of voic - es A - round the great white throne,

With harp - ers harp - ing on their harps To Him that sat there - on:

"Sal - va - tion, glo - ry, hon - our!" I heard the song a - rise,

As thro' the courts of heav'n it rolled In wondrous har-mo - nies. A - men.

2 From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war,
I heard the saints upraising,
The myriad hosts among,
In praise of Him Who died and lives,
Their one glad triumph-song.

3 I saw the holy city,
The New Jerusalem,
Come down from heaven, a bride a-
With jewelled diadem; [dorned
The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street;
And nations brought their honors there,
And laid them at her feet

4 And there no sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory did enlighten all,
The Lamb Himself, the light;
And there His servants serve Him,
And, life's long battle o'er,
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King,
They reign for evermore.

5 O great and glorious vision!
The Lamb upon His throne;
O wondrous sight for man to see!
The Saviour with His own:
To drink the living waters
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death,
Shall ever enter more.

6 O Lamb of God Who reignest!
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Whose glory lightens that new earth
Which now we see from far!
O worthy Judge eternal!
When Thou dost bid us come,
Then open wide the gates of pearl,
And call Thy servants home. Amen.

GODFREY THRING

494 DULCE CARMEN 8s & 7s. 6 l.

J. MICHAEL HAYDN

(♩=90) Al - le - lu - ia, song of glad-ness, Voice of joy that can - not die;

Al - le - lu - ia is the an-them Ev - er dear to choirs on high;

In the house of God a - bid-ing Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly. A-men.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia, joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego;
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us, blessèd Trinity,
At the last to see Thy glory
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully. Amen.

Latin Hymn, 11th cent. Tr. JOHN M. NEALE

495 EWELL 7s & 6s. D.

WILLIAM H. HARRIS

(♩=116) Di - vine, Ma - jes - tic Mak - er, And Sov'reign King of kings, Thou

.... Source and End e - ter - nal Of all cre - at - ed things!

Thou

Thine ev - er - last -ing splen- dor, Thine ev - er - last - ing might,

Are sung by le-gion an - gels, Who claim that joy by right. A-men.

2 We bless Thee for creation,
Our preservation here;
Those ties so deeply tender
That human hearts hold dear:
We see Thee in all goodness,
All things of joy and peace,
And fain would praise Thee wholly
With songs that never cease.

3 O frail of faith, take courage,
For God Himself draws near;
Not only Judge, but Father,
His love casts out our fear.
For us and our redemption
He gave Himself, His Son,
And sent His Holy Spirit,
The changeless Three in One.

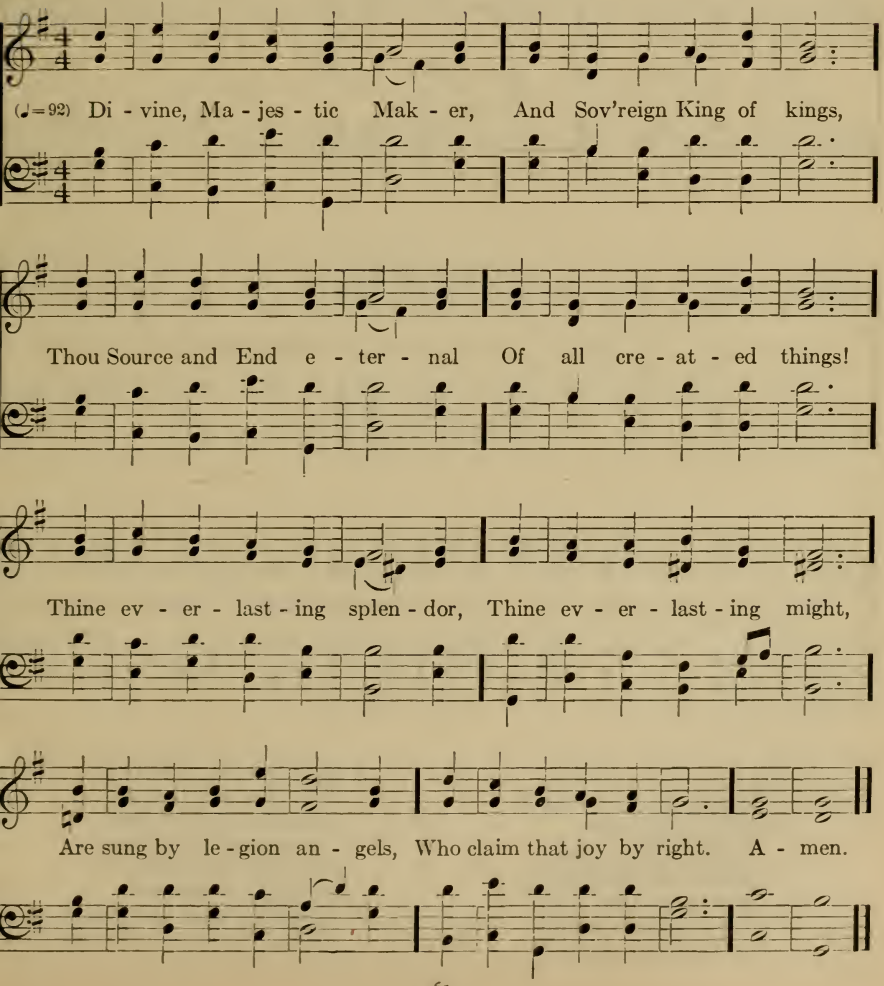
4 O God, Thy living mercy
Can never fail our needs,
Since Christ, the Intercessor,
Himself for mankind pleads.
Our freedom is in service,
Our peace in Thy employ,
For all that Thou dost send us
Prepares us for Thy joy.

5 Divine, belovèd Master,
And never-failing Friend,
Thy perfect love gives comfort,
Thou dost our souls defend
Through life, and time, and after,
Till death and sorrow flee,
And joy is hope's fulfilment
In long Eternity. Amen.

MARION MARGARET SCOTT

(*Second Tune*)

CRÜGER 7s & 6s. D. JOHANN CRÜGER



496 ST. CEPHAS 6s & 5s. D.

HOWARD A. CROSBIE

(♩=100) At the Name of Je - sus Ev - 'ry knee shall bow,

Ev - 'ry tongue con - fess Him King of glo - ry now.

'Tis the Fa - ther's pleas - ure We should call Him Lord,

Who from the be - gin - ning Was the might - y Word. A - men.

2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders
In their great array.

3 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed.

4 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true;
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

5 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now. Amen.

CAROLINE M. NOEL

(*Second Tune*)

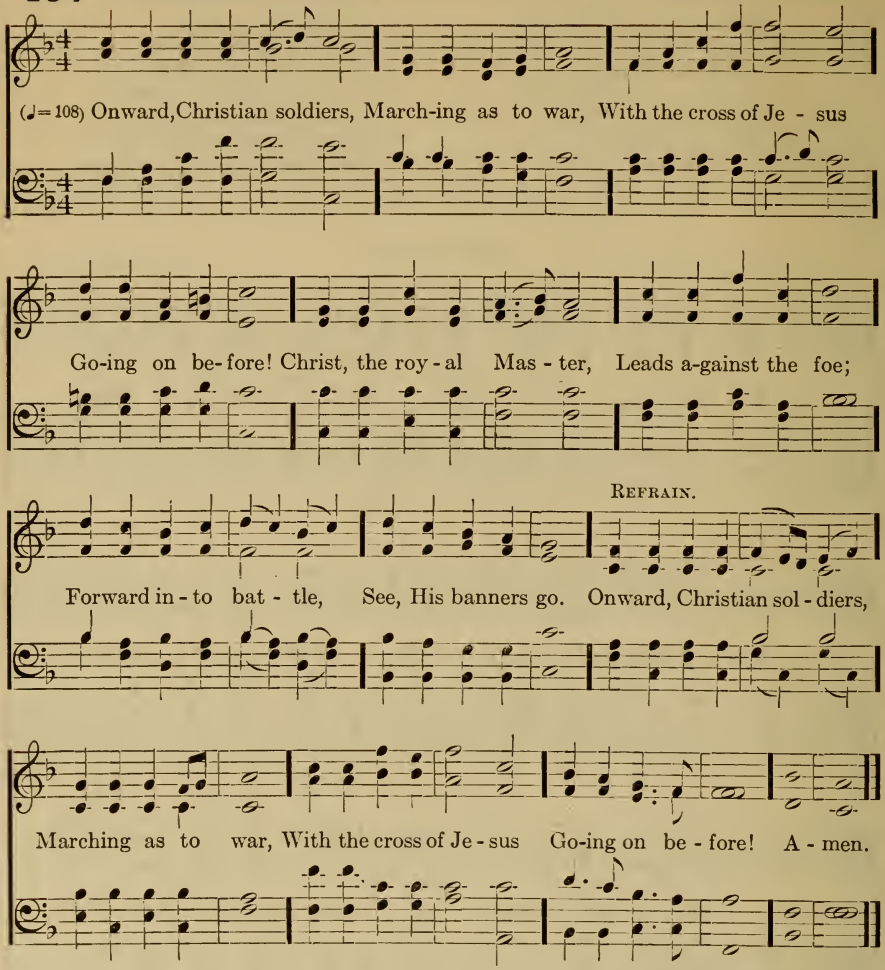
BAVARIA 6s & 5s. D.

CLEMENT R. GALE

(♩=100) At the Name of Je - sus Ev - 'ry knee shall bow,
Ev - 'ry tongue con - fess Him King of Glo - ry now;
'Tis the Fa - ther's pleas - ure We should call Him Lord,
Who from the be - gin - ning Was the might - y Word. A-men.

497 ST. GERTRUDE 6s & 5s. D. With Refrain

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN



2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!—*Ref.*

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one Body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—*Ref.*

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—*Ref.*

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.—*Ref.* Amen.

SABINE BARING-GOULD

Processionals

(*Second Tune*)

CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS 6s & 5s. D. With Refrain

HENRY R. FULLER

(♩=100) Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of

With the cross

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,

Christ the roy - al

Organ or 1st Trebles.

Onward,

Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go.

Chris - - - - tian sol - diers, Marching, march - - ing to war,

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,

With the cross, the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore. A-men.

498 DAVID 6s & 5s. D. THOMAS MORLEY

(♩=100) Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav - iour, List - en while we sing; Hearts and voic-es rais-ing Prais - es to our King. All we have we of - fer, All we hope to be, Bod - y, soul, and spir-it, All we yield to Thee. A-men.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
Thou, that we might follow
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great, and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows;
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

5 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

6 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God!
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

7 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King. Amen.

GODFREY THRING

(*Second Tune*)

PRINCETHORPE 6s & 5s. D. WILLIAM PITTS

(♩=92) Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour, List - en while we sing,

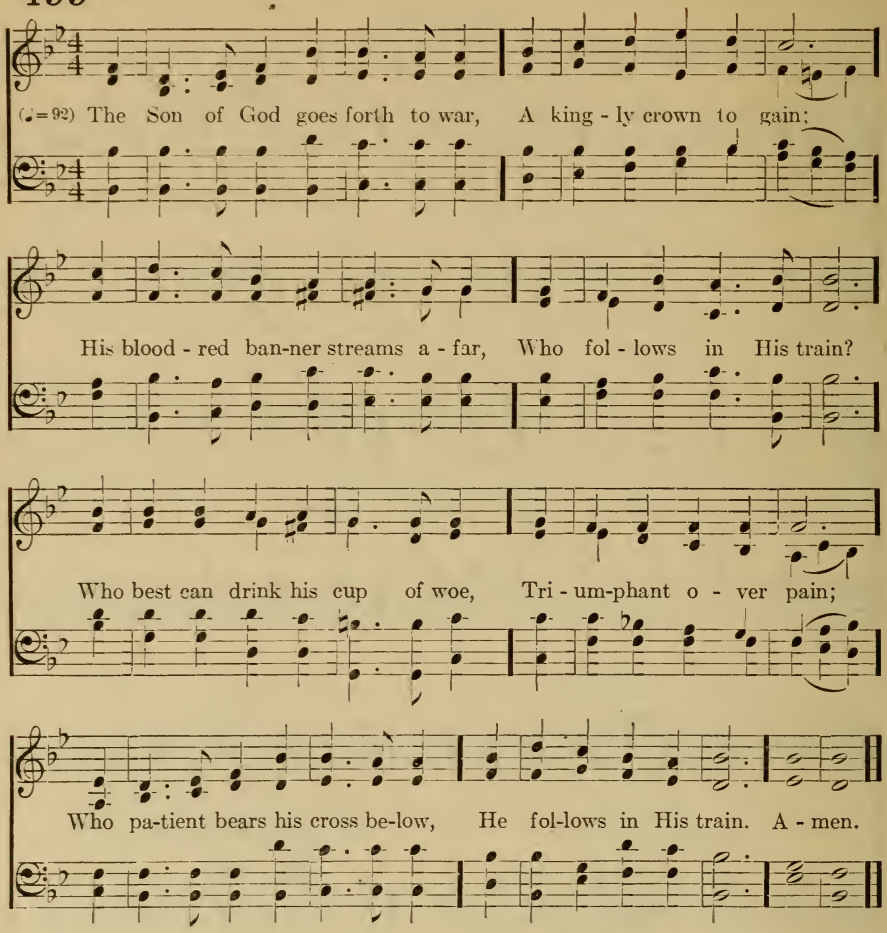
Hearts and voic - es rais - ing Prais - es to our King.

All we have we of - fer: All we hope to be,

Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee. A-men.

499 ALL SAINTS (New) C. M. D.

Henry S. Cutler



2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came; [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks, the death to [feel,
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train! Amen.

Reginald Heber

Processionals

CRUSADER C. M. D. (*Second Tune*) SAMUEL B. WHITNEY

(♩=88) The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;

His blood- red ban-ner streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train?

The Son of God,—* goes forth to war.*

1ST SOP., 2D SOP., and ALTO.
He (Who) fol - lows in His train.*

2D ALTO
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o - ver pain;

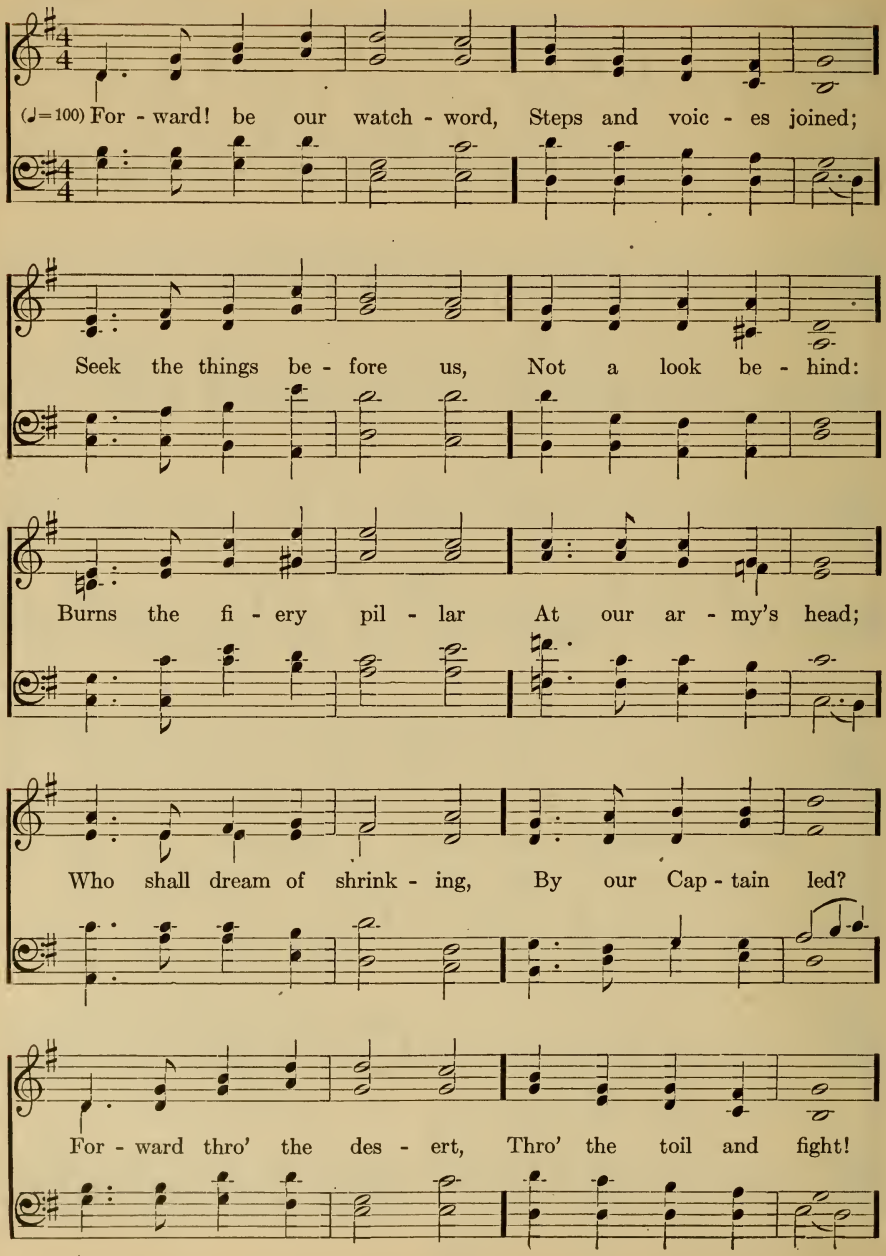
He (Who) fol - lows in His train.*

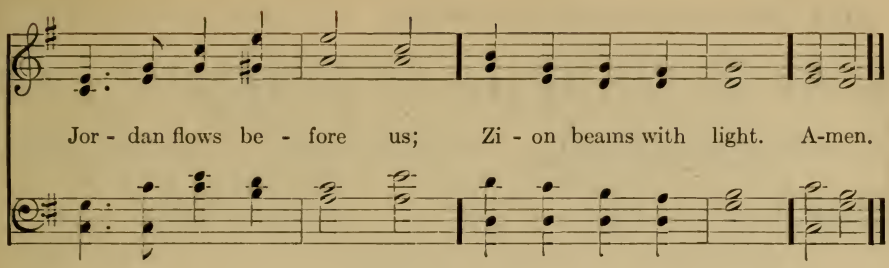
Who pa - tient bears his cross be- low, He fol - lows in His train. Amen.

*These words are to be repeated in every verse.

500 ST. BONIFACE 6s & 5s. D. With Refrain

HENRY R. GADSBY





2 Forward when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time
Climb from height to height:
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light!

3 Glories upon glories,
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech or word.
Forward! marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

4 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might!
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

5 Into God's high temple
Onward as we press,
Beauty spreads around us,
Born of holiness;
Arch, and vault, and carving,
Lights of varied tone,
Softened words and holy,
Prayer and praise alone:
Every thought upraising
To our city bright,
Where the tribes assemble
Round the throne of light.

6 Naught that city needeth
Of these aisles of stone:
Where the Godhead dwelleth,
Temple there is none;
All the saints that ever
In these courts have stood,
Are but babes, and feeding
On the children's food.
On through sign and token,
Stars amid the night,
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

7 To the eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise;
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord of glory
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak are earthly praises;
Dull the songs of night;
Forward into triumph!
Forward into light! Amen.

HENRY ALFORD

501 ST. THERESA 6s & 5s. D. With Refrain

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

(♩=112) Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's sol-diers To their home on high. Journ'ying o'er the des-ert, Gladly thus we pray,

REFRAIN

And with hearts u - nit - ed Take our heav'nward way. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high. A - men.

(May be sung to St. Alban, No. 510)

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, etc.

3 Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee?
Brightly gleams, etc.

4 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, etc.

5 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams, etc. Amen.

THOMAS J. POTTER, et al.

(*Second Tune*)

ARMAGEDDON 6s & 5s. D. With Refrain — Arr. by JOHN GOSS

(♩=132) Brightly gleams our ban-ner Point-ing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers,

To their home on high. Journ'ying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,

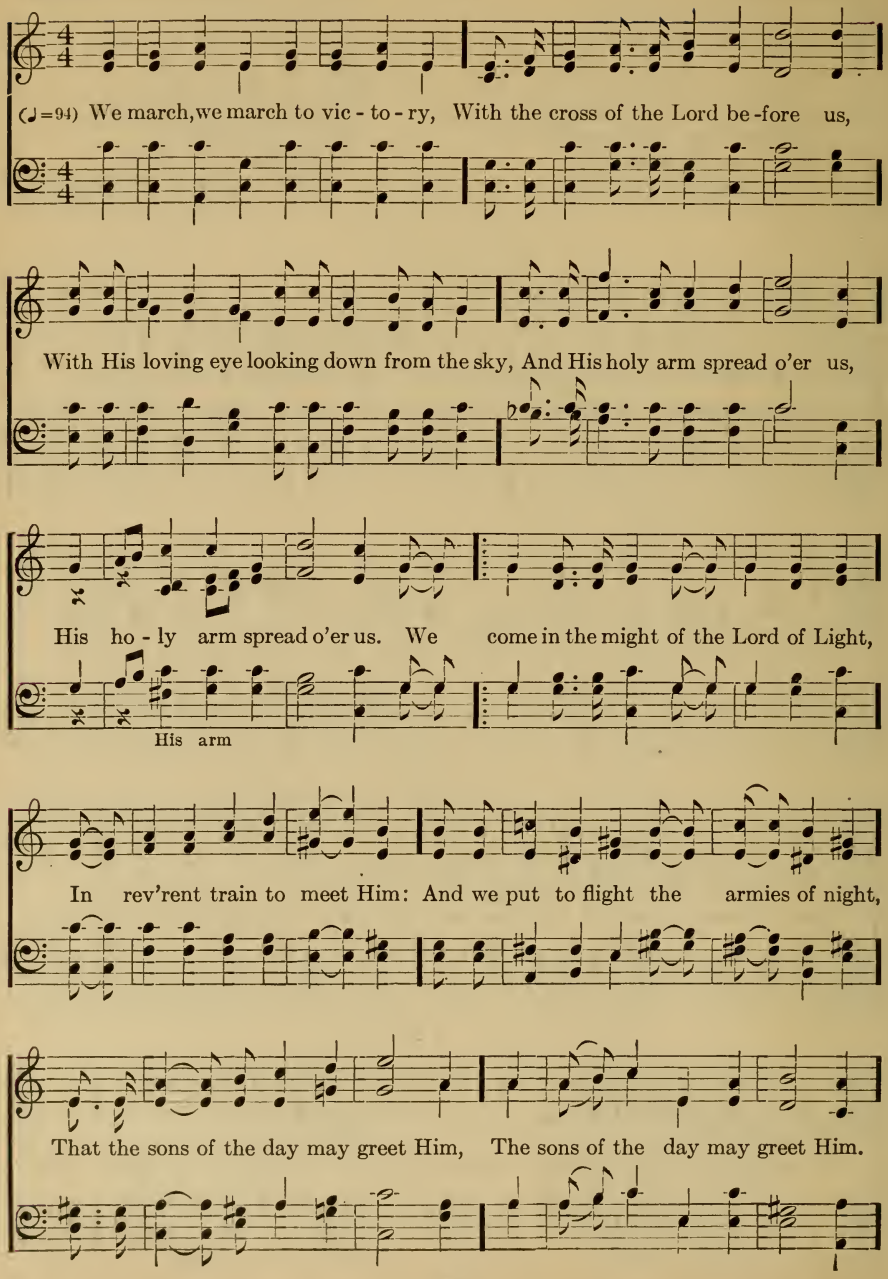
REFRAIN

And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heav'nward way. Brightly gleams our ban-ner,

Point-ing to the sky, Waving on Christ's sol-diers To their home on high. A-men.

502 WE MARCH TO VICTORY Irregular

JOSEPH BARNBY



Processionals

CHORUS.

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,

With His lov - ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread

All verses except last. | *Last verse only.*

(*2d verse*)

o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, Our o'er us. A-men.

His arm spread o'er us

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is His salvation,
Our banner, the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword, the Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc.

3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Zion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, etc.

4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

5 We march, we march to victory!
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,
And His holy arm spread o'er us. Amen.

GERARD MOULTRIE

503 ALMA LUX 11s. With Refrain

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

(♩=108) On our way re- joic - ing as we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es,

O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad-ness? Thine it can- not be!

Is our sky be-cloud - ed? clouds are not from Thee! On our way re-joic - ing

as we homeward move, Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love! A - men.

(May be sung to Hermas, No. 518)

2 If with honest-hearted love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us doing what we can,
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace.
On our way rejoicing, etc.

3 On our way rejoicing gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety, Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy?
On our way rejoicing, etc.

4 Unto God the Father joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing now and evermore!
On our way rejoicing, etc. Amen.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

504 MARION, NEW 6.6.8.6 With Refrain

ARTHUR H. MESSITER

(♩=100) Re - joice, ye pure in heart! Re - joice, give thanks and sing!

Your glo - rious ban - ner wave on high; The cross of Christ your King!

REFRAIN.

Re - joice, re - joice, re - joice, give thanks and sing! A-men.

Re - joice, re - joice,

2 Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek:
Raise high your free, exulting song!
God's wondrous praises speak!

3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

4 Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud!
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

5 Yes, on through life's long path!
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

6 Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day!

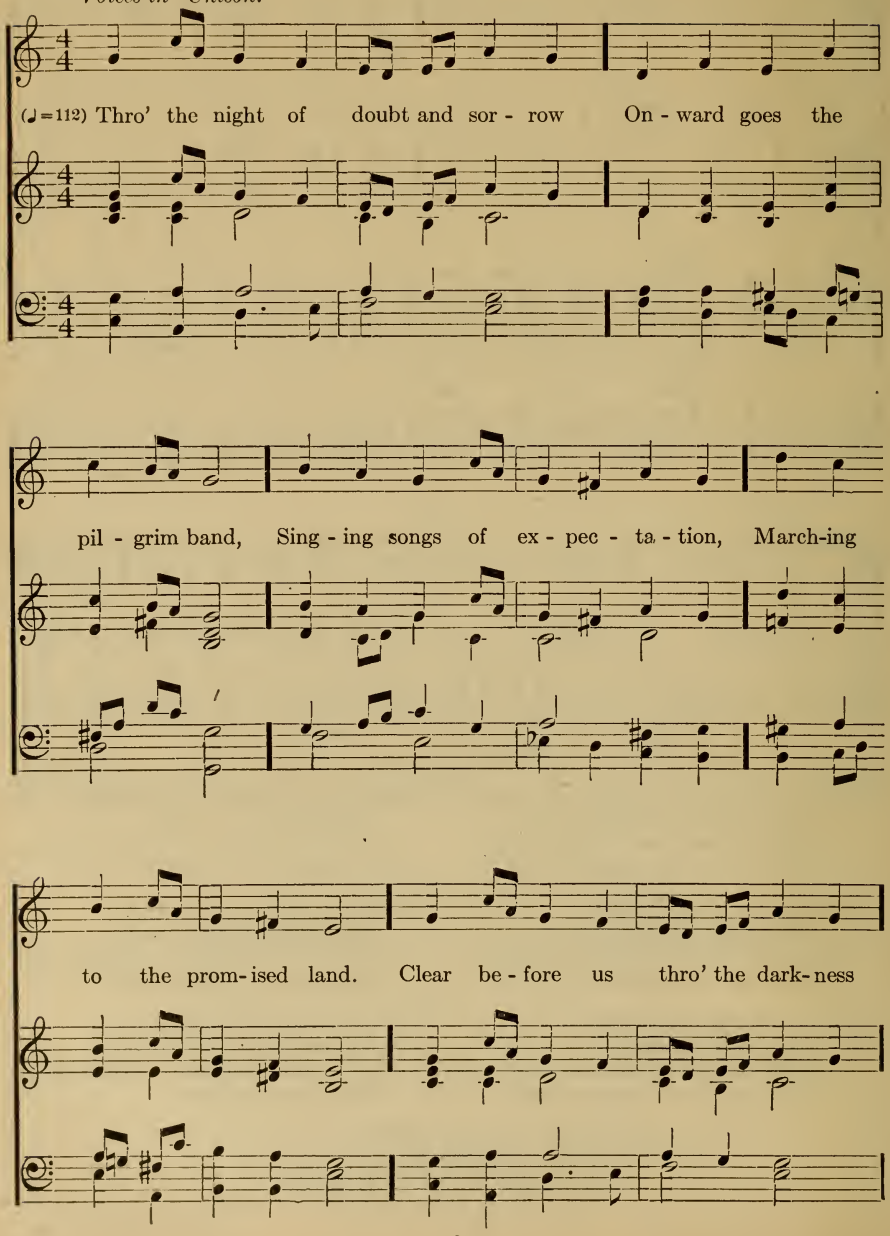
7 At last the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

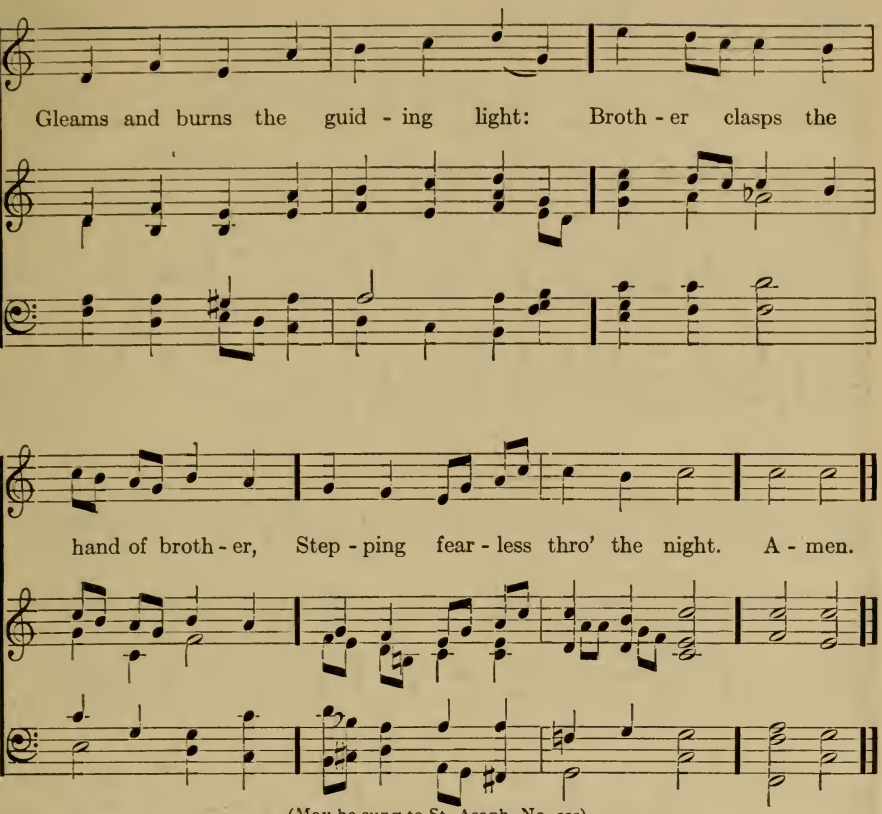
8 Then on, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King! Amen.

EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE

505 HARVARD HYMN 8s & 7s. D. JOHN K. PAINE

Voices in Unison.





(May be sung to St. Asaph, No. 555)

2 One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread
One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

3 One, the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun:
One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers!
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom! Amen.

BERNHARDT S. INGEMAN. Tr. SABINE BARING-GOULD

506 ALL HALLOWS 7s & 6s. D. GEORGE C. MARTIN

Voices in unison

(♩=98) O Heav-en-ly Je-ru-sa-lem, Of ev-er-last-ing halls,

Thrice bless-ed are the peo-ple Thou stor-est in Thy walls.

Thou art the gold-en man-sion, Where saints for ev-er sing,

Voices in harmony

The seat of God's own chos - en, The pal - ace of the King. Amen.

2 There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.
Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

3 Sure hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.
To Christ, the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below;
To Father, and to Spirit
All things created bow. Amen.

Anonymous. Tr. Isaac Williams

(*Second Tune*)

ST. ALPHEGE 7s & 6s. Henry J. Gauntlett

(♩=94) O Heav - en - ly Je - ru - salem, Of ev - er - last - ing halls,

Thrice bless-ed are the peo - ple Thou stor - est in thy walls. A-men.

507 MOUNT ZION C. M. D.

HORATIO PARKER

(♩=86) Oh,'twas a joy - ful sound to hear, Our tribes de - vout - ly say,....

Up Is - rael! to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day.....

At Sa-lem's courts we must ap - pear, With our as - sem - bled powers,

In strong and beau-teous or - der ranged, Like her u - nit - ed towers. A-men.

2 Oh, ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.
May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

3 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.
But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Zion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell. Amen.

TATE and BRADY

508 LYNDHURST 6s & 5s. D. (?)

(♩= 120) Fa - ther, dear - est Fa - ther, Now the sun has come,

Bring - ing light and glo - ry From Thy heav'n - ly home;

We, Thy lit - tle chil - dren, To Thy throne a - bove,

We would hymn Thy prais - es, We would sing Thy love. A - men.

2 Thou art wise and loving,
Thou art great and strong;
Glad when we do rightly,
Grieved when we do wrong.
Hear us, holy Father,
As to Thee we pray,
Asking Thee to keep us
Safe from harm to-day.

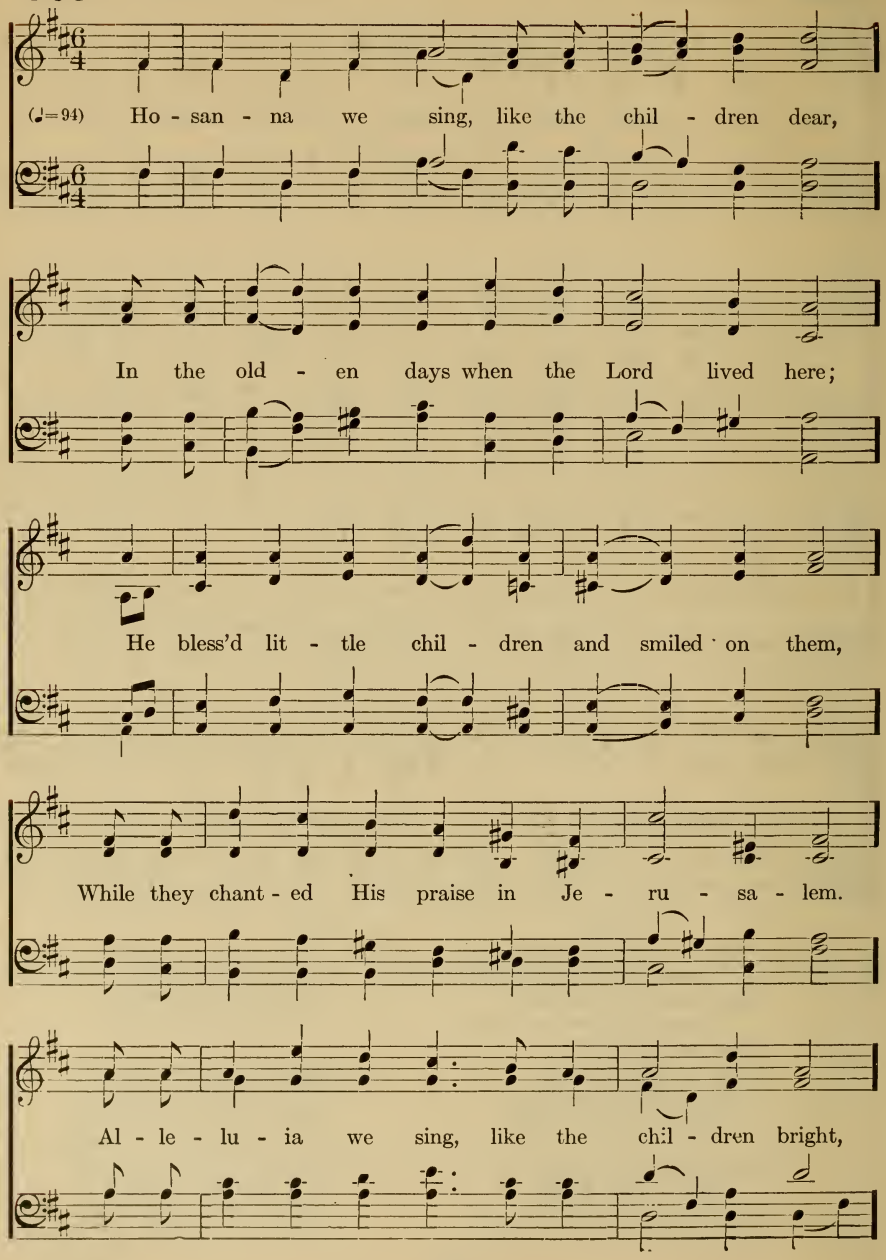
3 As our Saviour Jesus,
When a little child,
Gentle was, and holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild,
He shall be our copy,
We will try to be
Patient and obedient,
Loving, kind as He.

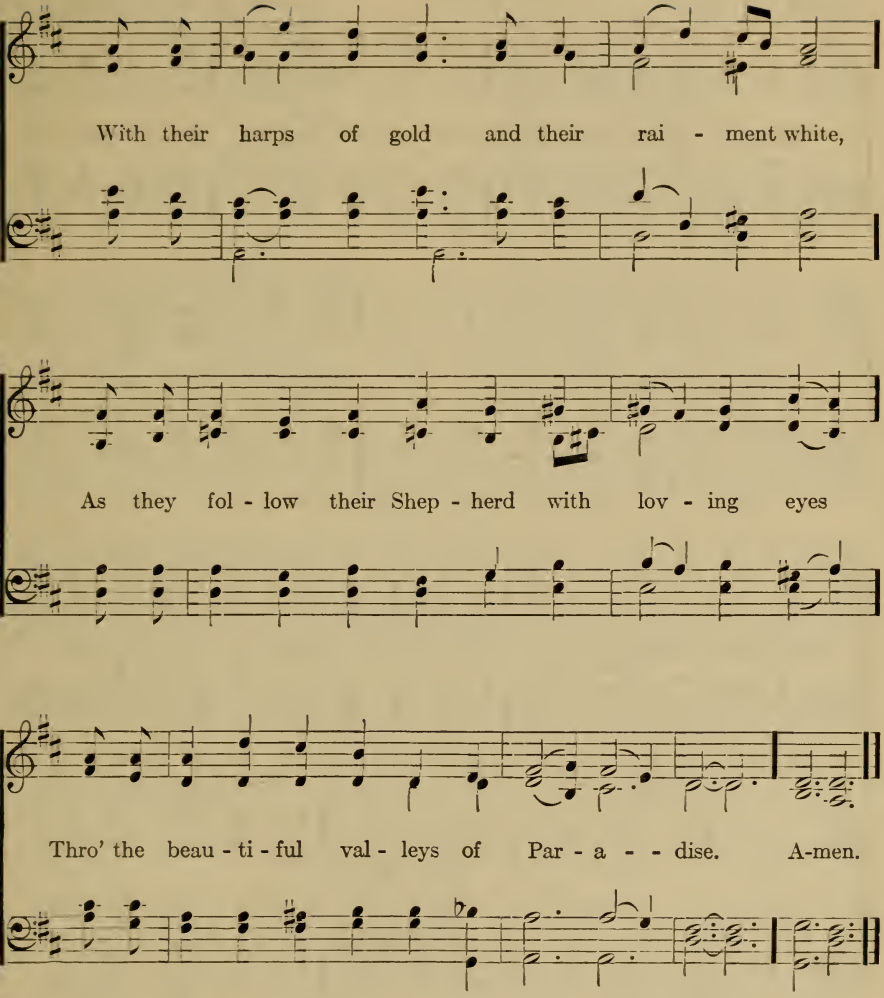
4 Father, God, our Father!
Guide us every hour,
Keep us safe and shield us
From temptation's power.
So, when night returneth,
Holier may we be,
Kept from sin and sorrow,
All the nearer Thee. Amen.

MARK EVANS

509 ZION'S KING Irregular

JOHN B. DYKES





2 Hosanna we sing, for He bends His ear,
And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;
We know that His heart will never wax cold
To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.
Alleluia we sing in the Church we love,
Alleluia resounds in the Church above;
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given,
That we lose not our part in the song of Heaven. Amen.

George S. Hodges

510 ST. ALBAN 6s & 5s. D. With Refrain

Arr. fr. Franz Josef Haydn
by John B. Dykes

(♩=96) Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Throned a - bove the sky, Je - sus, ten - der

Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry. Par - don our trans - gres - sions,

Cleanse us from our sin; By Thy Spir - it help us Heav'nly life to

Refrain

win. Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Thron'd a - bove the sky,

Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry. A - men.

2 On this day of gladness,
Bending low the knee
In Thine earthly temple,
Lord, we worship Thee;
Celebrate Thy goodness,
Mercy, grace, and truth,
All Thy loving guidance
Of our heedless youth.
Jesus, King of Glory, etc.

3 For the little children
Who have come to Thee;
For the glad, bright spirits
Who Thy glory see;
For the loved ones resting
In Thy dear embrace;
For the pure and holy
Who behold Thy face,
Jesus, King of Glory, etc.

4 For Thy faithful servants
Who have entered in;
For Thy fearless soldiers
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions
Who have followed Thee,
Heedless of the danger,
On to victory;
Jesus, King of Glory, etc.

5 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, Thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day.
When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
Grant us with the faithful,
Palms and crowns of life.
Jesus, King of Glory, etc. Amen.

EDWARD HARLAND

511 EVENING HYMN 7s.

German

(♩=92) Now the light has gone a - way, Sav - iour, list - en while I pray,

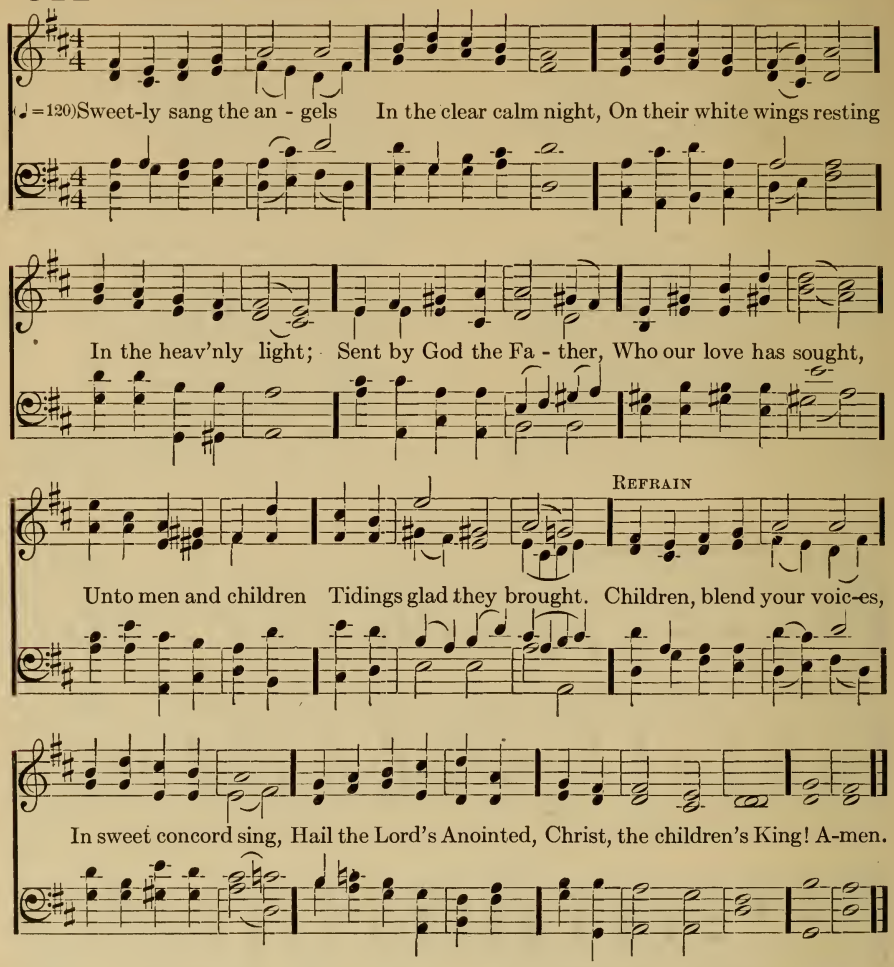
Ask - ing Thee to watch and keep, And to send me qui - et sleep. A-men.

2 Jesus, Saviour, wash away
All that has been wrong to-day;
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle, more like Thee.

3 Let my near and dear ones be
Always near and dear to Thee;
Oh, bring me and all I love
To Thy happy home above. Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

512 DEVA 6s & 5s. With Refrain — EDWARD J. HOPKINS



2 To the gentle shepherds
It was first revealed,
Watching 'mid the darkness
In the open field,
That in David's city,
On that holy morn,
In a lowly stable,
Christ our King was born.—*Ref.*

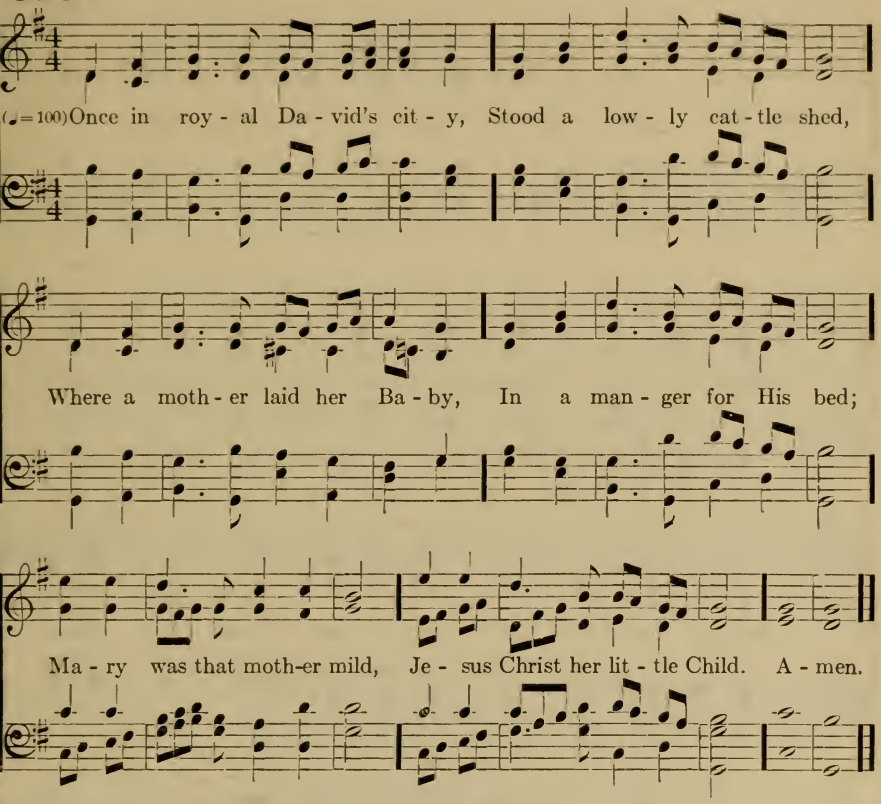
3 Gladdened by the tidings,
Hastily they sped
To the crowded city
And the manger bed;
There they found the Saviour,
With His mother mild;
Him they loved and worshipped,
Though a lowly child.—*Ref.*

4 In His simple childhood,
And His sacred youth,
All His ways were holy,
All His words were truth;
For our sins He suffered,
And, thro' grief untold,
All His lambs He purchased
For His sacred fold.—*Ref.* Amen.

JOHN JULIAN

513 IRBY 8.7.8.7.7.7

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT



2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, thro' all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor, and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

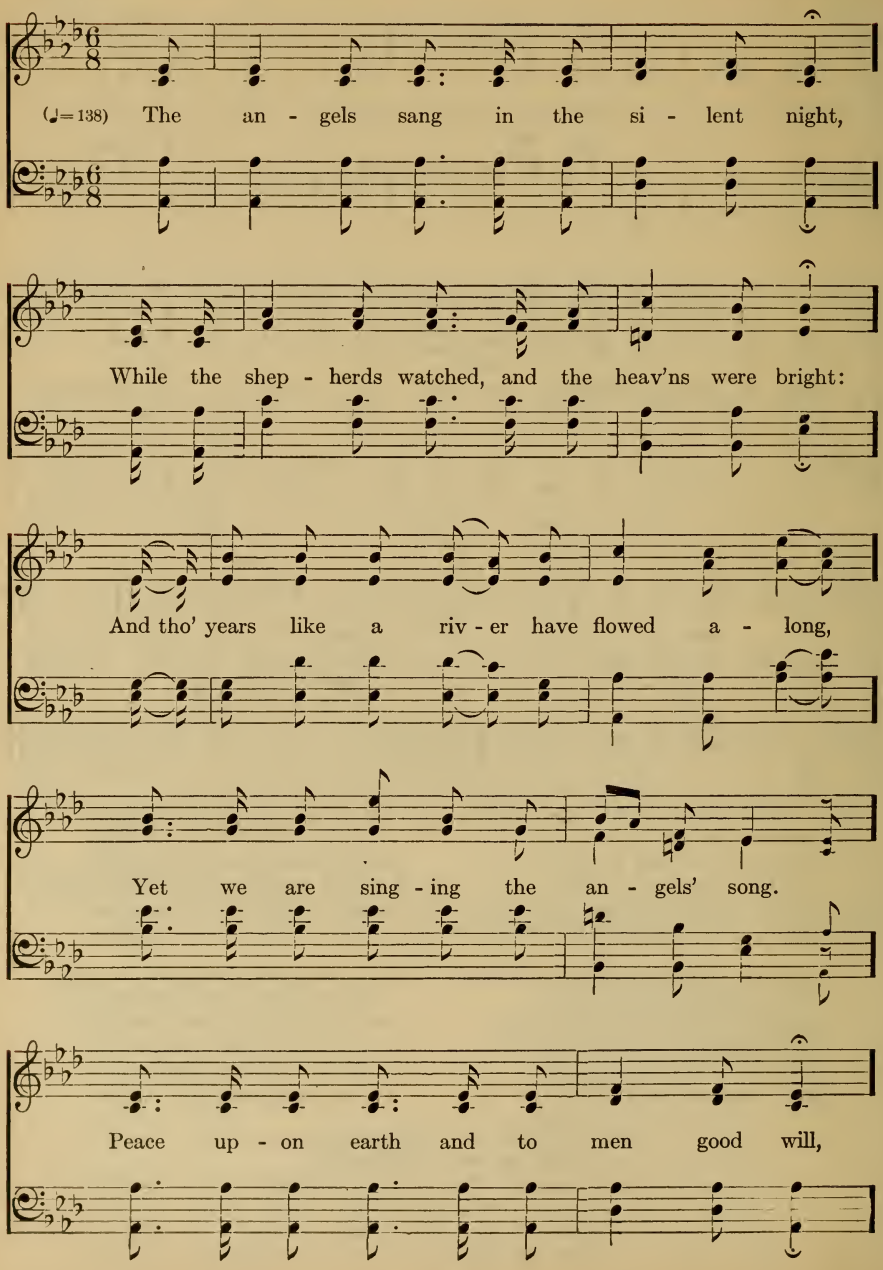
4 For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

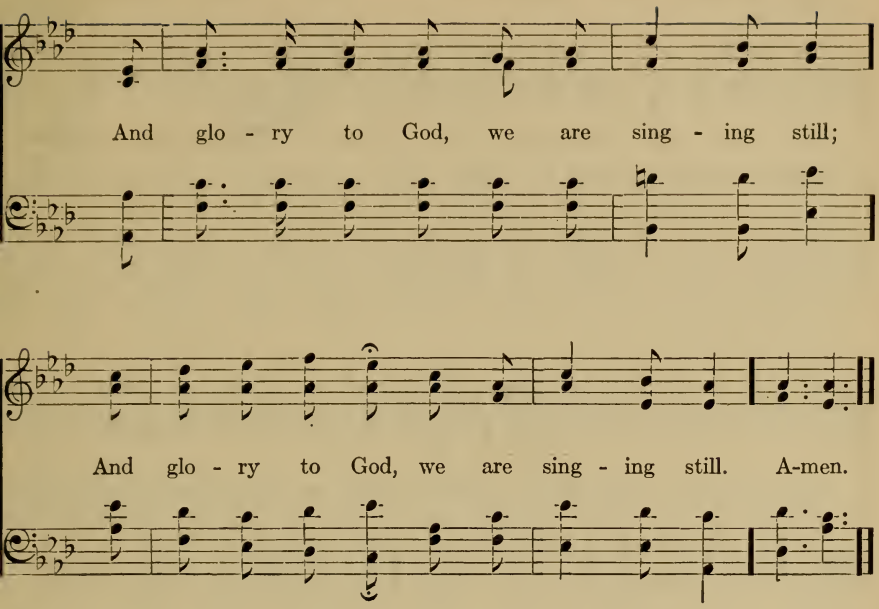
5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in Heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

514 ST. PETER'S, ALBANY Irregular. JOHN B. MARSH





2 They heralded in the joyful morn,
When the Prince of Peace as a Child was born;
And we look back through the ages dim,
And come like the shepherds to worship Him.
Saviour, Redeemer and Priest and King,
Our hearts are the gifts that to Thee we bring,
Our hearts are the gifts, etc.

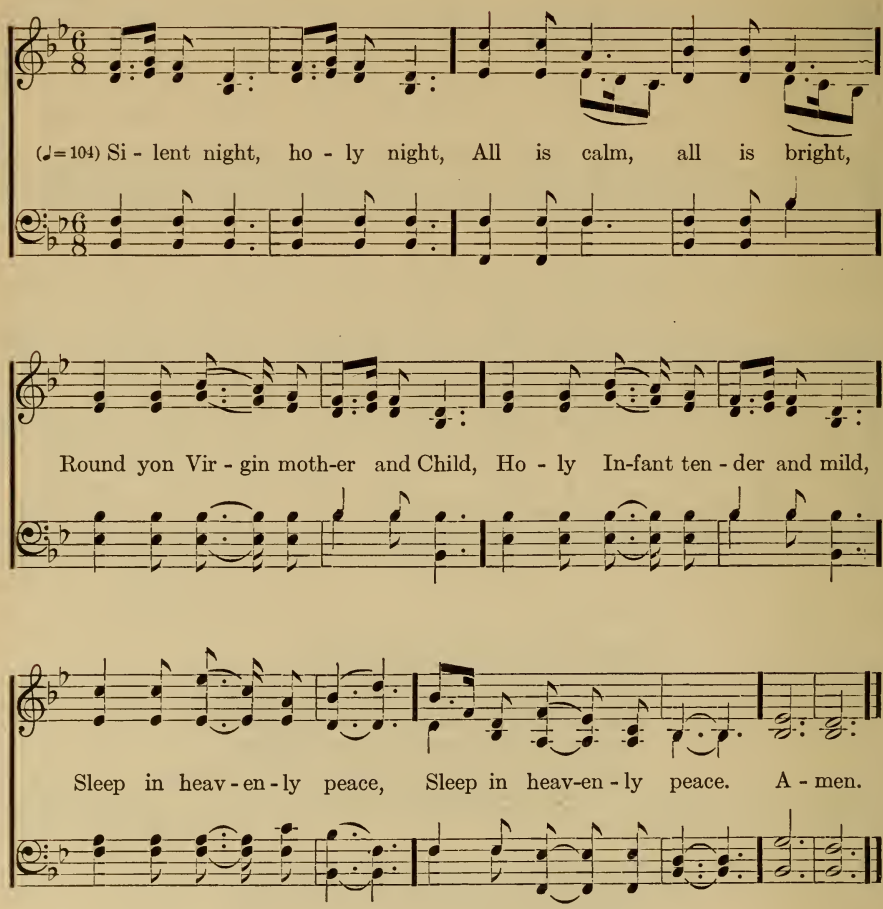
3 Fir tree and pine and the myrtle bough
Are woven in garlands to greet Thee now;
And the frosty sunshine of Christmas day
Is fairer to us than the light of May.
O Jesus! Lord of the worlds above,
Thine be the glory and ours the love;
Thine be the glory, etc.

4 So shall we welcome Thee year by year;
So shalt Thou grow to our hearts more dear,
So shall no taint of the world's alloy
Shadow the light of our Christmas joy:
While peace upon earth, and to men good will
And glory to God we are singing still;
And glory to God, etc. Amen.

ALIDA G. RADCLIFFE

515 STILLE NACHT Irregular

FRANZ GRUBER



2 Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds wake, touched with fright;
Heavenly radiance shines from afar,
Heavenly hosts sing alleluia,
||: Christ the Saviour is born. :||

3 Silent night, holy night,
God of God, Light of Light:
See how glory streams from His face,
In the dawn of heavenly grace.
||: Christ the Saviour is born. :||

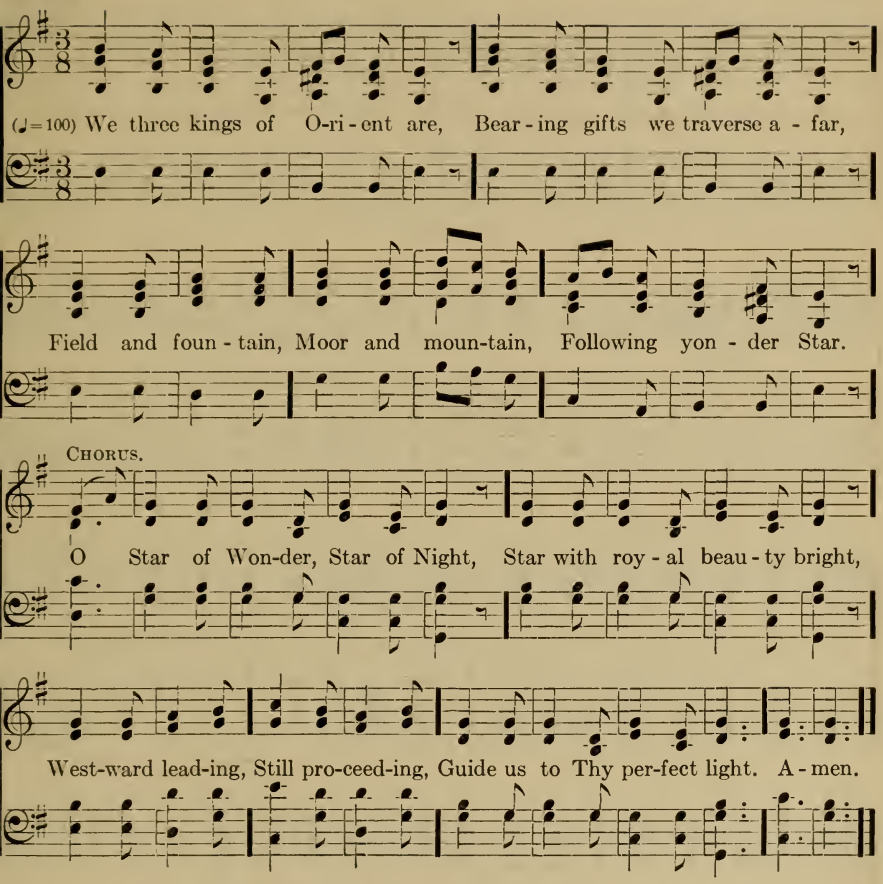
4 Silent night, holy night,
Guiding Star, oh, lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
||: Christ the Saviour is born. :||

5 Silent night, holy night,
Wondrous Star, oh, lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our King!
||: Christ the Saviour is born. :|| Amen.

Vs. 1, 2, 3, JOSEF MOHR. Tr. Anonymous. Vs. 4, 5, ALFRED BELL, alt.

516 THREE KINGS Irregular

JOHN H. HOPKINS



GASPARD.

2 Born a King on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again;
King forever,
Ceasing never
Over us all to reign.
O star, etc.

MELCHIOR.

3 Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising
All men raising,
Worship Him God on high.
O Star, etc.

BALTHAZAR.

4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
O Star, etc.

5 Glorious now behold Him arise,
King, and God, and Sacrifice;
Heaven sings
Alleluia:
Alleluia the earth replies.
O Star, etc. Amen.

JOHN H. HOPKINS

517 THE WISE MEN 8s & 7s. D.

BERTHOLD TOURS

(♩=94) Saw you nev - er, in the twi- light, When the sun had left the skies,

Up in heav'n the clear stars shin - ing Thro' the gloom, like sil - ver eyes?

So of old the wise men, watch-ing, Saw a lit - tle stran-ger star,

And they knew the King was giv - en, And they fol-lowed it from far. A-men.

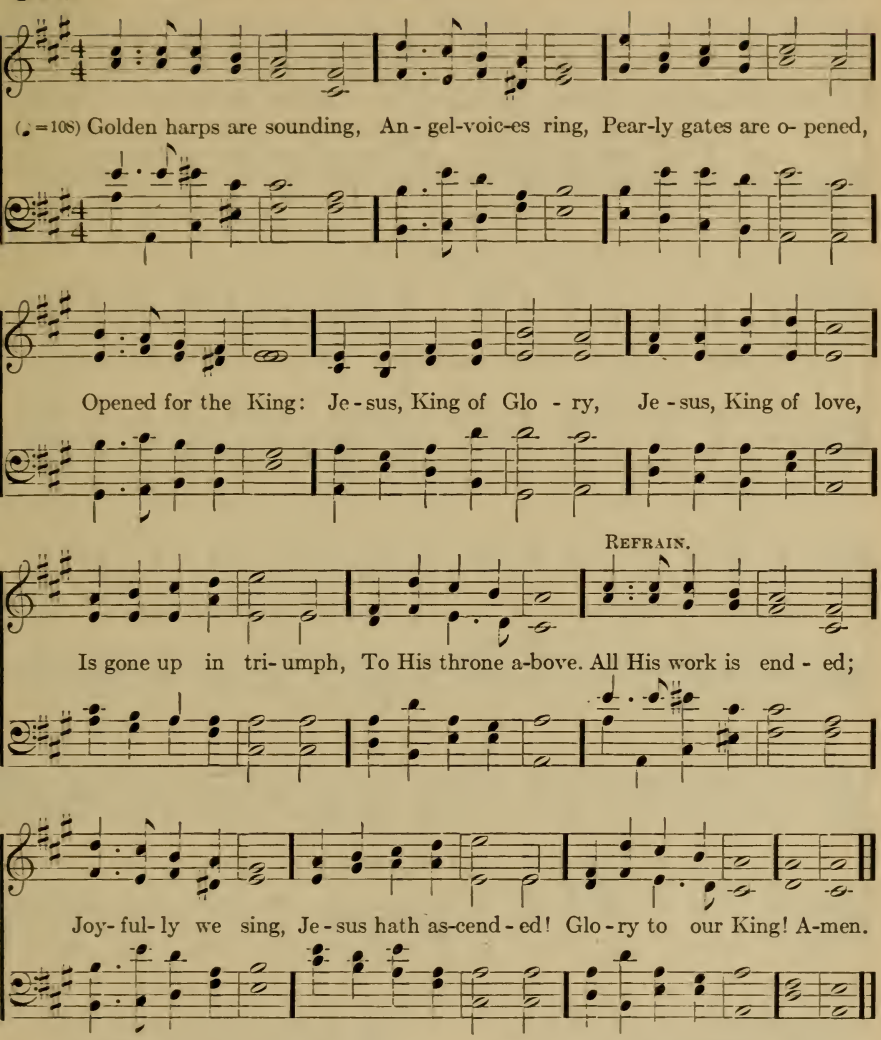
2 Heard you never of the story
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
Till they found the holy Child?
How they opened all their treasure,
Kneeling to that infant King;
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering?

3 Know ye not that lowly baby
Was the bright and morning Star?
He Who came to light the Gentiles,
And the darkened isles afar?
And, we too, may seek His cradle;
There our hearts' best treasures bring;
Love, and faith, and true devotion,
For our Saviour, God, and King.
Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

518 HERMAS 6s & 5s. D. With Refrain

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL



2 He Who came to save us,
He Who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory,
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high!
All His work, etc.

3 Pleading for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work, etc. Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

519 GUARDIAN Irregular

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

(♩=96) Sav - iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;

In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre-pare:

Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

Bless-ed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A-men.

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus, Blessèd Jesus,
Hear the children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free;
Blessèd Jesus, Blessèd Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us learn Thy will;
Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessèd Jesus, Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us: love us still. Amen.

Anonymous

(*Second Tune*)

BAVARIA Irregular

German Melody

Fine.

(♩=80) {Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;
{In Thy pleasant pastures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre - pare:
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A - men.

D. C.

Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

520 BROCKLESBURY 8s & 7s.

CHARLOTTE A. BARNARD

(♩=80) Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;

Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn-ing light. A-men.

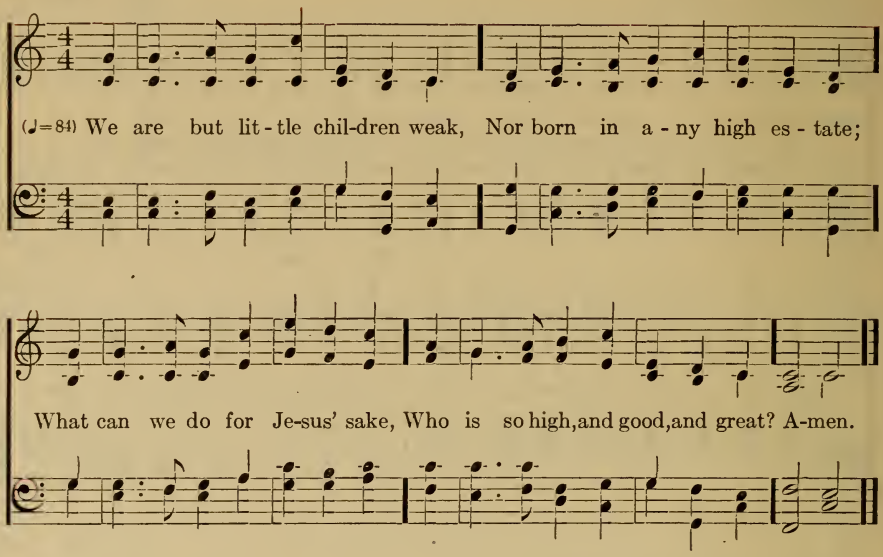
2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer!

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen.

MARY L. DUNCAN

521 ALSTONE L. M.

CHRISTOPHER E. WILLING



2 Oh, day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

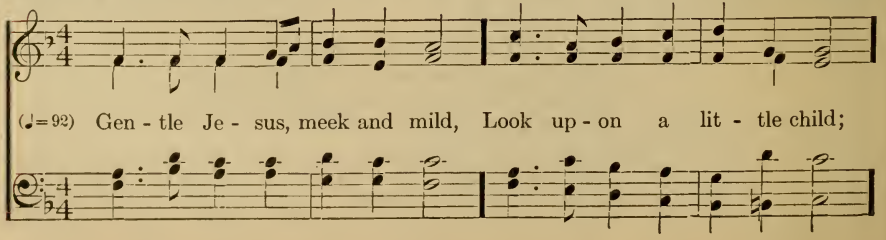
5 With smiles of peace and looks of love
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humor brighten there
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

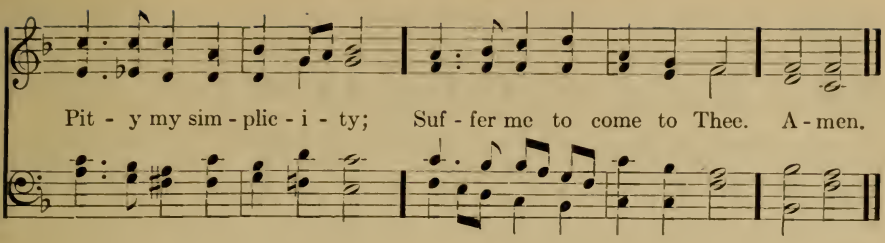
6 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

CECIL FRANCIS ALEXANDER

522 GLEBE FIELD 7s.

JOHN B. DYKES





2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee:
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

4 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

5 Let me, above all, fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

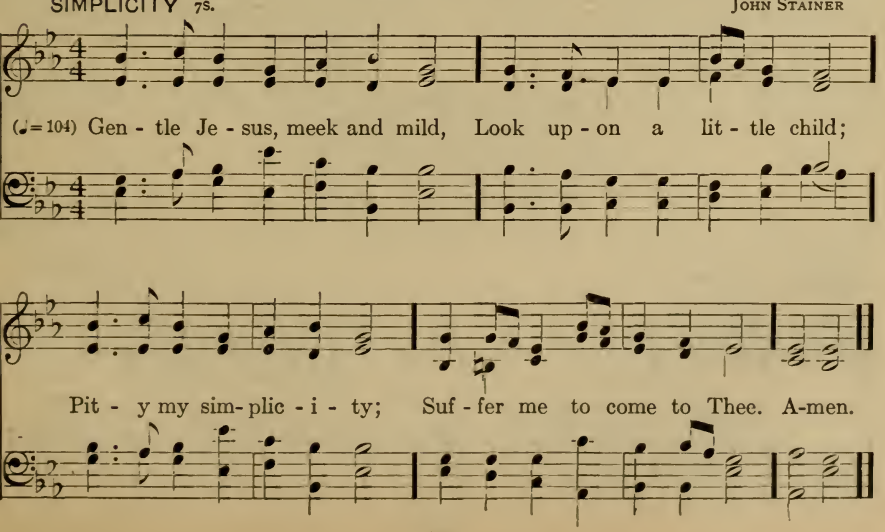
6 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

7 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ the holy Child in me. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY

(*Second Tune*)

SIMPLICITY 7s. JOHN STAINER



523 CHILDREN'S PRAISES C. M. With Refrain

Arr. fr. English Air

(♩=108) A-round the throne of God in heav'n Thousands of chil-dren stand,

Chil-dren whose sins are all for-given, A ho-ly, hap-py band.

Sing-ing glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry be to God on high. A-men.

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?
Singing glory, etc.

3 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.
Singing glory, etc.

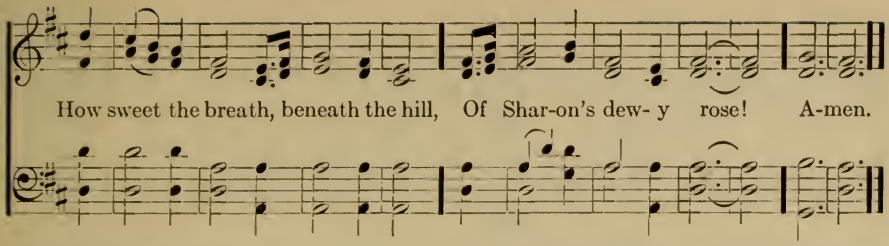
4 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb.
Singing glory, etc. Amen.

ANNE SHEPHERD

524 SILOAM C. M.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY

(♩=104) By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill, How sweet the lil-y grows!



2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away:

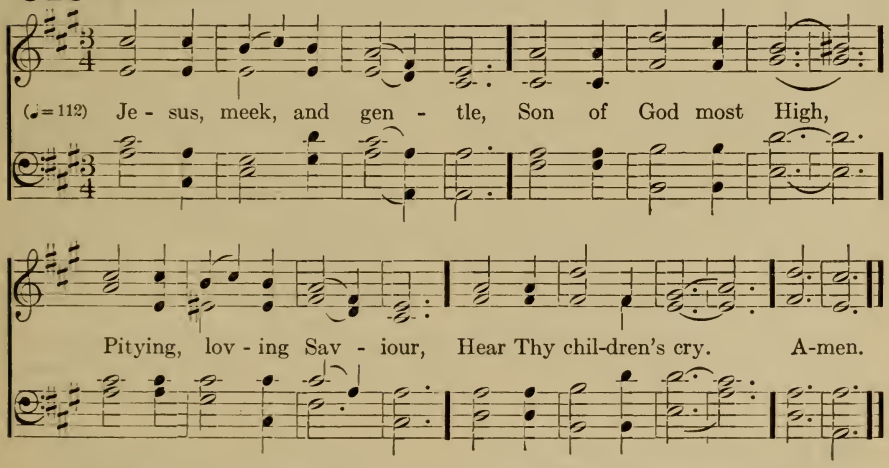
4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue [crowned,
Were all alike Divine:

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own. Amen.

REGINALD HEBER

525 GENTLE JESUS 6s & 5s. JOHN E. ROE



2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High;
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

GEORGE R. PRYNNE

526 SWEET STORY 11s & 8s.

Traditional

♩=104 I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. A - men.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above;

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
Amen.

JEMIMA THOMPSON LUKE

527 LAMBHERD 7.8.8.8.8

HUBERT P. MAIN

♩.=126 Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep,

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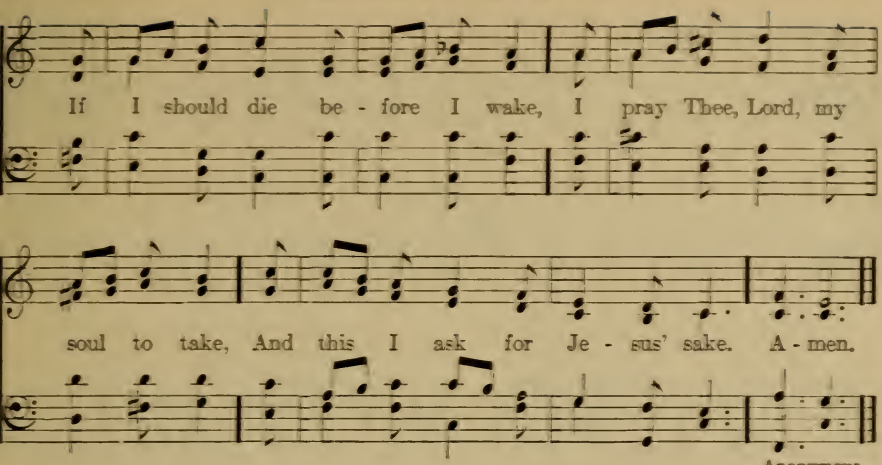
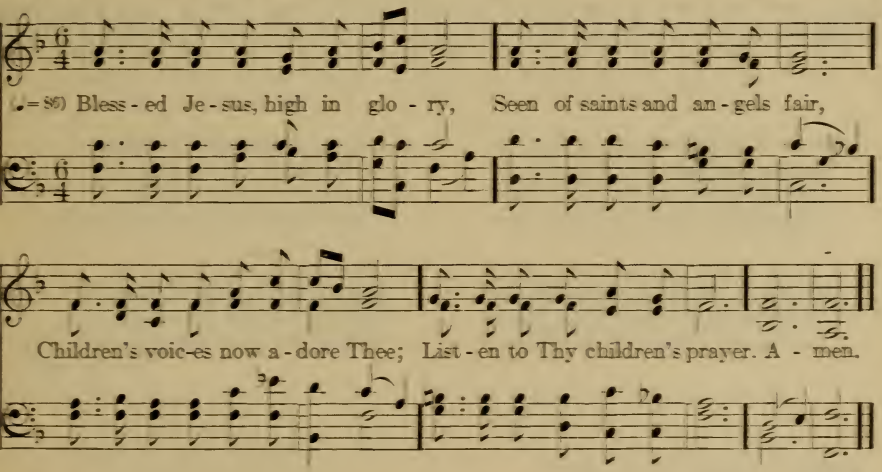


Anonymous

528 ST. SYLVESTER 8s & 7s.

JOHN B. DYKES



2 While this solemn eve we gather,
Meekly to receive Thy word,
Be Thou near us, Holy Father,
Bring us near Thee, loving Lord.

3 Gentle Jesus, Thou dost love us,
Thou hast died upon the tree,
And Thou reignest now above us,
That we too might reign with Thee.

4 Give us grace to trust Thee wholly;
Give us each a childlike heart;
Make us meek and pure and holy,
Meet to see Thee as Thou art.

5 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Bless us all our life below,
Till we each that heaven inherit
Which the childlike only know.
Amen.

Anonymous

529 FERRIER 7s.

JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=86) Sav-iour! teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les-son, to o-bey;

Sweet-er les-son can-not be, Lov-ing Him Who first loved me. A-men.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace:
Learning how to love from Thee;
Loving Him Who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

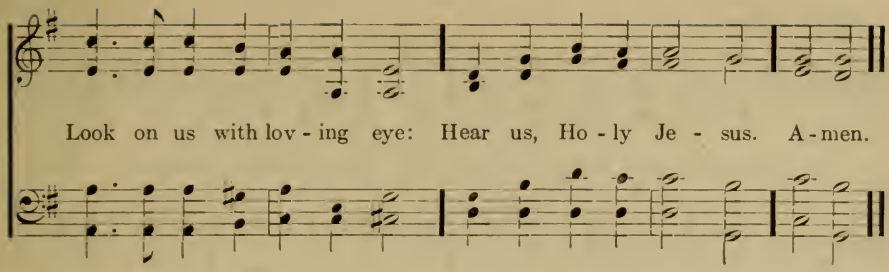
5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love Who first loved me. Amen.

JANE E. LEESON

530 LITANY, No. 5 7.7.7.6

Arr. by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

(♩=86) Je-sus, from Thy throne on high, Far a-bove the bright blue sky,



2 Little children need not fear,
When they know that Thou art near:
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Jesus, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the God and Lord of all:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6 Once a child so good and fair,
Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

7 Jesus, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

8 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

9 When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may Thy angels bright
Keep us safe till morning light:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

10 Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

11 May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

12 May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

13 May we ever try to be
From all sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

14 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

15 Jesus, Son of God most high,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the Cross didst die:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

16 Jesus, from Thy heavenly throne,
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

17 Jesus, Whom we hope to see
Calling us in heaven to be
Happy evermore with Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesus. Amen.

THOMAS B. POLLOCK

531 SAMUEL 6.6.6.6.8.8 — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

(♩=108) Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark; The lamp was burn-ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark; When sud - den- ly a voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine. A-men.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh, give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word!
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh, give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates!
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 Oh, give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death!
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.
Amen.

JAMES D. BURNS

532 AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL C. M. D.

CLARENCE G. HAMILTON

(♩=120) O beau - ti - ful for spacious skies, For am-ber waves of grain, For pur - ple

mountain maj-es-ties A - bove the fruit-ful plain! A - mer - i-ca! A - mer - i - ca!

God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to

shin - ing sea! And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shin-ing sea! A-men.

(May be sung to Materna, No. 475)

2 O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thy every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

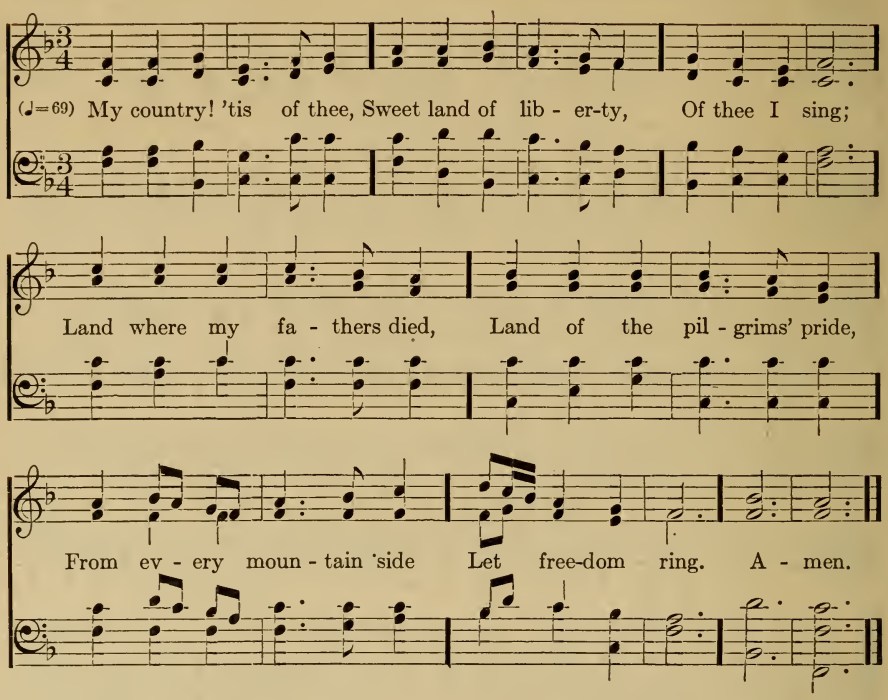
3 O beautiful for glorious tale,
Of liberating strife,
When valiently, for man's avail,
Men lavished precious life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine.

4 O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
And, moved by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea. Amen.

KATHERINE LEE BATES

533 AMERICA 6.6.4.6.6.4

Attributed to Henry Carey



2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.
Amen.

Samuel F. Smith

534 Tune—AMERICA

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State! Amen.

Charles T. Brooks: John S. Dwight

535 RIVAULX L. M. 61. JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=72) { God of our fa - thers, known of old, Lord of our
{ Be - neath Whose aw - ful hand we hold Do - min - ion

far - flung bat - tle line, }
o - ver palm and pine: } Lord God of Hosts, be

with us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get! A-men.

2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

3 Far-called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

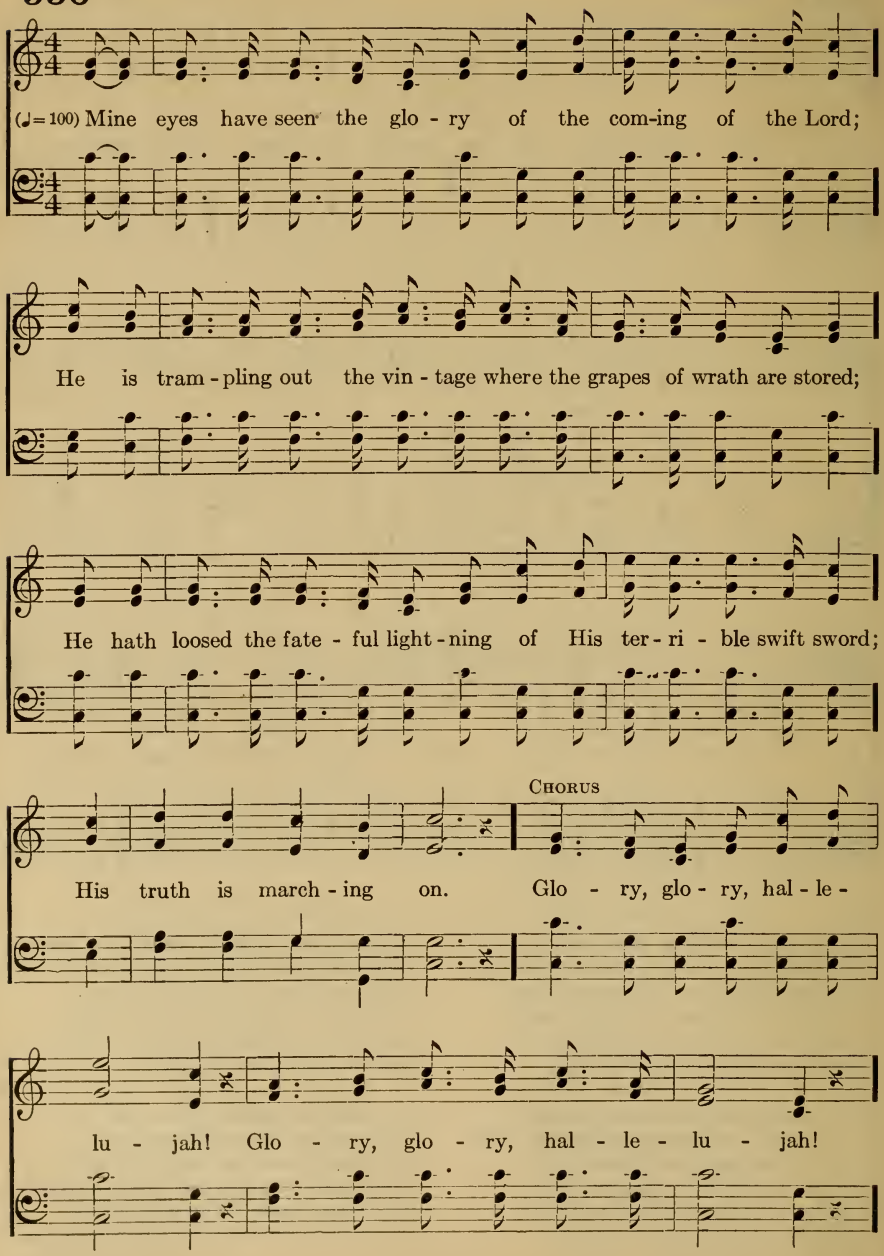
4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

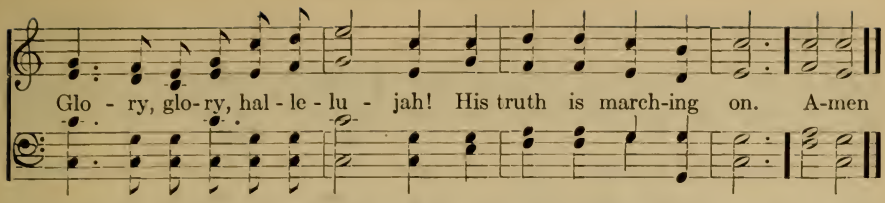
5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard;
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard:
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord! Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING

536 BATTLE HYMN Irregular

JOHN W. STEFFE





2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.—CHO.

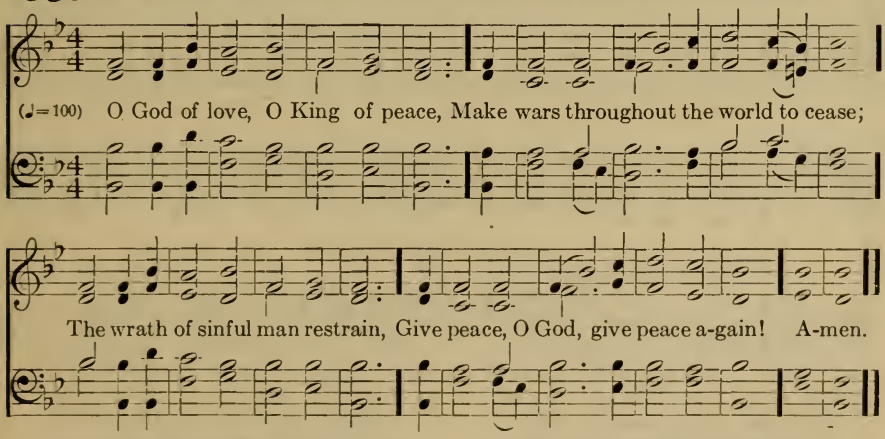
3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnish'd rows of steel;
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal:"
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel.
Since God is marching on.—CHO.

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him—be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on—CHO.

5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.—CHO. Amen.

JULIA WARD HOWE

537 WARD L. M. Old Scotch Melody. Arr. by LOWELL MASON



2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful Word?
None ever called on Thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain!
Give peace, O God, give peace again.
Amen.

HENRY W. BAKER

538 COMMONWEALTH Irregular

JOSIAH BOOTH

(♩=108) When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?

Not kings and lords, but na - tions, Not thrones and crowns, but men!

Flow'rs of Thy heart, O God, are they, Let them not pass, like weeds, a - way,

Their her - it - age a sun-less day: God save the peo - ple! A-men.

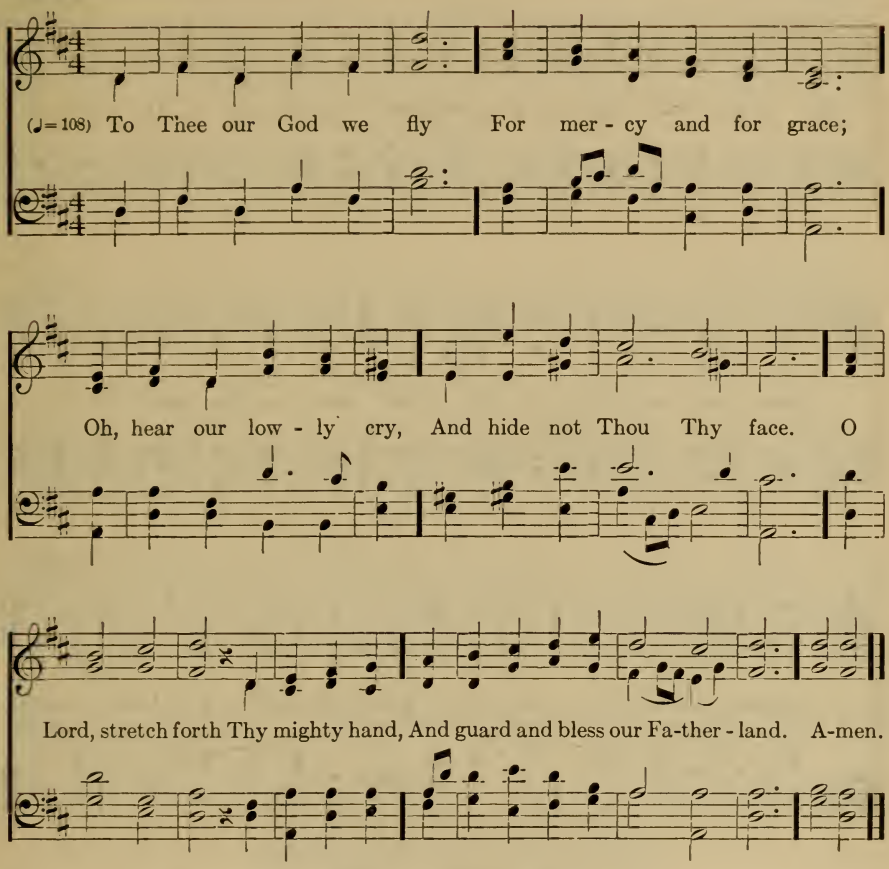
2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong? [skies;
"No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs:
God save the people!

3 When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men;
God save the people! Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thine angels fair,
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people! Amen.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT

539 DARWALL 6.6.6.6.8.8

JOHN DARWALL



2 Arise, O Lord of hosts,
Be jealous for Thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

3 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness,
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

4 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire,
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland

5 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
Oh, let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.
Amen.

WILLIAM W. HOW

540 RUSSIAN HYMN 11.10.11.9

ALEXIS F. LWOFF

(♩=108) God the All-Mer-ci-ful! earth hath for-sak-en Thy ways of

bless-ed-ness, slight-ed Thy Word; Bid not Thy wrath in its

ter-rors a-wak-en; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord. A-men.

2 God the All-Righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God, the Omnipotent! mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Save us in mercy, oh, save us from danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord. Amen.

HENRY F. CHORLEY
and JOHN ELLERTON

541 TRURO L. M.

CHARLES S. BURNEY

(♩=96) O Lord of Hosts! Al - might - y King! Be - hold the sac - ri - fice we bring: To ev - 'ry arm Thy strength im - part; Thy Spir - it shed thro' ev - 'ry heart. A - men.

2 Wake in our breast the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

4 God of all nations! Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread Name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, praise to Thee! Amen.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

542 DUKE STREET L. M.

JOHN HATTON

(♩=112) O God, be - neath Thy guid - ing hand, Our ex - iled fa - thers crossed the sea; And when they trod the win - try strand, With prayer and psalm they wor-shipped Thee. A-men.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer:
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

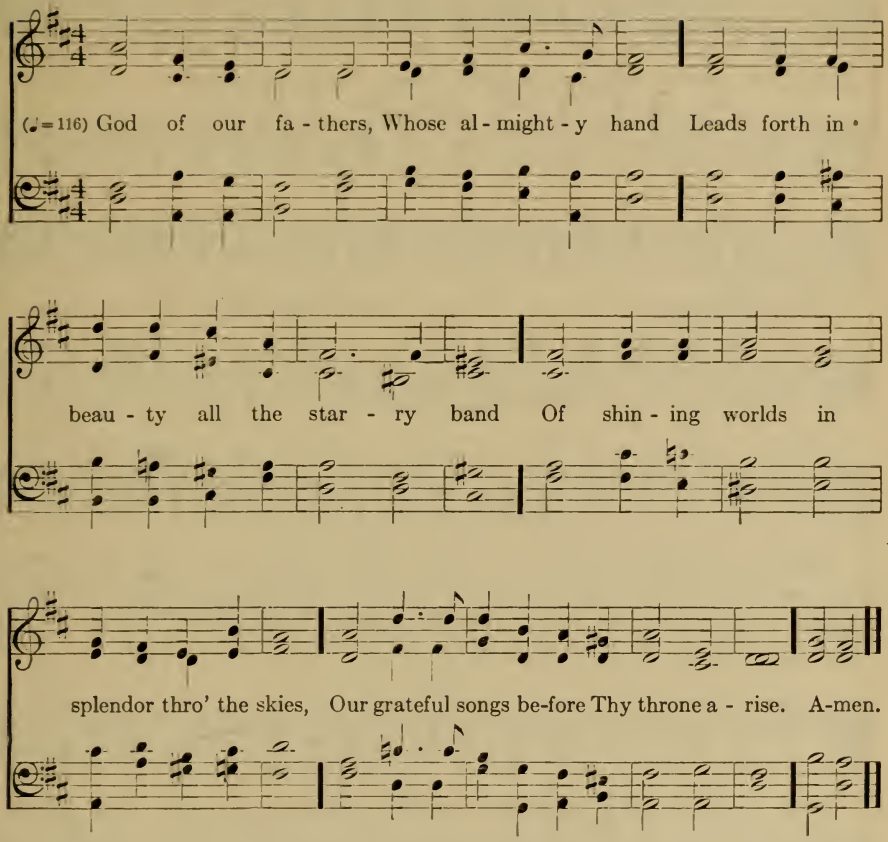
3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more. Amen.

LEONARD BACON

543 DALKEITH 10s.

THOMAS HEWLETT



2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence,
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine. Amen.

DANIEL C ROBERTS

544 GOLDEN SHEAVES 8s & 7s. D.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

(♩=92) To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad - o - ra - tion,

To Thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise With shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion:

Bright robes of gold the fields a - dorn, The hills with joy are ring - ing,

The val-leys stand so thick with corn That e-ven they are sing - ing. A-men.

2 And now on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal,
Thou Who dost give us daily bread,
Give us the Bread eternal.

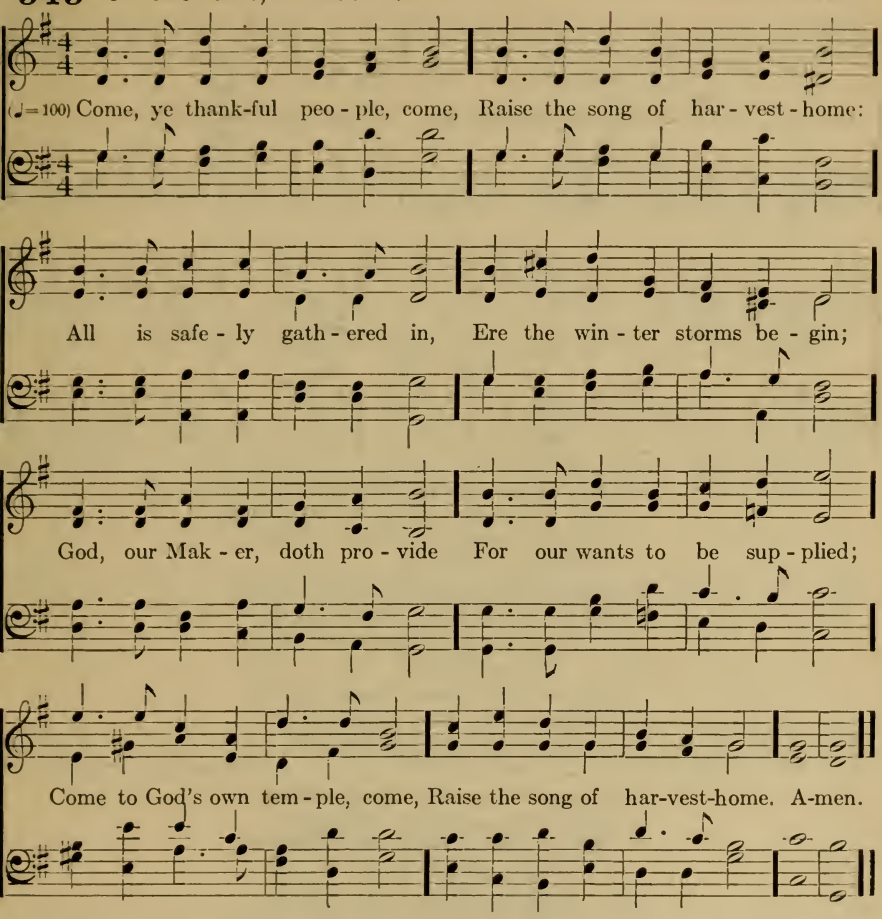
3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest is for the weary.
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected.

4 Oh, blessèd is that land of God,
Where saints abide forever;
Where golden fields spread fair and broad
Where flows the crystal river:
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending. Amen.

WILLIAM C. DIX

545 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7s. D.

GEORGE J. ELVEY



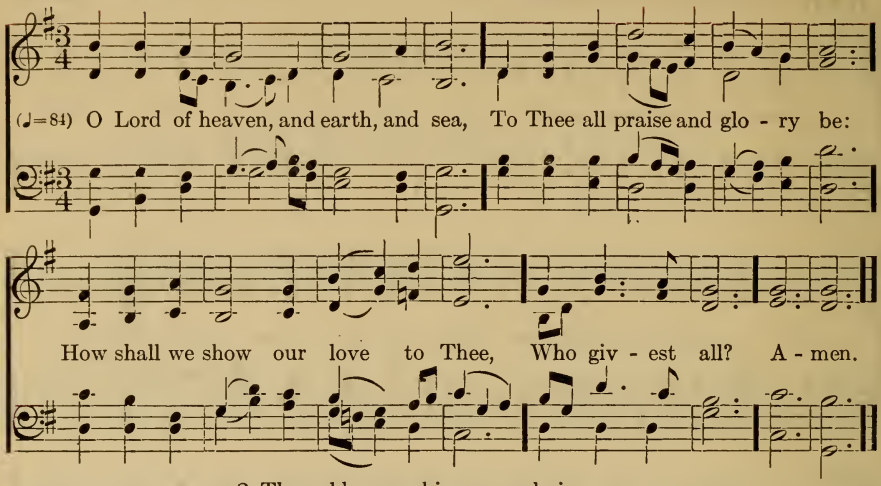
2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Thy final harvest-home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home!
Amen.

HENRY ALFORD

546 ALMSGIVING 8.8.8.4. JOHN B. DYKES



2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare,
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all!

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all!

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heav'n,
O Lord, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

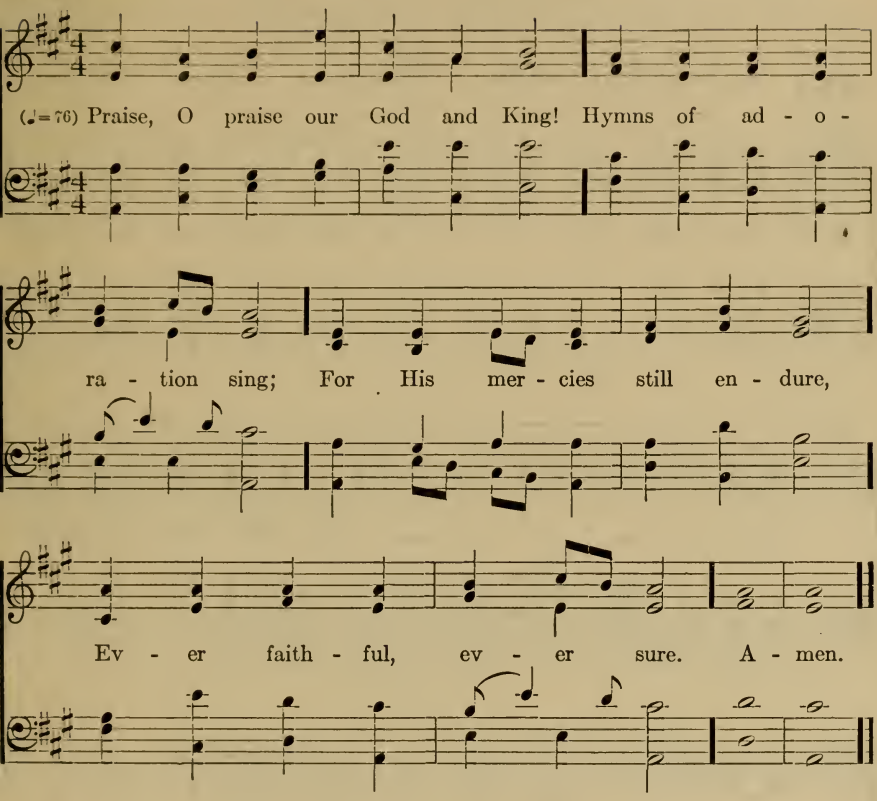
8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all;

9 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all! Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

547 NUREMBERG 7s.

JOHANN RUDOLPH AHLE



2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light.

3 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield.

4 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor;
And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss.

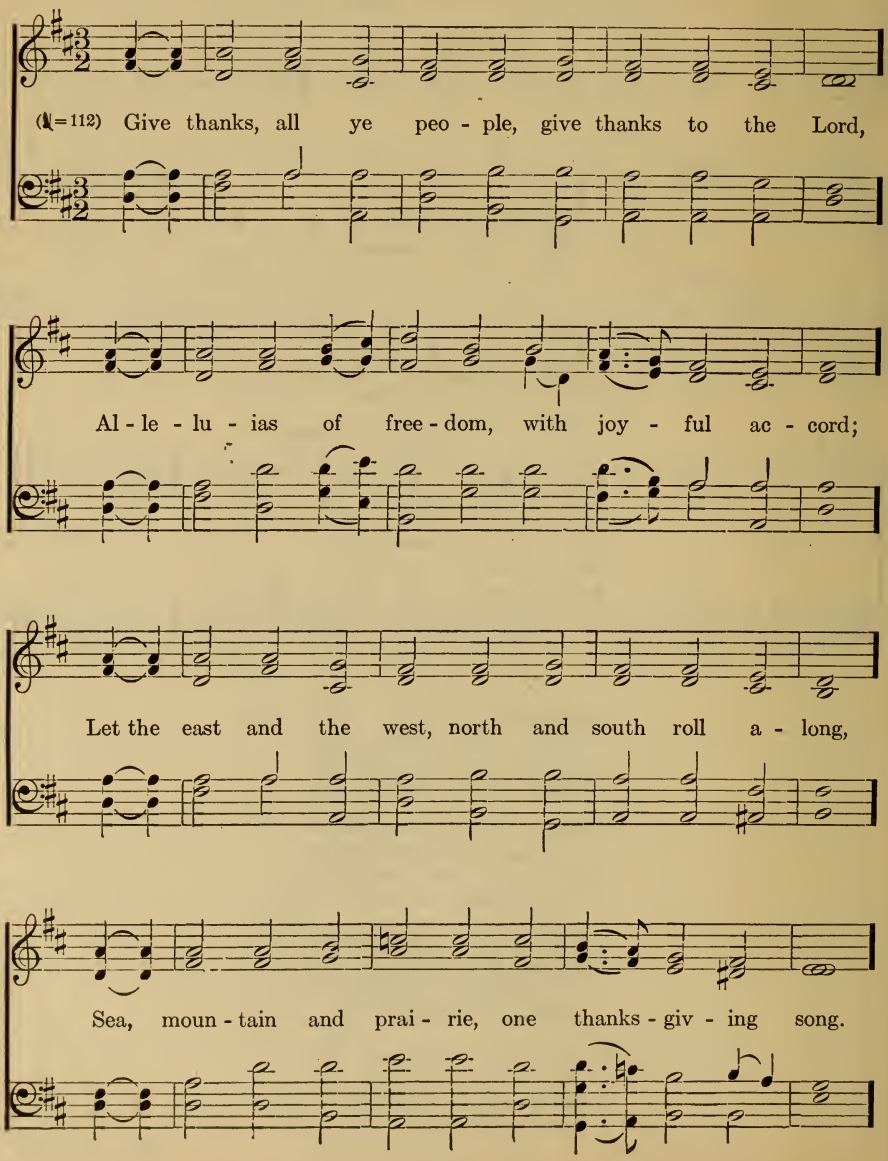
5 Glory to our bounteous King;
Glory let creation sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

HENRY W. BAKER

Thanksgiving Day

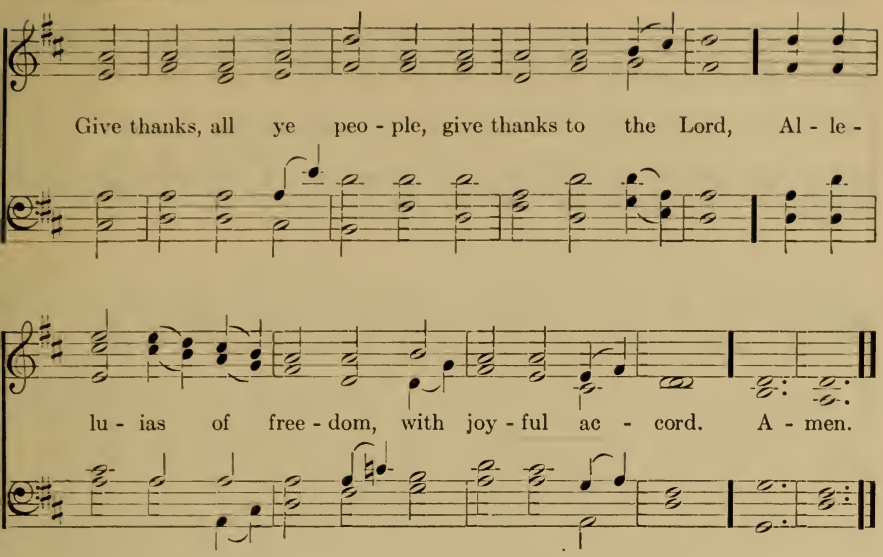
Words and music written in response to President Lincoln's Proclamation of the first National Thanksgiving Day, 1863.

548 THE PRESIDENT'S HYMN 11s. With Refrain WILLIAM A. MÜHLENBERG



Thanksgiving Day

REFRAIN



2 For the sunshine and rainfall, enriching again
Our acres in myriads, with treasures of grain;
For the earth still unloading her manifold wealth,
For the skies beaming vigor, the winds breathing health:
Give thanks, etc.

3 For the nation's wide table, o'erflowingly spread,
Where the many have feasted, and all have been fed,
With no bondage, their God-given rights to enthral,
But liberty guarded by justice for all:
Give thanks, etc.

4 In the realms of the anvil, the loom and the plow,
Whose the mines and the fields, to Him gratefully bow:
His the flocks and the herds, sing ye hill-sides and vales;
On His ocean domains chant His name with the gales.
Give thanks, etc.

5 Of commerce and traffic, ye princes, behold
Your riches from Him, Whose the silver and gold,
Happier children of labor, true lords of the soil,
Bless the great Master-Workman Who blesseth your toil.
Give thanks, etc.

6 In the Churches of Jesus, ye worshipping throngs,
Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs;
The Ruler of nations beseeching to spare,
And the nation still keep the elect of His care.
Give thanks, etc. Amen.

WILLIAM A. MÜHLENBERG, ab.

549 FRANKFORT 7s. D.

MENDELSSOHN (?), arr. by JOHN GILL

(♩=100) Christ, by heav'n-ly hosts a- dored, Gra-cious, mighty, sovereign Lord,

God of na - tions, King of kings, Head of all cre - a - ted things,

By the Church with joy con - fessed, God o'er all for - ev - er blessed;

Plead-ing at Thy throne we stand, Save Thy peo-ple, bless our land. A- men.

2 On our fields of grass and grain
Send, O Lord, the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land
Crown the labors of each hand.
Let Thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea:
Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

3 Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor Thee;
Let the powers by Thee ordained
Be in righteousness maintained;
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus united we shall stand
One wide, free, and happy land.
Amen.

HENRY HARBAUGH

550 THE HYMN TO JOY 8s & 7s.

BEETHOVEN. Arr. fr. Ninth Symphony

(♩=116) Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore Thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;

Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore Thee, Prais-ing Thee their Sun a - bove.

Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness, Drive the dark of doubt a - way;

Giv - er of im - mor-tal glad-ness, Fill us with the light of day. A-men.

2 All Thy works with joy surround Thee,
Earth and heaven reflect Thy rays,
Stars and angels sing around Thee,
Centre of unbroken praise:
Field and forest, vale and mountain,
Blooming meadow, flashing sea,
Chanting bird and flowing fountain,
Call us to rejoice in Thee.

3 Thou art giving and forgiving,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
Well-spring of the joy of living,
Ocean-depth of happy rest!
Thou our Father, Christ our Brother,
All who live in love are Thine:
Teach us how to love each other,
Lift us to the Joy Divine.

4 Mortals join the mighty chorus,
Which the morning stars began:
Father-love is reigning o'er us,
Brother-love binds man to man.
Ever singing march we onward,
Victors in the midst of strife;
Joyful music lifts us sunward
In the triumph song of life. Amen.

HENRY VAN DYKE

Thanksgiving Day

551 DIX 7s. 6l. Arr. fr. CONRAD KOCHER

(♩=96) Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;

Boun-teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy:

All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow. A-men.

2 All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise. Amen.

ANNA L. BARBAULD

The Old Year

552 CHALVEY S. M. D. LEIGHTON G. HAYNE

(♩=92) A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,
And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb;
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood, And take my sins a - way. A-men.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR

The Old Year

553 ABENDS L. M. HERBERT S. OAKELEY

(♩=104) O Thou Whose per - fect good - ness crowns With peace and joy this sa - cred day, Our hearts are glad for all the years, Thy love has kept us in Thy way. A - men.

2 For common tasks of help and cheer,
For quiet hours of thought and prayer,
For moments when we seemed to feel
The breath of a diviner air;

3 For mutual love and trust that keep
Unchanged through all the changing time,
For friends within the veil who thrill
Our spirits with a hope sublime:—

4 For this, and more than words can say,
We praise and bless Thy holy Name.
Come life or death, enough to know
That Thou art evermore the same. Amen.

JOHN W. CHADWICK

The Old Year

554 BENEVENTO 7s. D — SAMUEL WEBBE

(♩=84) While with cease-less course the sun Hast-ed through the for-mer year,

Ma-ny souls their race have run, Nev-er more to meet us here:

Fixed in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low;

We a lit-tle lon-ger wait, But how lit-tle, none can know. A-men.

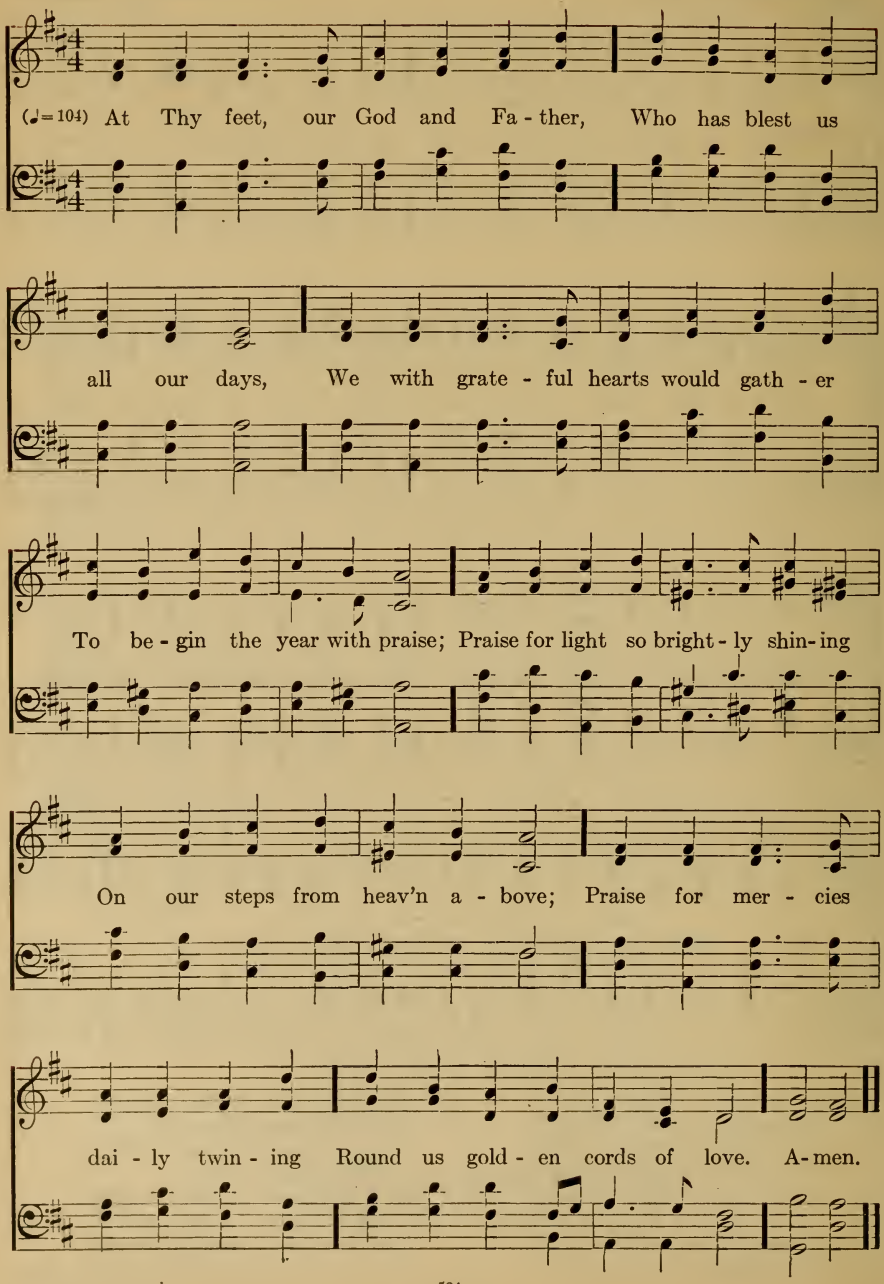
2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise:
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above. Amen.

JOHN NEWTON

The New Year

555 ST. ASAPH 8s & 7s. D. WILLIAM S. BAMBRIDGE



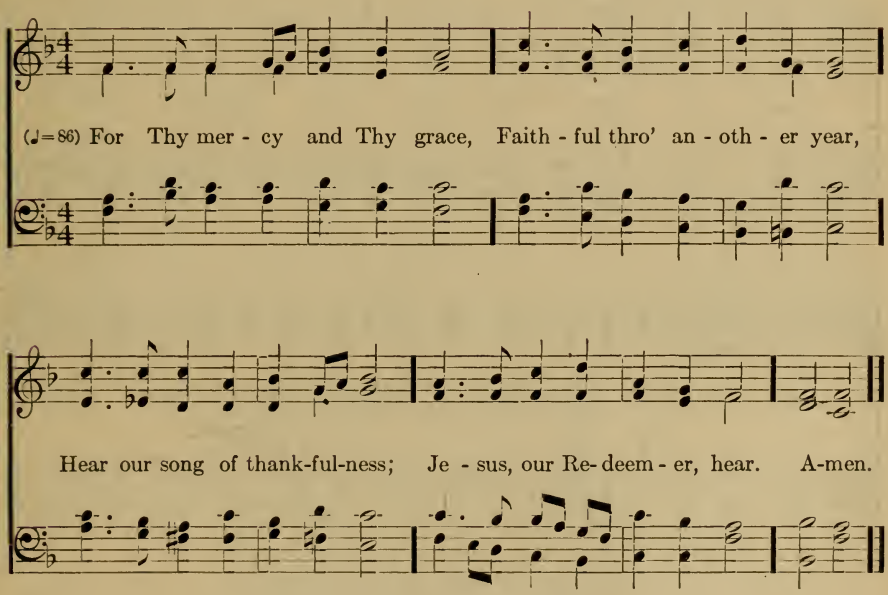
2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,
On the Cross for sinners shown,
We would praise Thee, and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.
With so blest a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter,
When Thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter,
When we know it comes from Thee.
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till Thy glory break before us,
Through the city's open gate. Amen.

JAMES D. BURNS

556 GLEBE FIELD 7s.

JOHN B. DYKES



2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our Stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

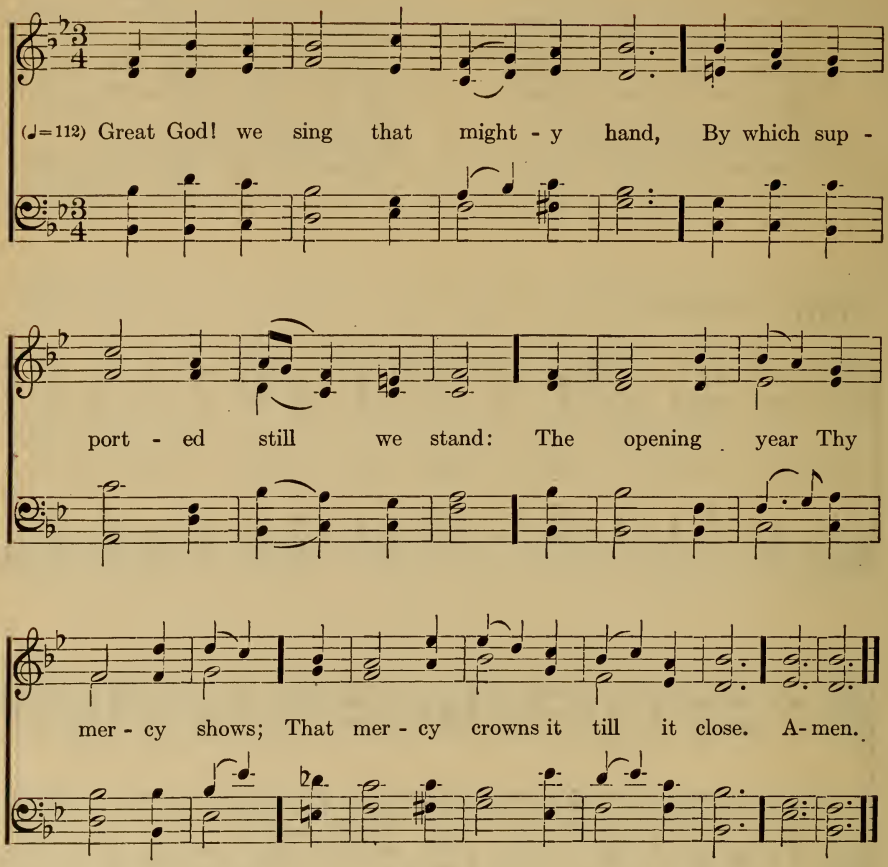
3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help, oh, help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords and King of kings.
Amen.

HENRY DOWNTON

557 GERMANY L. M. (?)



2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

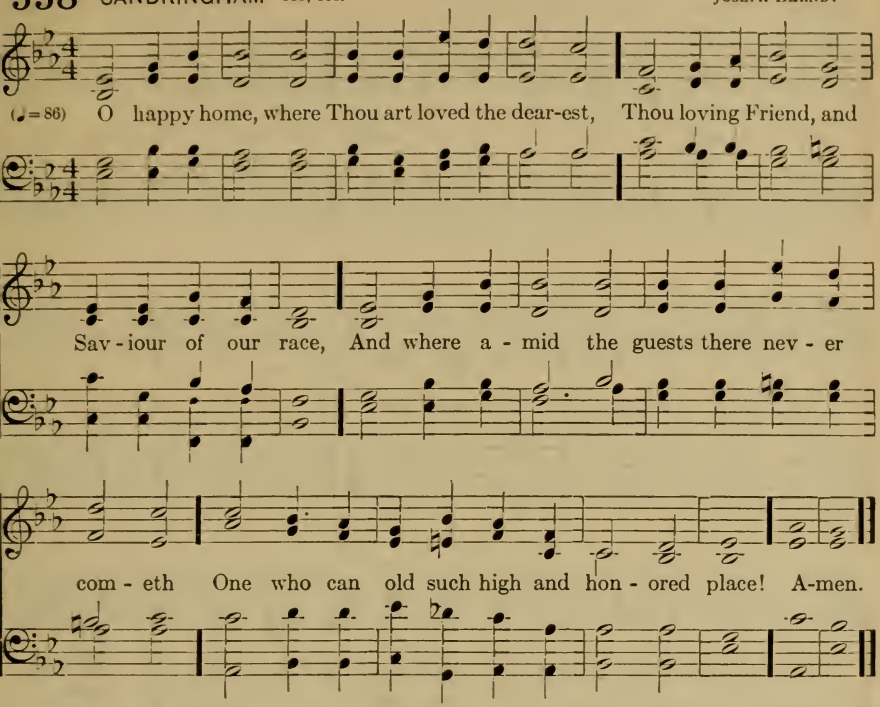
3 With grateful hearts the past we own,
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days. Amen.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

558 SANDRINGHAM 11s, 10s.

JOSEPH BARNBY



2 O happy home, where two in heart united
In holy faith and blessèd hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun!

3 O happy home, whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in humble faith and prayer,
To Thee, their Friend, Who from the heights of heaven
Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care!

4 O happy home, where each one serves Thee, lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee!

5 O happy home, where Thou art not forgotten
When joy is overflowing, full and free,
O happy home, where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee,

6 Until at last, when earth's day's-work is ended,
All meet Thee in the blessèd home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
Thy everlasting Home of peace and love! Amen.

CARL J. P. SPITTA. Tr. SARAH B. FINDLATER

559 NORWICH (OLD 137TH) C. M. D.

Arr. by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

(♩= 72) It sing - eth low in ev - 'ry heart, We hear it each and all,

A song of those who an - swer not, How - ev - er we may call:

They throng the si - lence of the breast, We see them as of yore,

The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet, Who walk with us no more. A-men.

2 'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown:
But oh, 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

3 More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore. Amen.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

560 ANGELUS L. M.

GEORG JOSEFFI

(♩=100) Thou gra - cious God Whose mer - cy lends The light of home, the smile of friends, Our gather - ed flock Thine arms en - fold, As in the peace - ful days of old. A - men.

2 Wilt Thou not hear us while we raise,
In sweet accord of solemn praise,
The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song?

3 For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep;

4 The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres,

5 We thank thee, Father: let Thy grace
Our loving circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore. Amen.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

561 MELITA L. M. 61.

JOHN B. DYKES

(♩=104) E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the rest - less wave, Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep; Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea. A - men.

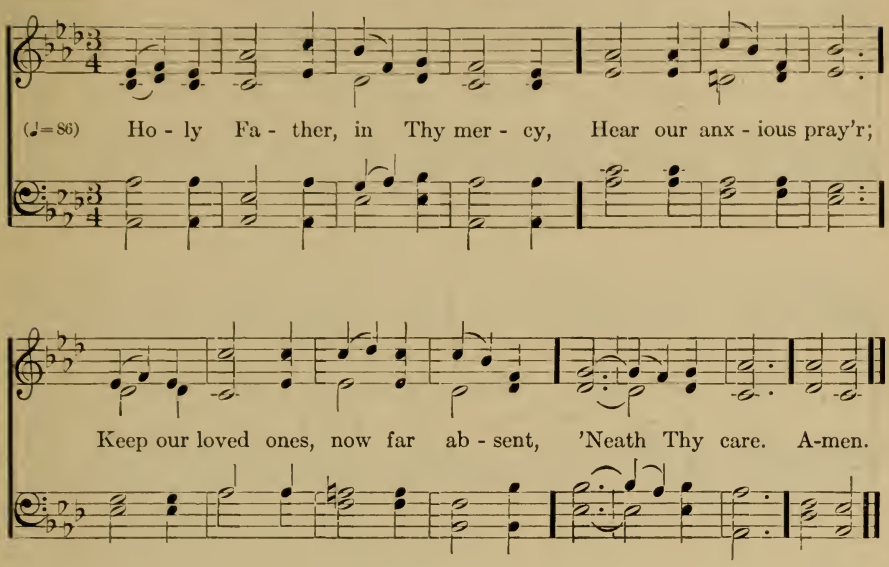
2 O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walked'st on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them whereso'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.
Amen.

WILLIAM WHITING

562 GENEVA 8.5.8.3 (Prayer for the Absent) ETHELBERT W. BULLINGER



2 Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, oh, keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.

3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

4 May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise Thee
Day by day.

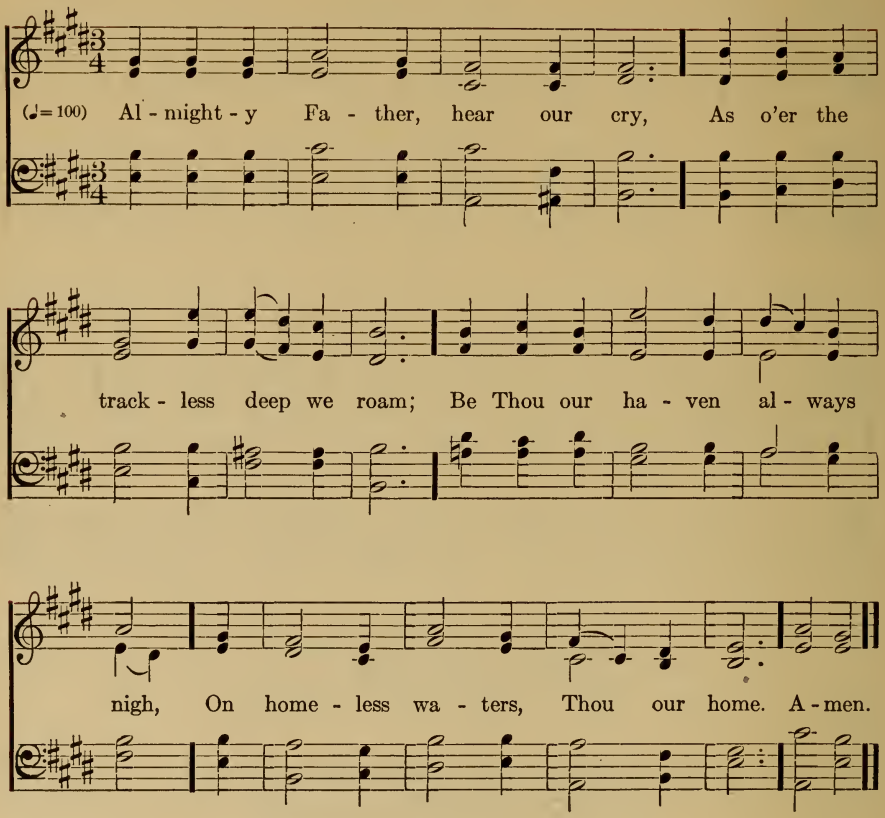
5 Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send Thy grace that they may conquer
In the strife.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
Near to Thee. Amen.

ISABELLA S. STEPHENSON

563 MARYTON L. M.

HENRY P. SMITH



2 O Jesus, Saviour, at Whose voice
The tempest sank to perfect rest,
Bid Thou the fearful heart rejoice.
And cleanse and calm the troubled breast.

3 O Holy Ghost, beneath Whose power
The ocean woke to life and light,
Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Thy fostering warmth, Thy quickening might.

4 Great God of our salvation, Thee
We love, we worship, we adore;
Our refuge on time's changeful sea,
Our joy on heaven's eternal shore. Amen.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH

THE LATIN VERSION OF CERTAIN ANCIENT HYMNS

564 *For Chant and Translation, see No. 574*

Te Deum laudamus, te Dominum confitemur.
Te aeternum Patrem omnis terra veneratur.
Tibi omnes angeli, tibi caeli et universae potestates,
Tibi cherubim et seraphim incessabili voce proclamant:
Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth!
Pleni sunt caeli et terra maiestatis gloriae tuae.
Te gloriosus apostolorum chorus, te prophetarum laudabilis numerus,
Te martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus;
Te per orbem terrarum sancta confitetur ecclesia,
Patrem immensae maiestatis, venerandum tuum verum et unicum Filium,
Sanctum quoque Paraclitum Spiritum.
Tu Rex gloriae, Christe,
Tu Patris sempiternus es Filius.
Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem
Non horruisti virginis uterum.
Tu, devicto mortis aculeo,
Aperuisti credentibus regna caelorum.
Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes in gloria Patris.
Iudex crederis esse venturus!
Te ergo quaesumus, tuis famulis subveni,
Quos pretioso sanguine redemisti.
Aeterna fac cum sanctis tuis in gloria numerari.
Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine, et benedic hereditati tuae,
Et rege eos, et extolle illos usque in aeternum.
Per singulos dies benedicimus Te,
Et laudamus nomen tuum in saeculum et in saeculum saeculi.
Dignare, Domine, die isto sine peccato nos custodire.
Miserere nostri, Domine, miserere nostri;
Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos,
Quemadmodum speravimus in Te.
In Te, Domine, speravi: non confundar in aeternum.

Anonymous, 400–450

565 *For Chant and Translation, see No. 584*

Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis,
Laudamus te; benedicimus te; adoramus te; glorificamus te.
Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam.
Domine Deus, Rex caelestis, Deus Pater omnipotens
Domini Fili unigenite Jesu Christe,
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.
Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.
Tu qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.*
Qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram,
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere nobis.
Quoniam tu solus sanctus,
Tu solus Dominus.
Tu solus altissimus Jesu Christe, cum Sancto Spiritu, in gloria Dei Patris.

From the Greek, 5th cent.

* This clause is not found in the Latin Version, but is found in the Greek form (Codex Alexandrinus), and is included in the English Version.

566

For Tune (Adeste Fideles) and Translation, see No. 130

1 Adeste, fideles,
Laeti, triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem:
Natum videte
Regem Angelorum:
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

2 Deum de Deo,
Lumen de lumine,
Gestant puellae viscera:
Deum verum,
Genitum non factum:
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

3 Cantet nunc Io
Chorus Angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula caelestium:
Gloria in
Excelsis Deo:
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

4 Ergo qui natus
Die hodierna,
Iesu, tibi sit gloria:
Patris aeterni
Verbum caro factum:
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum. Amen.

Anonymous, 17th cent.

567

For Tune (Veni Emmanuel) and Translation, see No. 119

1 Veni, veni, Emmanuel,
Captivum solve Israel,
Qui gemit in exilio,
Privatus Dei filio.
Gaude, gaude Emmanuel
Nascetur pro te, Israel.

2 Veni, O Iesse virgula,
Ex hostis tuos ungula,
De specu tuos Tartari
Educ, et antro barathri.
Gaude, gaude Emmanuel
Nascetur pro te, Israel.

3 Veni, veni, O Oriens,
Solare nos adveniens:
Noctis depelle nebulas,
Dirasque noctis tenebras.
Gaude, gaude, Emmanuel
Nascetur pro te, Israel.

4 Veni, clavis Davidica,
Regna reclude caelica,
Fac iter tutum superum,
Et claude vias inferum.
Gaude, gaude Emmanuel
Nascetur pro te, Israel.

5 Veni, veni Adonai,
Qui populo in Sinai
Legem dedisti vertice,
In maiestate gloriae.
Gaude, gaude Emmanuel
Nascetur pro te, Israel. Amen.

Anonymous, 12th cent.

568

For Tune (Dulce Carmen) and Translation, see No. 494

1 Alleluia, dulce carmen,
Vox perennis gaudii,
Alleluia vox suavis
Est choris caelestibus,
Quam canunt Dei manentes
In domo per saecula.

2 Alleluia non meremur
Nunc perenne psallere,
Alleluia nos reatus
Cogit intermittere;
Tempus instat, quo peracta
Lugeamus crimina.

3 Alleluia, laeta mater
Concinis Hierusalem,
Alleluia vox tuorum
Civium gaudentium,
Exsules nos flere cogunt
Babylonis flumina.

4 Unde laudando precamur
Te, beata Trinitas,
Ut tuum nobis videre
Pascha des in aethere,
Quo tibi laeti canamus
Alleluia iugiter. Amen.

Anonymous, 11th cent.

569

For Tune (Zephyr) and Translation, see No. 12

1 Splendor Paternae gloriae,
De luce lucem proferens,
Lux lucis et fons luminis,
Dies diem illuminans;

2 Verusque sol illabere,
Micans nitore perpeti,
Jubarque sancti spiritus
Infunde nostris sensibus.

3 Votis vocemus et patrem,
Patrem perennis gloriae,
Patrem potentis gratiae,
Culpam releget lubricam.

4 Informet actus strenuos,
Dentem retundat invidi,
Casus secundet asperos,
Donet gerendi gratiam.

5 Mentem gubernet et regat
Casto fideli corpore,
Fides calore ferveat,
Fraudis venena nesciat.

6 Christusque nobis sit cibus,
Potusque noster sit fides:
Laeti bibamus sobriam
Ebrietatem spiritus.

7 Laetus dies hic transeat,
Pudor sit ut diluculum,
Fides velut meridies,
Crepusculum mens nesciat.

8 Aurora cursus provehit,
Aurora totus prodeat,
In Patre totus Filius,
Et totus in Verbo Pater. Amen.

St. Ambrose of Milan, 340–397

570

For Tune (Heber) and Translation, see Nos. 104, 83, 105, 246

1 Jesu dulcis memoria,
Dans vera cordi gaudia,
Sed super mel et omnia
Ejus dulcis praesentia.

2 Nil canitur suavius,
Nil auditur jucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius
Quam Jesus Dei Filius.

3 Jesu, spes poenitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus,
Quam bonus te quaerentibus,
Sed quid invenientibus?

4 Nec lingua potest dicere,
Nec litera exprimere,
Expertus potest credere,
Quid sit Iesum diligere.

5 Iesu, Rex admirabilis
Et triumphator nobilis,
Dulcedo ineffabilis,
Totus desiderabilis.

6 Quando cor nostrum visitas,
Tunc lucet ei veritas,
Mundi vilescit vanitas,
Et intus fervet caritas.

7 Iesu, Dulcedo cordium,
Fons vivus, lumen mentium,
Excedens omne gaudium,
Et omne desiderium.

8 Iesum omnes agnoscite,
Amorem eius poscite;
Iesum ardentem quaerite,
Quaerendo inardescite.

9 Iesu, Decus angelicum,
In aure dulce canticum,
In ore mel mirificum,
In corde nectar caelicum.

10 Qui te gustant, esuriunt,
Qui bibunt, adhuc sitiunt,
Desiderare nesciunt
Nisi Iesum, quem diligunt.

11 O Iesu, mi dulcissime,
Spes suspirantis animae,
Te quaerunt piae lacrimae,
Te clamor mentis intimae.

12 Mane nobiscum, Domine,
Et nos illustra lumine,
Pulsa noctis caligine
Mundum replens dulcedine.

13 Amor tuus continuus,
Mihi languor assiduus,
Mihi Iesus mellifluus,
Fructus vitae perpetuus.

14 Iesum quaeram in lectulo,
Clauso cordis cubiculo,
Privatim et in publico
Quaeram amore sedulo.

15 Quocumque loco fuero,
Mecum Iesum desidero,
Quam laetus, cum invenero,
Quam felix, cum tenuero.

16 Iesus ad patrem rediit,
Caeleste regnum subiit,
Cor meum a me transiit,
Post Iesum simul abiit.

17 Iam prosequamur laudibus,
Votis, hymnis et precibus,
Ut nos donet caelestibus
Secum perfrui sedibus. Amen.

St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153

571

For Tune (Zephyr) and Translation, see No. 115

1 Veni, creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia
Quae tu creasti pectora.

2 Qui Paraclitus diceris,
Donum Dei altissimi,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio;

3 Tu septiformis munere,
Dextrae Dei Tu digitus,
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

4 Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus.
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

5 Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus,
Ductore sic Te praevio
Vitemus omne noxium.

6 Da gaudiorum praemia,
Da gratiarum munera,
Dissolve litis vincula,
Adstringe pacis foedera.

7 Per Te sciamus, da, Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Te utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

8 Sit laus Patri cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
Nobisque mittat Filius
Charisma sancti Spiritus. Amen.

Anonymous, cir. 1000

572 *For Tune (O Quanta Qualia) and Translation, see No. 489*

1 O quanta qualia sunt illa sabbata,
Quae semper celebrat superna curia,
Quae fessis requies, quae merces fortibus,
Cum erit omnia Deus in omnibus!

2 Quis rex, quae curia, quale palatium,
Quae pax, quae requies, quod illud gaudium!
Hujus participes exponant gloriae,
Si, quantum sentiunt, possint exprimere.

3 Vere Jerusalem illic est civitas,
Cujus pax jugis est summa jucunditas,
Ubi non praevenit rem desiderium,
Nec desiderio minus est praemium.

4 Illic molestiis finitis omnibus
Securi cantica Sion cantabimus,
Et juges gratias de donis gratiae
Beata referet plebs tibi, Domine.

5 Illic ex sabbato succedit sabbatum,
Perpes laetitia sabbatizantium,
Nec ineffabiles cessabunt jubili,
Quos decantabimus et nos et angeli.

6 Nostrum est interim mentem erigere
Et totis patriam votis appetere,
Et ad Jerusalem a Babylonia
Post longa regredi tandem exilia.

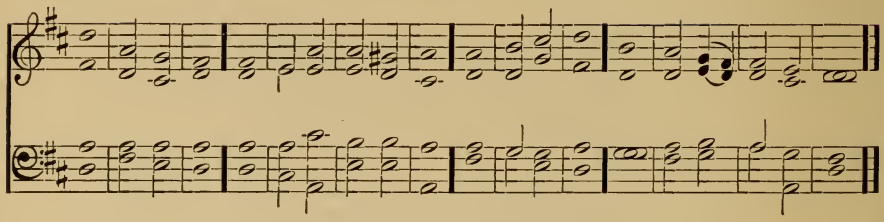
7 Perenni Domino perpes sit gloria,
Ex quo sunt, per quem sunt, in quo sunt omnia;
Ex quo sunt, Pater est, per quem sunt, Filius,
In quo sunt Patris et Filii Spiritus. Amen.

PETER ABELARD, 12th cent.

CANTICLES

573 VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO

WILLIAM BOYCE



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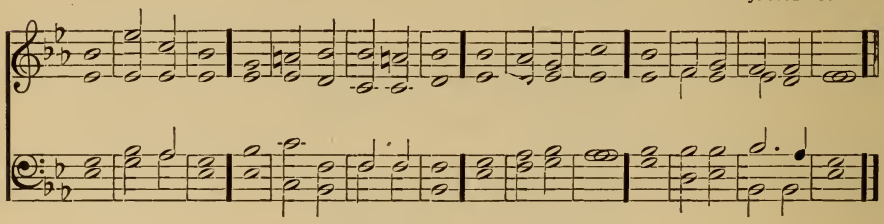
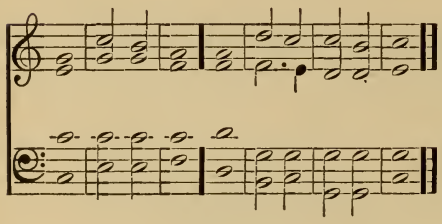


R. GOODSON



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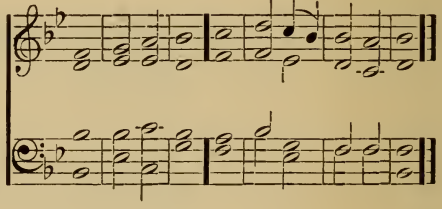
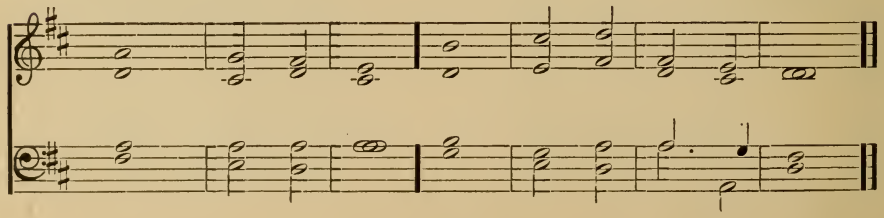


J. JONES



Canticles

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO

1 O come, let us síng | unto · the | Lord || let us heartily rejóice in the | strength of | our sal | vation.

2 Let us come before his présence with | thanks — | giving || and shów ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the Lórd is a | great — | God || and a gréat | King a | bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are all the córners | of the | earth || and the strénngth of the | hills is | his — | also.

5 The sea is hís | and he | made it || and his hánds pre | pared · the | dry — | land.

6 O come, let us wórship and | fall — | down || and knéel be | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For hé is the | Lord our | God || and we are the people of his pasture ánd the | sheep of | his — | hand.

8 O worship the Lórd in the | beauty · of | holiness || let the whole éarth | stand in | awe of | him.

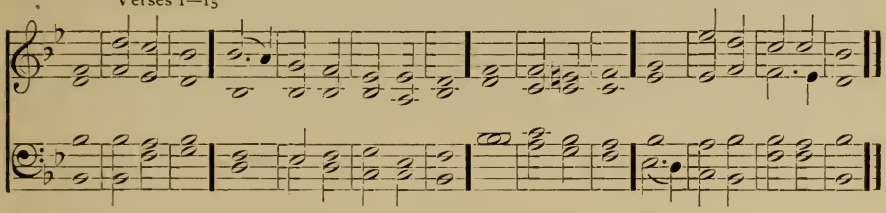
9 For he cometh, for he cómeth to | judge the | earth || and with righteousness to judge the wórld, and the | people | with his | truth.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son || ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning is nów, and | ever | shall be || wórld without | end. — | A — | men.

574 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Verses 1—15

H. Lawes

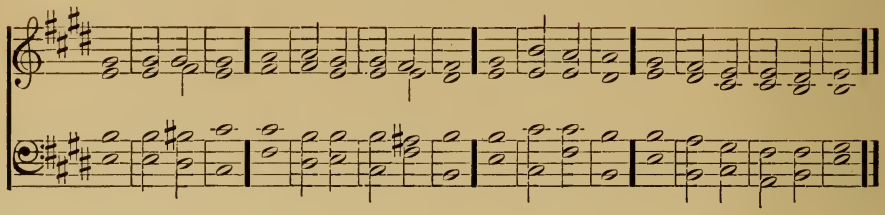


1 We práise | thee, O | God || we acknówledge | thee to | be the | Lord.
2 All the eárth doth | worship | thee || thé | Father | ever | lasting.
3 To thee all Ángels | cry a | loud || the Héavens, and | all the | Powers there | in;
4 To thee Chérubim and | Sera | phim || cón | tinual | ly do | cry,
5 Hóly | Holy | Holy || Lórd | God of | Saba | oth;
6 Heaven and earth are fúll of the | Majes | ty || óf | thy — | glo — | ry.
7 The glorious cómpany | of · the A | postles || práise | — — | — — | thee.
8 The goodly féllowship | of the | Prophets || práise | — — | — — | thee.
9 The nóble | army · of | Martyrs || práise | — — | — — | thee.
10 The holy Chúrch throughout | all the | world || dóth ac | know | ledge — | thee;
11 Thé | Fa — | ther || óf an | infinite | Majes | ty;
12 Thíne ad | ora · ble | true || ánd | on — | — ly | Son;
13 Álso the | Holy | Ghost || thé | Com — | fort — | er;
14 Thóu art the | King of | Glory || ó | — — | — — | Christ.
15 Thou art the éver | lasting | Son || óf | — the | Fa — | ther.

Canticles

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Verses 16—23 W. T. Propert



16 When thou tookest upon thée to de | liver | man || thou didst humble thysélf to be | born — | of a | Virgin.

17 When thou hadst overcóme the | sharpness · of | death || thou didst open the Kíngdom of | Heaven to | all be | lievers.

18 Thou sittest at the ríght | hand of | God || ín the | glory | of the | Father.

19 We belíeve that | thou shalt | come || tó | be — | our — | Judge.

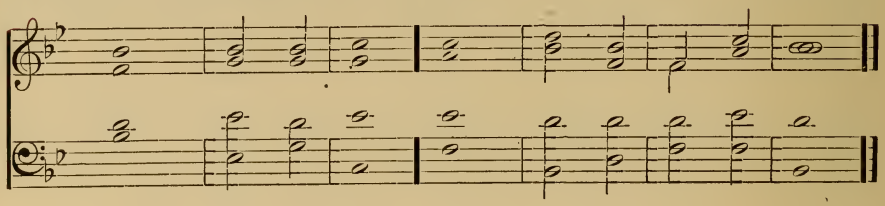
20 We therefore práy thee | help thy | servants || whom thou hast redéemed | with thy | precious | blood.

21 Make them to be númbered | with thy | Saints || ín | glory | ever | lasting.

22 O Lórd, | save thy | people || ánd | bless thine | herit | age.

23 Góv | — ern | them || ánd | lift them | up for | ever.

Verses 24—29 (Or may return to first chant used) J. Barnby.



24 Dáy | by — | day || wé | magni | fy — | thee;

25 And we | worship · thy | Name || éver | world with | out — | end.

26 Vóuch | safe O | Lord || to kéep us this | day with | out — | sin.

27 O Lórd, have | mercy · up | on us || háve | mercy · up | on — | us.

28 O Lord, let thy mércy | be up | on us || ás our | trust — | is in | thee.

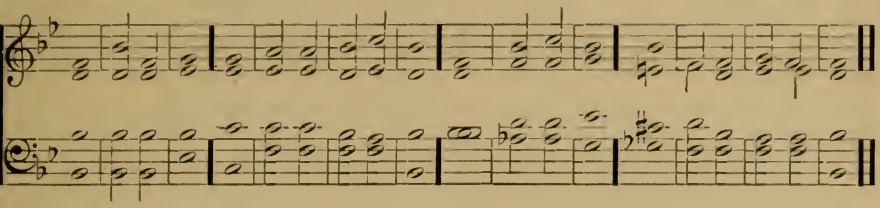
29 O Lord, in thée | have I | trusted || lét me | never | be con | founded.

Canticles

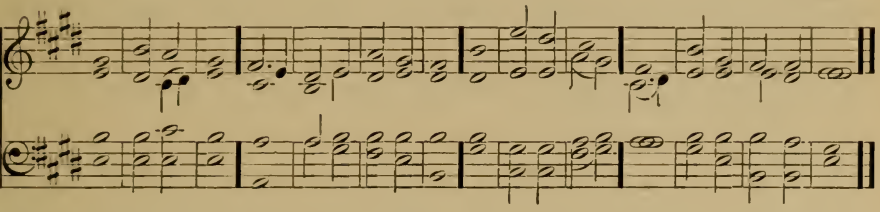
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Alternate Chants for vs. 1—15

From Beethoven

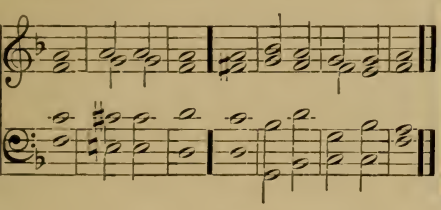


J. Goss

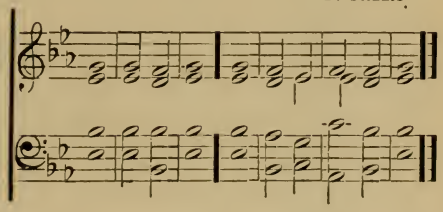


Alternate Chants for vs. 16—23

J. Barnby

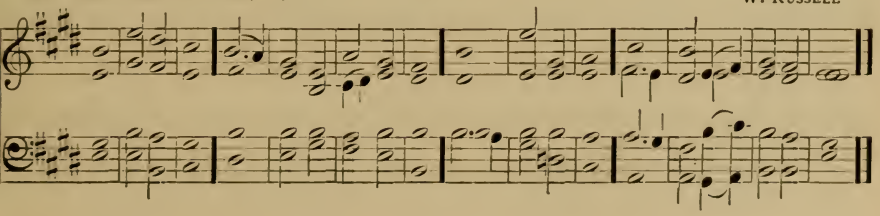


T. Tallis

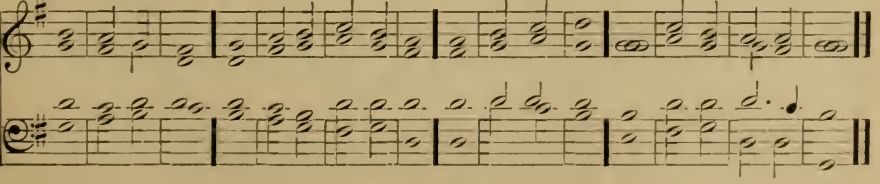


Alternate chants for vs. 24—29.

W. Russell



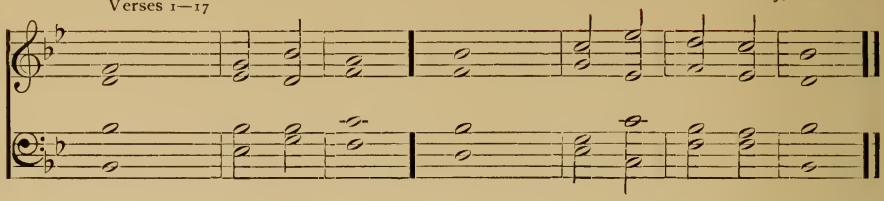
W. Crotch



575 BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA DOMINI

Verses 1—17

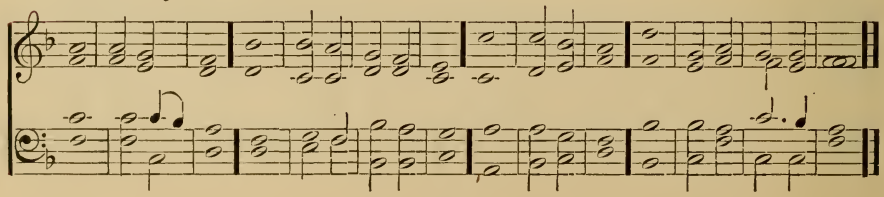
G. J. Elvey



1 O all ye Works of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
2 O ye Angels of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for- | ever.
3 O ye Héavens | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
4 O ye Waters that be above the fírmament | bless · ye the | Lórd || práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
5 O all ye Powers of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
6 O ye Sun and Móon | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for- | ever.
7 O ye Stars of héaven | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for- | ever.
8 O ye Showers and Déw | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for- | ever.
9 O ye Winds of Gód | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for- | ever.
10 O ye Fire and Héat | bless ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
11 O ye Winter and Súmmer | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
12 O ye Dews and Frost | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for- | ever.
13 O ye Frost and Cóld | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for- | ever.
14 O ye Ice and Snów | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for- | ever.
15 O ye Nights and Dáys | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for- | ever.
16 O ye Light and Dárkness | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
17 O ye Lightnings and Clóuds | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

Verses 18—25

W. Hayes



18 O let the Eárth | bless the | Lord || yea let it práise him, and | magnify | him for- | ever.

19 O ye Mountains and Híllls | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

20 O all ye Green Things upon the éarth | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever ||

21 O ye Wélls | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

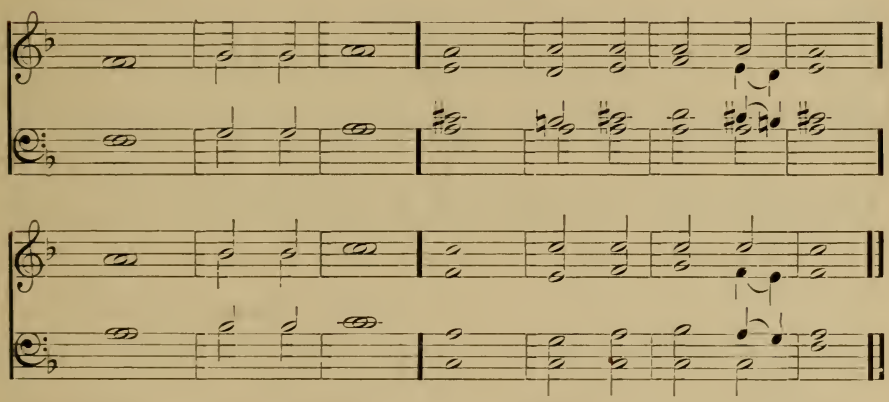
22 O ye Seas and Flóods | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

23 O ye Whales, and all that move in the wáters | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

24 O all ye Fówls of the air | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for- | ever.

25 O all ye Beasts and Cáttle | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for- | ever.

Verses 26—31 A. Bennett



26 O ye Children of Mén | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for- | ever.

27 O let Ísrael | bless the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

28 O ye Priests of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for- | ever.

29 O ye Servants of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

30 O ye Spirits and Souls of the Ríghteous | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

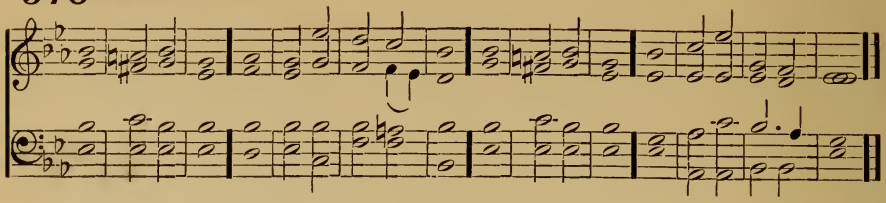
31 O ye holy and humble Men of héart | bless · ye the | Lord || práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son || ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

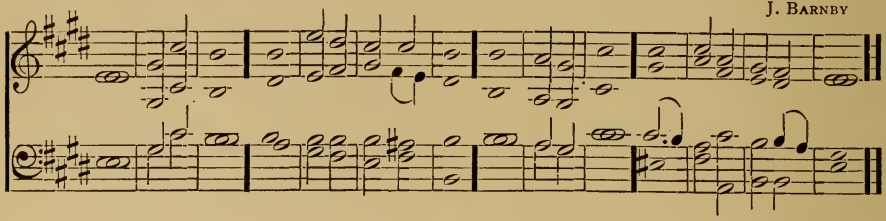
As it was in the beginning is nów, and | ever | shall be || wórld without | end. — | A — | men.

576 BENEDICTUS

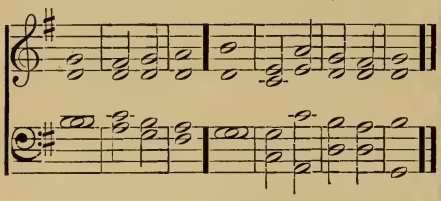
Anon.



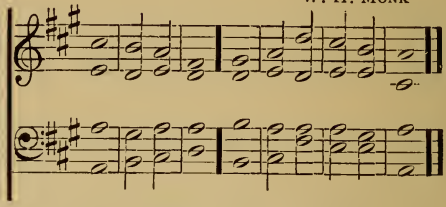
J. Barnby



H. Aldrich



W. H. Monk



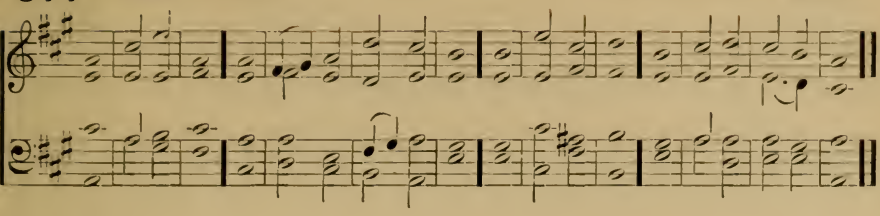
1 Blessèd be the Lórd | God of | Israel || for he hath vísited | and re | deemed · his | people;
2 And hath raised up a míghty sal | vation | for us || in the hóuse | of his | servant | David;
3 As he spake by the móuth of his | holy | Prophets || which have béen | since the | world be | gan;
4 That we should be sáved | from our | enemies || and fróm the | hand of | all that | hate us.
5 To perform the mercy prómised to | our fore | fathers || ánd to re | member · his | holy | covenant;
6 To perform the oath which he sware to our fórefather | Abra | ham || thát | he would | give — | us;
7 That we being delivered out of the hánd | of our | enemies || might sérve | him with | out — | fear;
8 In holiness and rígheteous | ness be | fore him || áll the | days — | of our | life.
9 And thou child, shalt be called the próphet | of the | Highest || for thou shalt go before the face of the Lórd | to pre | pare his | ways;
10 To give knowledge of salvátion | unto · his | people || fór the re | mission | of their | sins,
11 Through the tender mércy | of our | God || whereby the day-spring fróm on | high hath | visit · ed | us;
12 To give light to them that sit in darkness and ín the | shadow · of | death || and to guide our féet | into · the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son || ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning is nów, and | ever | shall be || wórld without | end. — | A — | men.

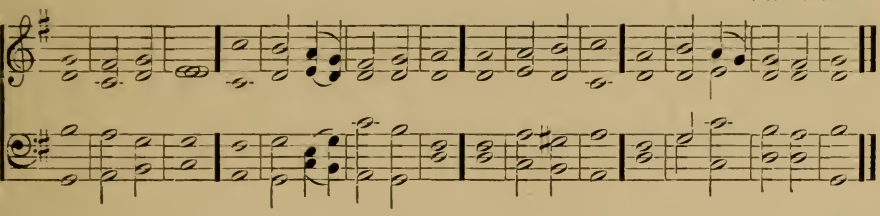
Canticles

577 JUBILATE DEO

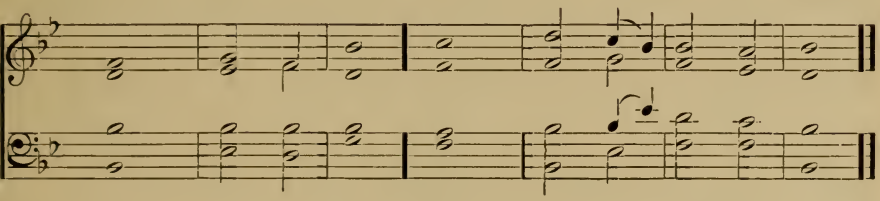
J. Norris



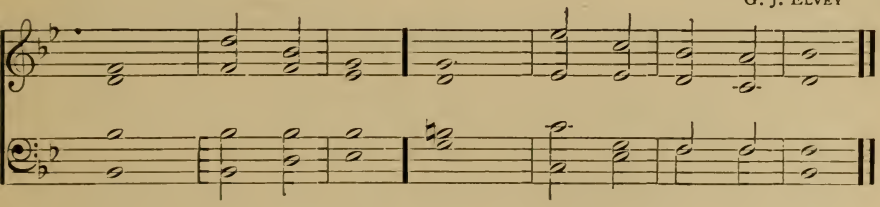
T. S. Dupuis



Anon



G. J. Elvey



1 O be joyful in the Lórd | all ye | lands || serve the Lord with gladness and come befóre his | presence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the Lord he is God it is he that hath made us ánd not | we our | selves || we are his people. ánd the | sheep of | his — | pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving and ínto his | courts with | praise || be thankful unto hím, and | speak good | of his | Name.

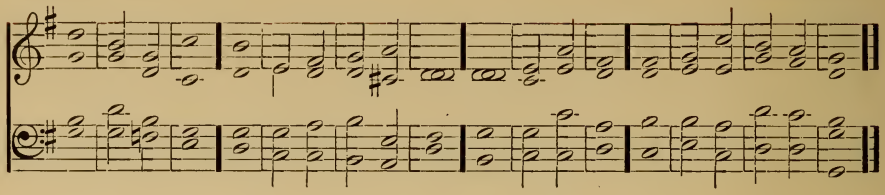
4 For the Lord is gracious his mércy is | ever | lasting || and his truth endureth from géner | ation · to | gener | ation.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son || ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

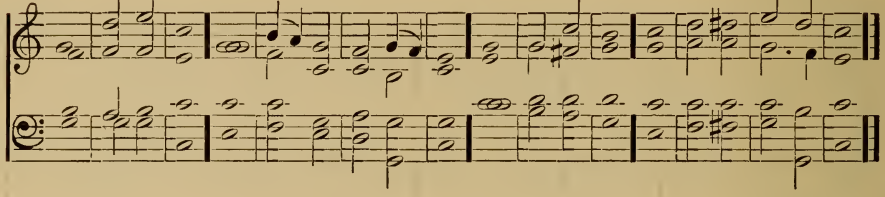
As it was in the beginning is nów, and | ever | shall be || wórld without | end. — | A — | men.

578 MAGNIFICAT

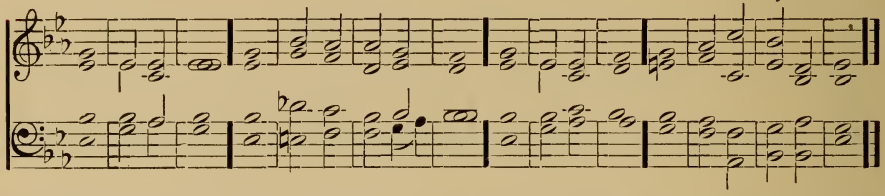
HENRY SMART



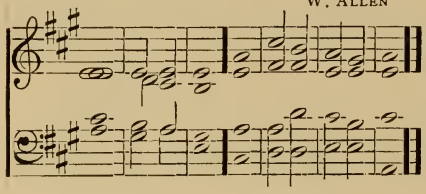
C. E. KETTLE



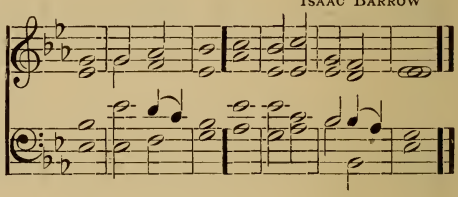
J. NARES



W. ALLEN



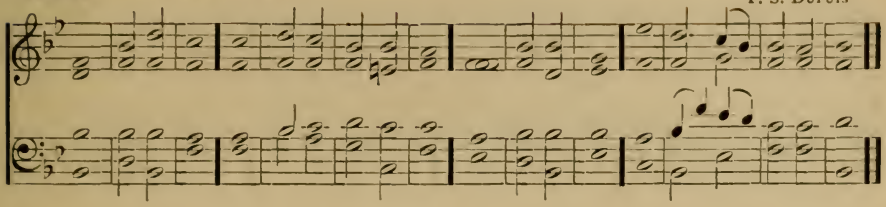
ISAAC BARROW



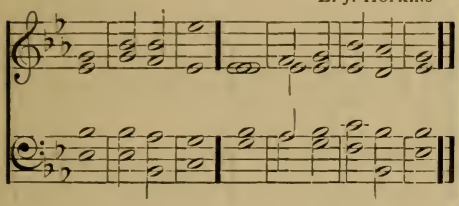
1 My soul doth mágni | fy the | Lord || and my spirit háth re | joiced · in | God my | Saviour.
2 Fór he | hath re | garded || the lówli | ness of | his hand | maiden.
3 Fór be | hold from | henceforth || áll gener | ations · shall | call me | blessed.
4 For he that is míghty hath | magni · fied | me || ánd | holy | is his | Name.
5 And his mércy is on | them that | fear him || thróugh | out all | gener | ations.
6 He hath showed stréngth | with his | arm || he hath scattered the proud in the imágin | ation | of their | hearts.
7 He hath put down the míghty | from their | seat || and háth ex | alted · the | humble · and | meek.
8 He hath filled the húngry with | good — | things || and the rích he hath | sent — | empty · a | way.
9 He remembering his mercy hath hólpen his | servant | Israel || as he promised to our forefathers Ábraham | and his | seed for | ever.
Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son || ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning is nów, and | ever | shall be || wórld without | end. — | A — | men.

579 CANTATE DOMINO

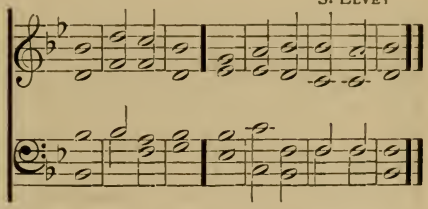
T. S. Dupuis



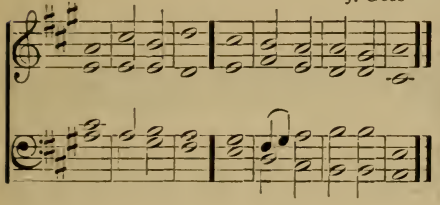
E. J. Hopkins



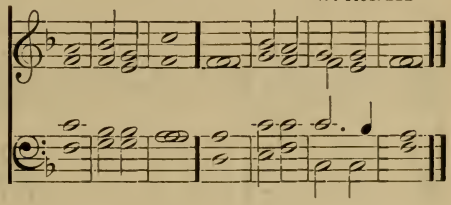
S. Elvey



J. Goss



W. Russell



1 O sing unto the Lórd a | new — | song || for hé hath | done — |marvellous | things.

2 With his own right hand and wíth his | holy | arm || háth he | gotten · him | self the | victory.

3 The Lord decláred | his sal | vation || his righteousness hath he openly shówed | in the | sight — | of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth tóward the | house of | Israel || and all the ends of the world have séen the sal | vation | of our | God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lórd | all ye | lands || síng, re | joice and | give — | thanks.

6 Praise the Lórd up | on the | harp || sing to the hárp with a | psalm of | thanks — | giving.

7 With trúmpets | also · and | shawms || O show yourselves jóyful be | fore the | Lord the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise and áll that | therein | is || the round wórld, and | they that | dwell there | in.

9 Let the floods clap their hands and let the hills be joyful togéther be | fore the | Lord || fór he | cometh · to | judge the | earth.

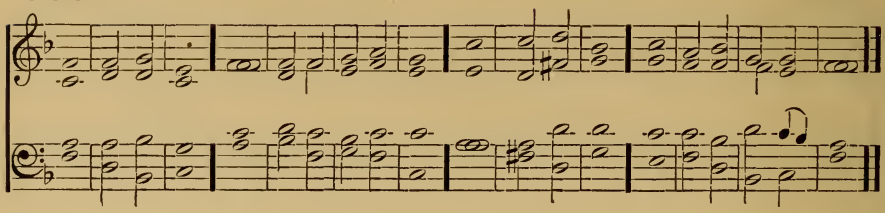
10 With righteousness sháll he | judge the | world || ánd the | people | with — | equity.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son || ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

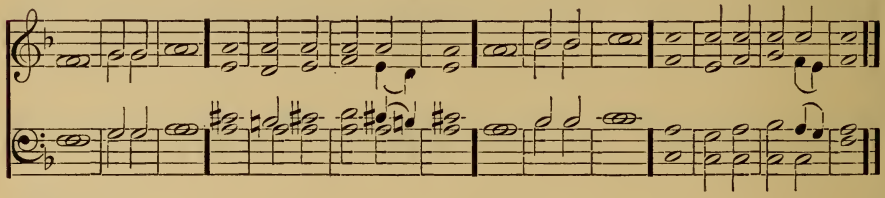
As it was in the beginning is nów, and | ever | shall be || wórld without | end. — | A — | men.

580 BONUM EST CONFITERI

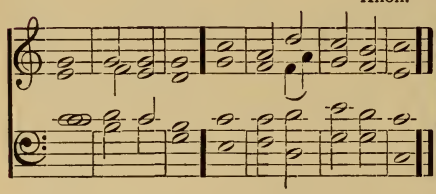
J. Turle



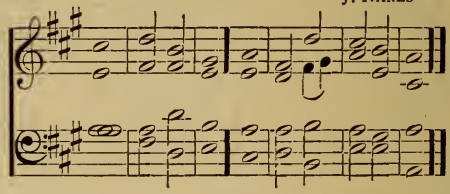
A. Bennett



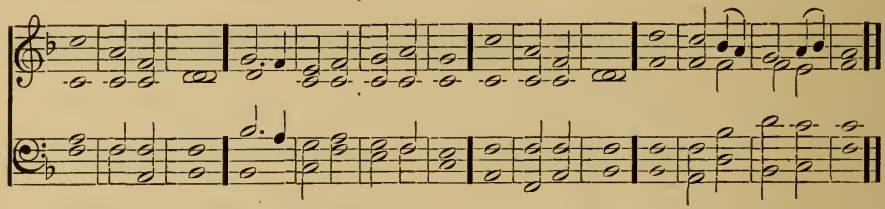
Anon.



J. Nares



Isaac Barrow



1 It is a good thing to give thánks | unto · the | Lord || and to sing praises únto thy | Náme — | O Most | Highest;

2 To tell of thy loving-kindness éarly | in the | morning || and of thy trúth | in the | night — | season.

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings ánd up | on the | lute || upon a loud ínstrument | and up | on the | harp.

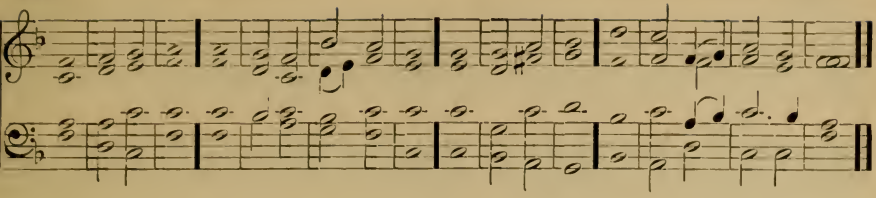
4 For thou Lord hast made me glád | through thy | works || and I will rejoice in giving praise for the óper | ations | of thy | hands.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son || ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

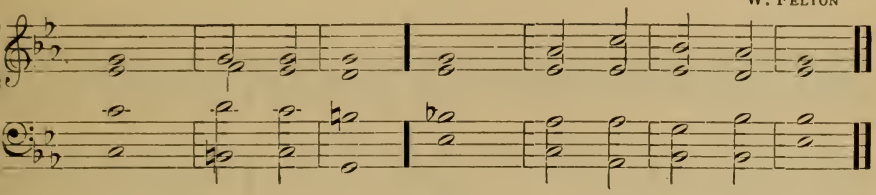
As it was in the beginning is nów, and | ever | shall be || wórld without | end. — | A — | men.

581 NUNC DIMITTIS

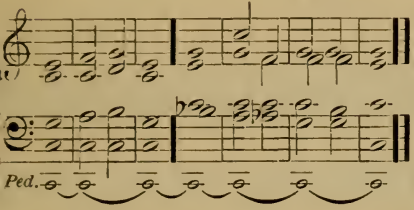
R. Langdon



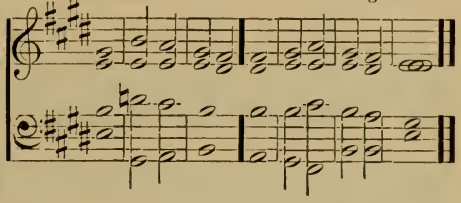
W. Felton



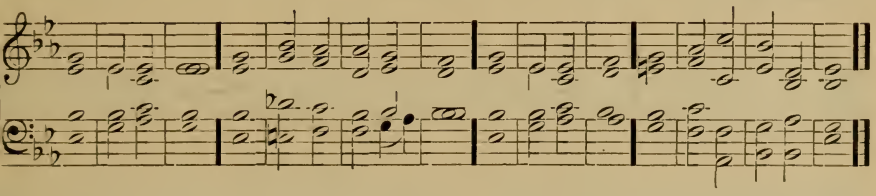
C. A. Barry



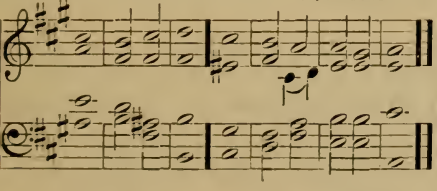
Gregorian



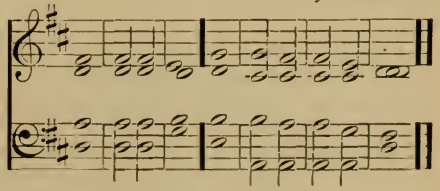
W. Hawes



H. Aldrich



J. Stainer



1 Lord, now lettest thou thy sérvant de | part in | peace || ác | cording | to thy | word.
2 Fór mine | eyes have | seen || thy | — sal | va — | tion,
3 Which thou | hast pre | pared || befóre the | face of | all — | people;
4 To be a líght to | lighten · the | Gentiles || and to be the glóry | of thy | people | Israel.
Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son || ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning is nów, and | ever | shall be || wórld without | end. — |
A — | men.

582 DEUS MISEREATUR

J. Barnby

W. H. Havergal

Beethoven

J. T. Musgrave

J. Turle

1 God be merciful únto | us and | bless us || and show us the light of his countenance, ánd be | merci · ful | unto | us;
2 That thy wáy may be | known · upon | earth || thy sáving | health a | mong all | nations.
3 Let the people práise | thee O | God || yéa let | all the | people | praise thee.
4 O let the nations rejóice | and be | glad || for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and góvern the | nations · up | on — | earth.
5 Let the people práise | thee O | God || yéa let | all the | people | praise thee.
6 Then shall the éarth bring | forth her | increase || and God, even our own Gód, shall | give — | us his | blessing.
7 Gód shall | bless — | us || and all the énds of the | world shall | fear — | him.
Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son || ánd to the | Holy Ghost:
As it was in the beginning is nów, and | ever | shall be || wórld without | end — | A — | men.

583 BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA

W. Russell

W. Jacobs

J. Medley

J. Battishill

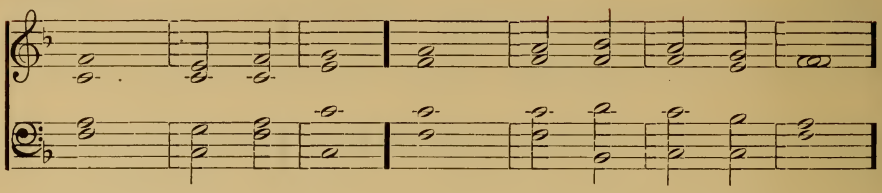
J. Goss

1 Praise the Lórd | O my | soul || and all that is withín me | praise his | holy | Name.
2 Praise the Lórd | O my | soul || ánd for | get not | all his | benefits.
3 Who forgíveth | all thy | sin || and héaleth | all — | thine in | firmities;
4 Who saveth thy lífe | from de | struction || and crowneth thée with | mercy · and | loving | kindness.
5 O praise the Lord ye angels of his, yé that ex | cel in | strength || ye that fulfill his commandment, and hearken únto the | voice — | of his | word.
6 O praise the Lórd, all | ye his | hosts || ye servants of | hís that | do his | pleasure.
7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all pláces of | his do | minion || praise thóu the | Lord — | O my | soul.

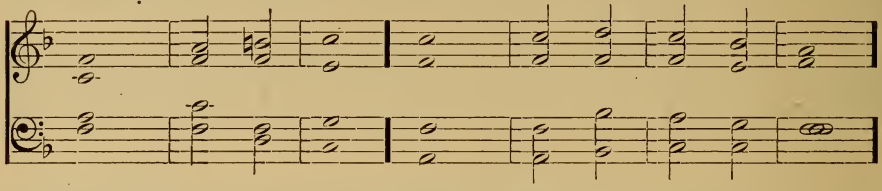
Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son || ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning is nów, and | ever | shall be || wórld without | end — | A — | men.

584 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

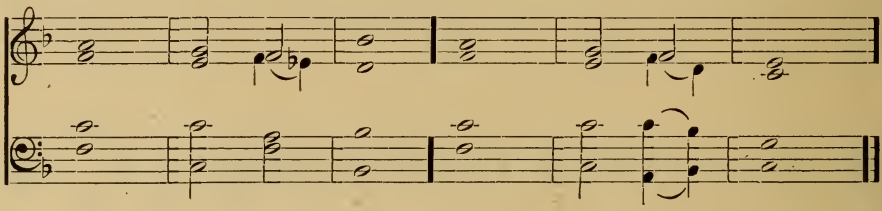
Old Church Melody



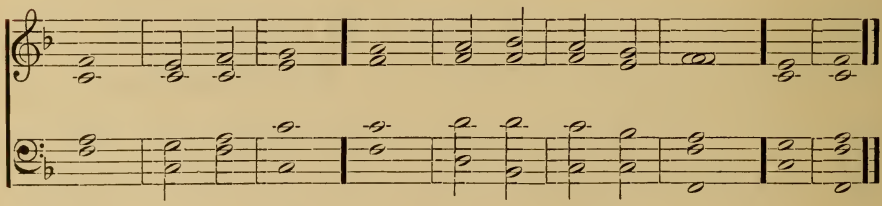
1 Glory bé to | God · on | high || and on éarth | peace good | will · towards | men.
2 We praise Thee, we bless Thée we | worship | Thee || we glorify Thee, we give thánks to | Thee · for | Thy great | glory.



3 O Lord Gód | heaven · ly | King || Gód the | Father | Al — | mighty.
4 O Lord, the only-begotten Són | Jesus | Christ || O Lord God, Lamb of Gód | Son — | of the | Father,



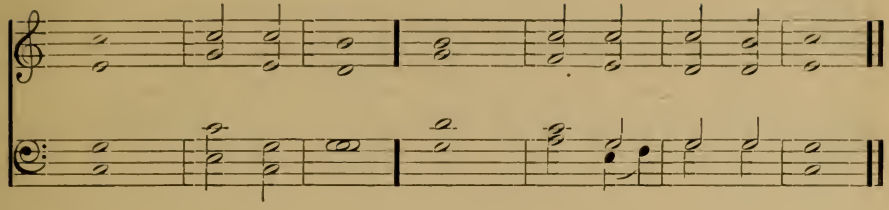
5 That takest awáy the | sins · of the | world || have mércy | upon | us.
6 Thou that takest awáy the | sins · of the | world || have mércy | upon | us.
7 Thou that takest awáy the | sins · of the | world || re | ceive our | prayer,
8 Thou that sittest at the right hánd of | God · the | Father || have mércy | upon | us.



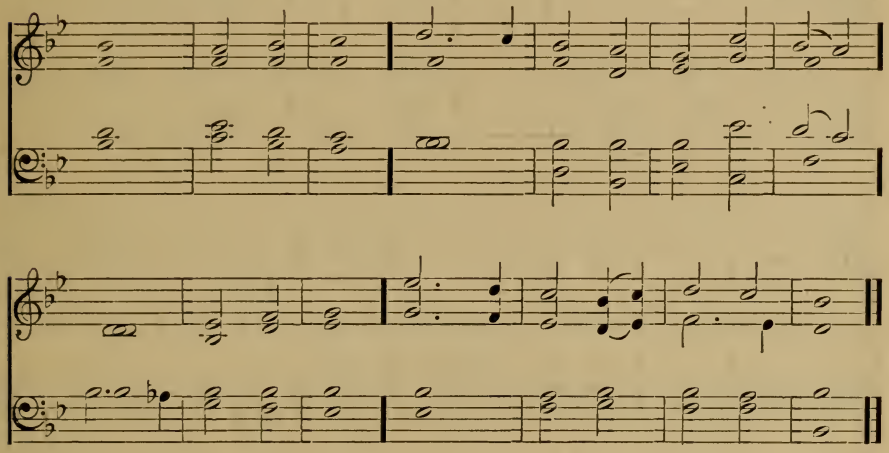
9 For Thou ónly | art — | holy || Thóu | on · ly | art the | Lord.
10 Thou only, O Chríst with the | Ho · ly | Ghost || art most hígh in the | glory · of | God · the | Father. || A | men.

585 CHRIST OUR PASSOVER

P. Humphrey



W. Crotch



1 Christ our Passover is sácri | ficed · for | us || thérefore | let us | keep the | feast,

2 Not with old leaven neither with the léaven of | malice · and | wickedness || but with the unleavened bréad of sin | ce-ri | ty and | truth.

3 Christ being raised from the déad | dieth no | more || death hath no móre do | mi-nion | over | him.

4 For in that he died, he díed unto | sin — | once || but in that he líveth, he | li-veth | unto | God.

5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be déad indeed | un-to | sin || but alive unto Gód through | Je-sus | Christ our | Lord.

6 Christ is rísen | from · the | dead || and become the fírst | fruits of | them that | slept.

7 For sínce by | man came | death || by man came also the résur | rec-tion | of the | dead.

8 For as in Ádam | all — | die || even so in Chríst shall | all be | made a | live.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son || ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning is nów, and | ev-er | shall be || wórld without | end. — | A — | men.

586 GLORIA PATRI

May be sung to any Chant

HENRY W. GREATOREX

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the

Ho - ly . . Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

now and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - men. A - men.

EARL OF MORNINGTON

Glory be to the Fáther, and to the Son: and to the Ho - ly Ghost;

{ As it was in the begínning, is nów, and } ev - er shall be: world with-out end. A - men.

587 KYRIE ELEISON

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN

After 9 Commandments.

p

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

p

After the 10th.

pp

us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.

pp

Lord, have mer-cy up - on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

After the 10th.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all these thy

laws in our hearts, we be - seech . . . . . thee. A - men.

Chants and Responses

KYRIE ELEISON — BERTHOLD TOURS

Lord, have mer - cy up - on.... us, and in -

After the 10th.

cline our hearts to keep this law. Lord, have mer - cy up -

on.... us, and write all these thy laws in our

hearts, we be - seech thee, we be - seech thee.

KYRIE ELEISON — GEORGE J. ELVEY

Lord, have mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on us, and in -

After the 10th.

cline our hearts to keep this law. Lord, have mer - cy, have

mer - cy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our

hearts, thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.

KYRIE ELEISON

WALTER B. GILBERT

After 9 Commandments

Lord, have mer-cy up - on . . us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

After the 10th.

us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.

588 SANCTUS

W. A. Cruickshank

Adagio

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of hosts,

pp

Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry: Glo - ry

poco rall. *p*

be to thee, O Lord Most High. A - - men.

p

Chants and Responses

(*Second Tune*)

SANCTUS

A. S. Cooper

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of.... hosts,

Heaven and earth are full of thy glo - ry:

Glo - ry be to thee, . O Lord Most High. A - men.

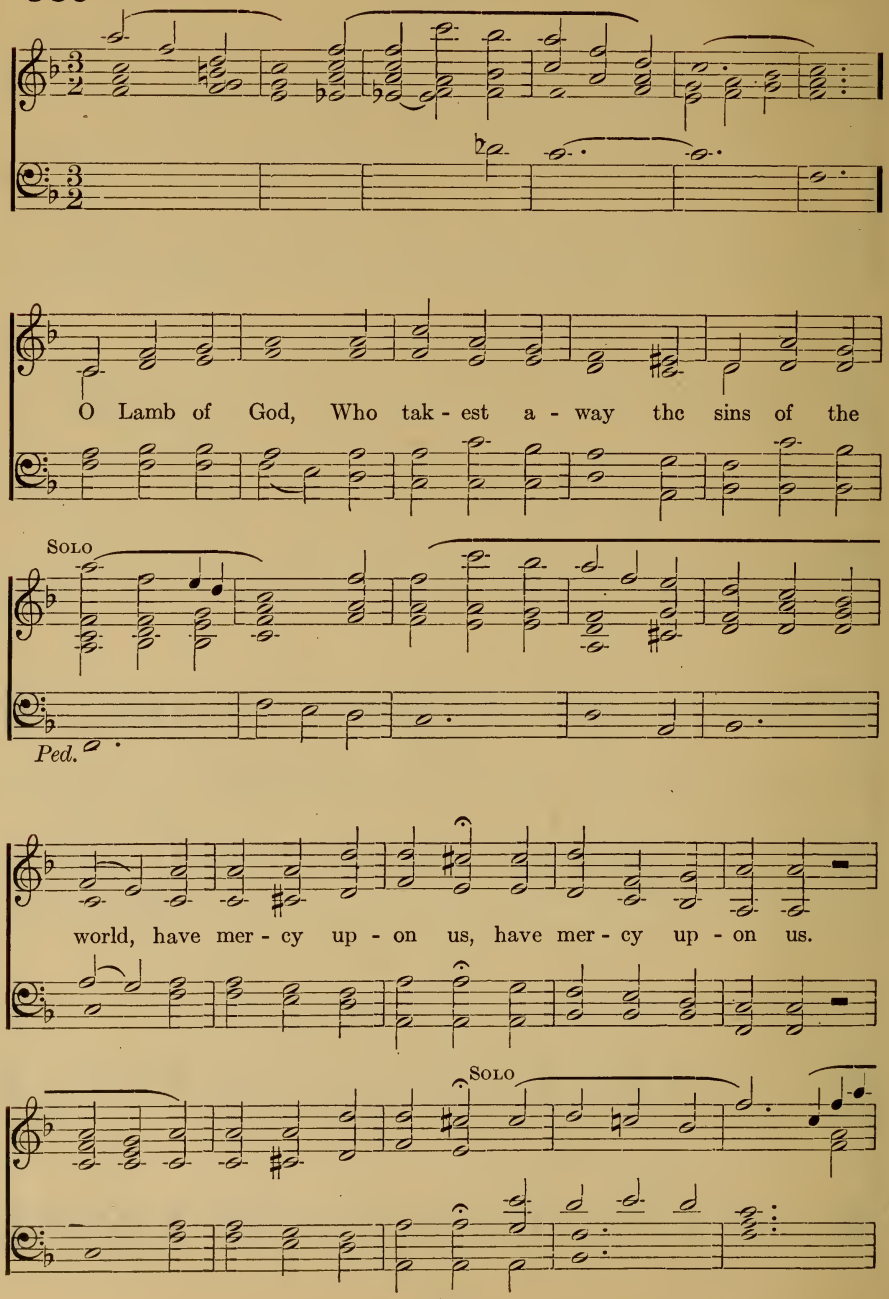
SANCTUS

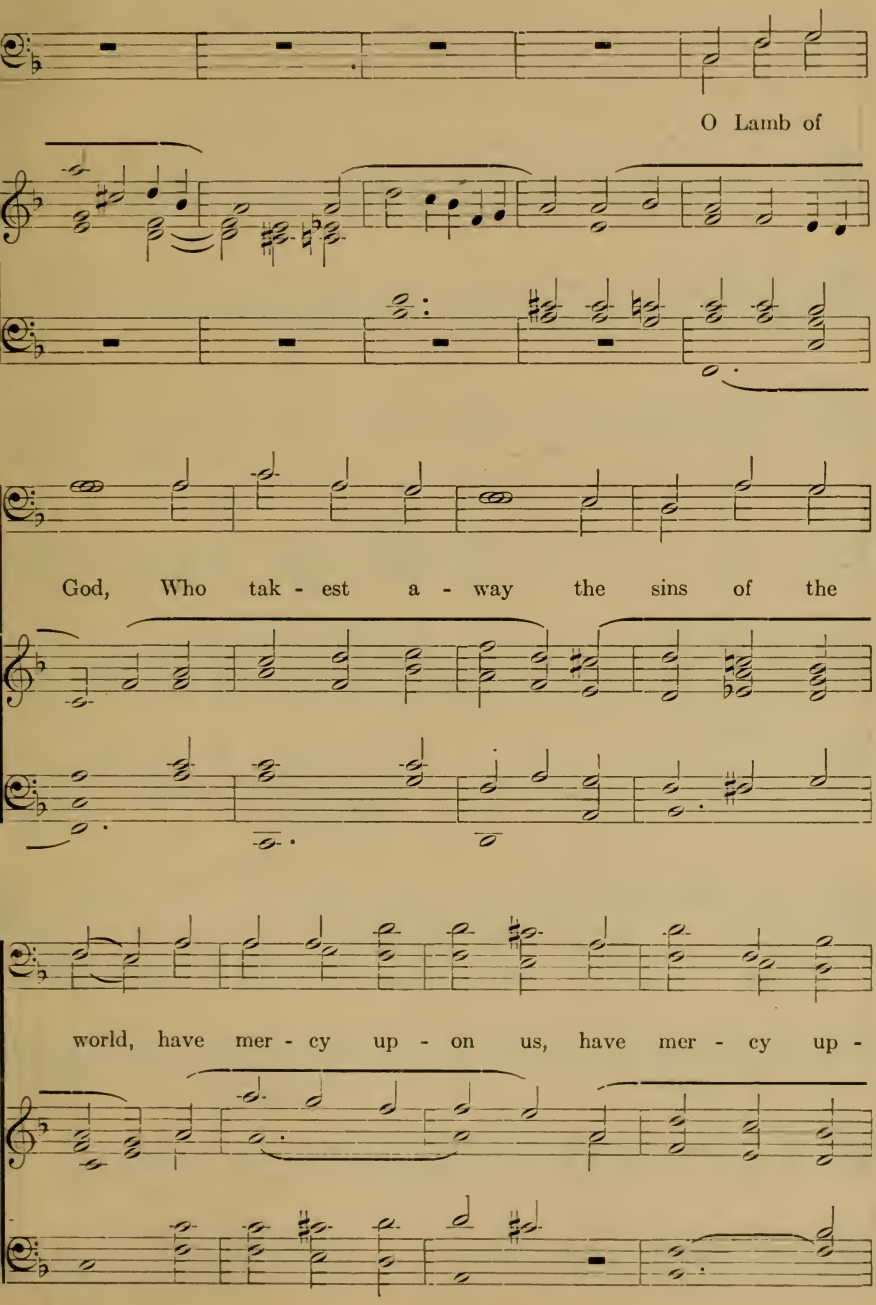
(?)

A - men.

589 AGNUS DEI

JOHN STAINER




O Lamb of
God, Who tak - est a - way the sins of the
world, have mer - cy up - on us, have mer - cy up -

on us.

Solo

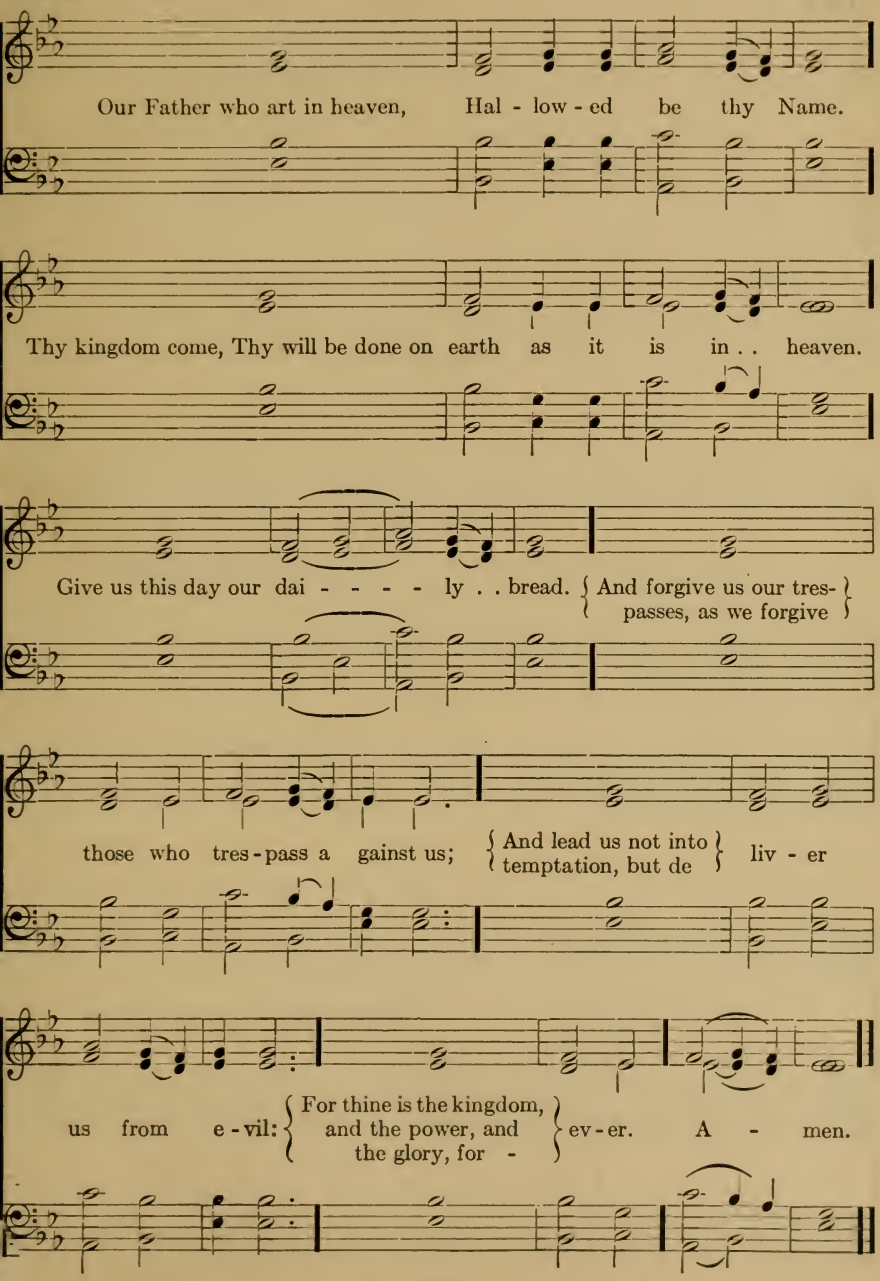
O Lamb of God, Who tak - est a - way the sins of the

Very slow

world, grant us Thy peace, grant us Thy peace.

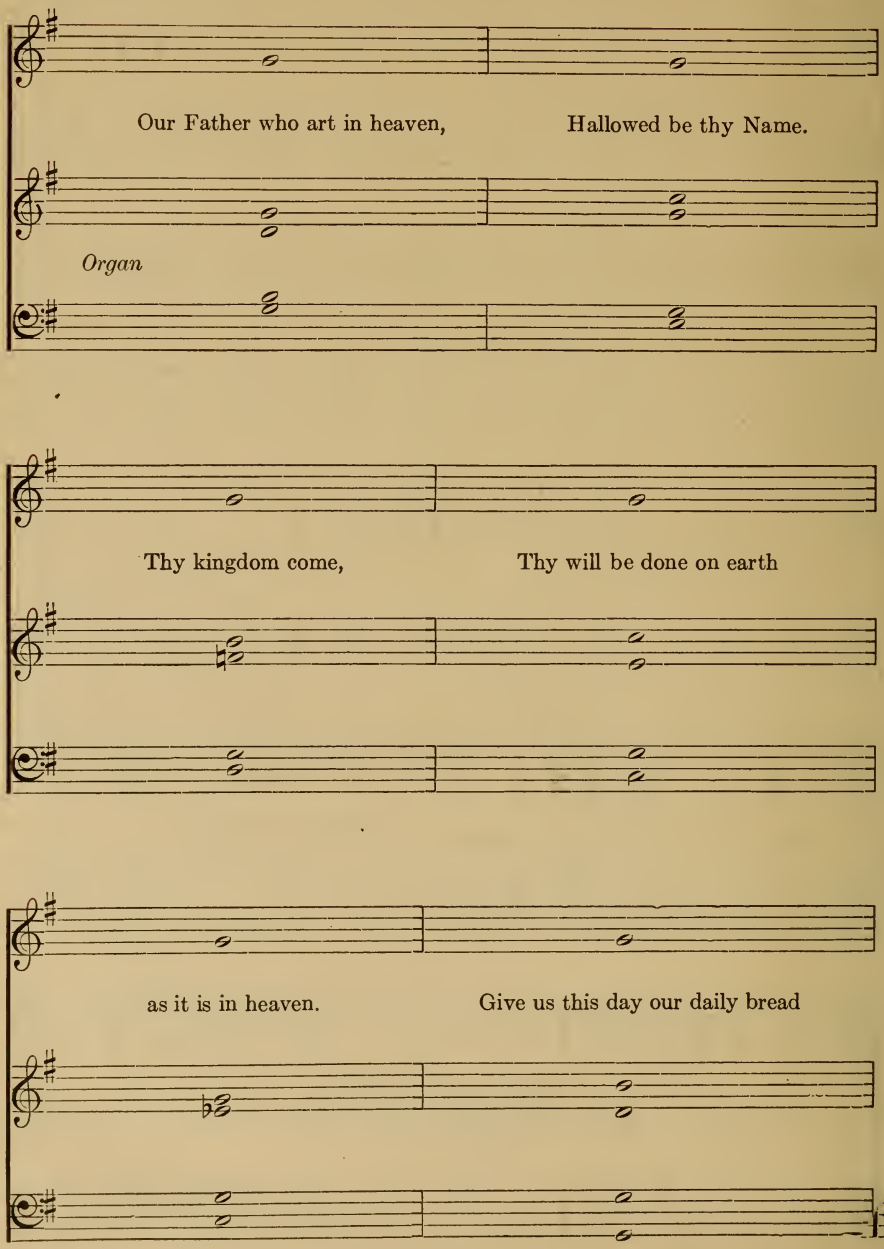
Very slow

590 THE LORD'S PRAYER

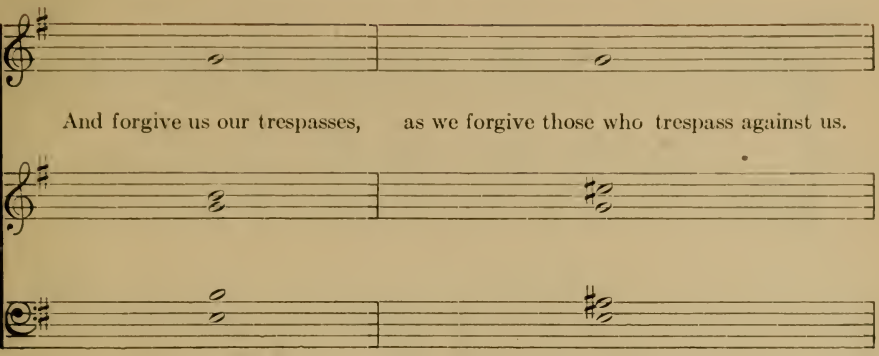


591 THE LORD'S PRAYER

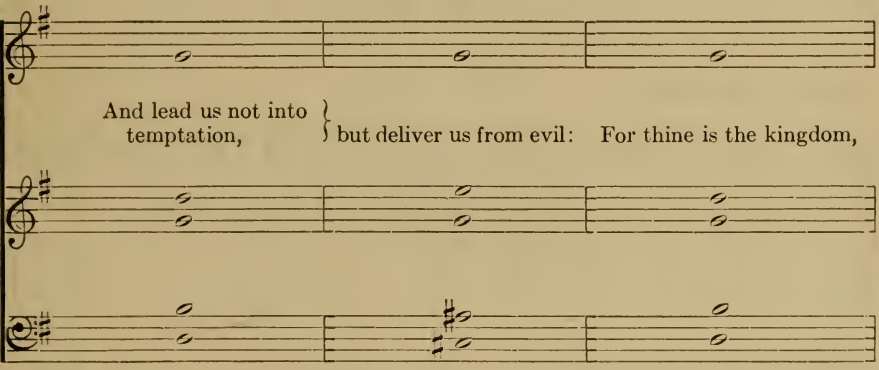
JOHN STAINER



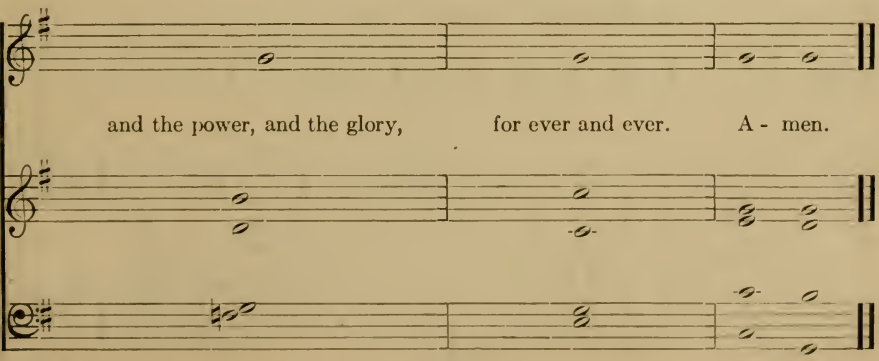
Chants and Responses



And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.



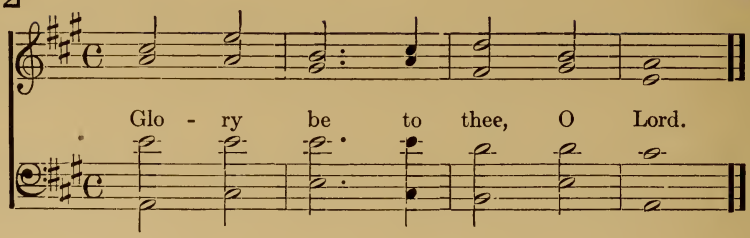
And lead us not into temptation, } but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom,



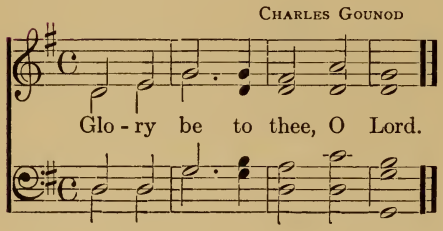
and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. A - men.

592 GLORIA TIBI

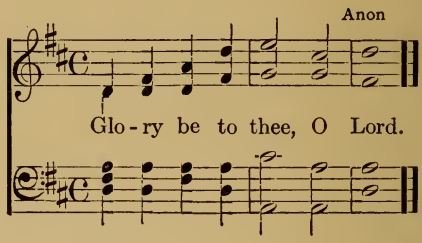
IGNACE PLEYEL



CHARLES GOUNOD

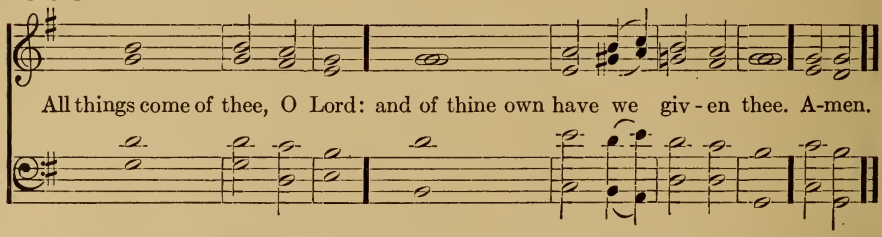


Anon



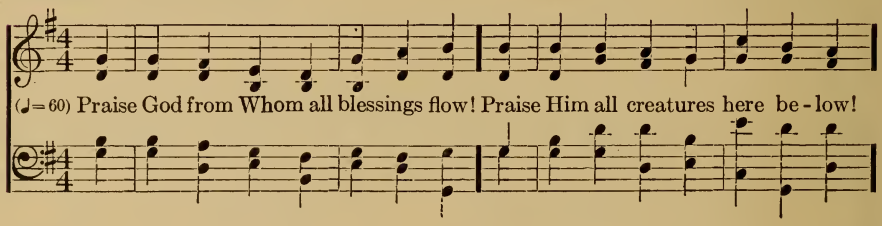
593 OFFERTORY

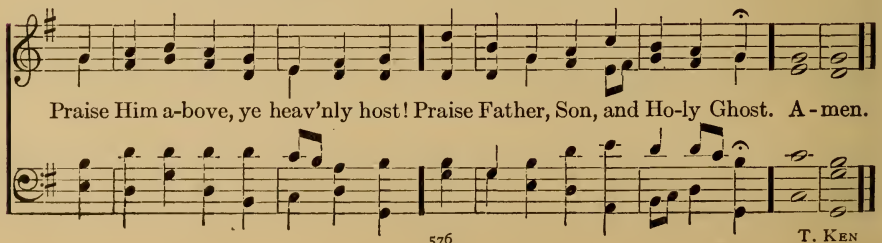
Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN



594 THE DOXOLOGY

Genevan Psalter

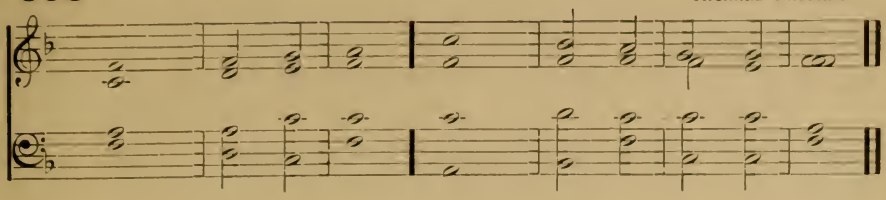




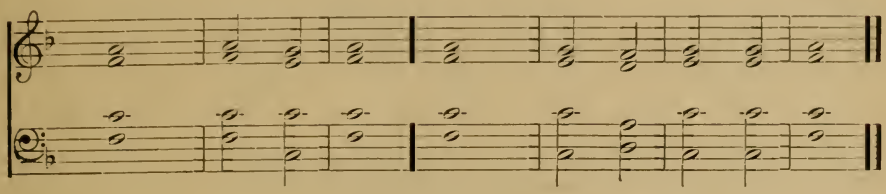
T. KEN

595 BAPTISMAL CHANT

RICHARD FARRANT



T. TALLIS



1 The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlásting upon | them that | fear him ||
And his rígheteousness | unto | children's | children.

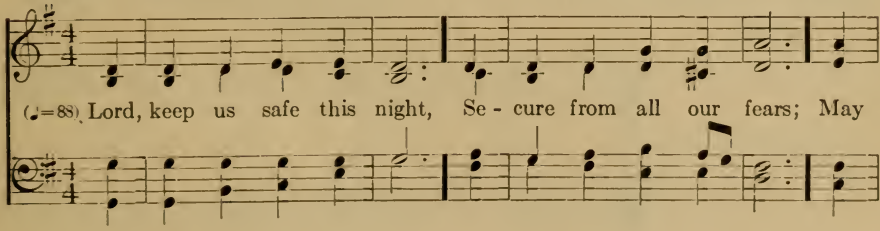
2 To súch as | keep his | Covenant ||
And to those that remember hís com | mand · ments to | do — | them.

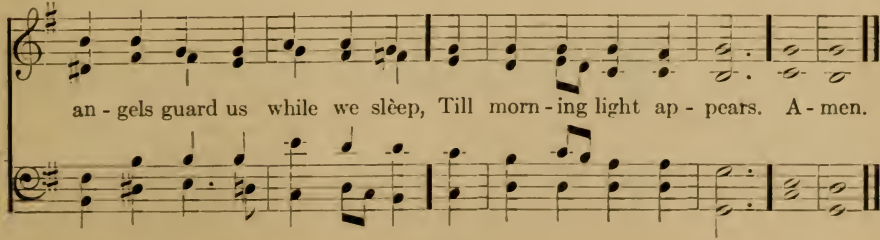
3 Suffer the little children to come unto mé and for | bid them | not ||
Fór of | such · is the | kingdom of | Heaven.

4 For the promise is unto yóu and | to your | children ||
And to all that are afar off, even as mány as the | Lord our | God shall | call.

596 VESPER VERSE 6.6.8.6.

Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN, by J. E. WEST





597 CHOIR SENTENCES

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple: Let all the earth keep si - lence be - fore him. A - men.

O come, let us wor - ship and bow down: let us kneel be - fore the Lord our Mak - er. A-men.

598 RESPONSIVE SENTENCES

Before Prayer

Minister — **Choir**

The Lord be with you: And with thy spirit.

O Lord, show thy mercy upon us: And grant us thy sal - va - - tion.

Chants and Responses

Minister **Choir**

O God, make clean our hearts within us:

And take not thy Ho - ly Spir - it from us.

After Prayer

O Lord, open thou our lips:

And our mouth shall shew.... forth thy praise.

Praise ye the Lord:

The Lord's Name be prais - ed. A - men.

599 RESPONSE AFTER PRAYER—CHOIR

Arr. fr. theme by BEETHOVEN

Heaven - ly Fa - ther, gra - cious - ly

hear us. Hear our prayer, Hear our prayer. A - men.

600 THE APOSTLES' CREED

Har. by John Stainer

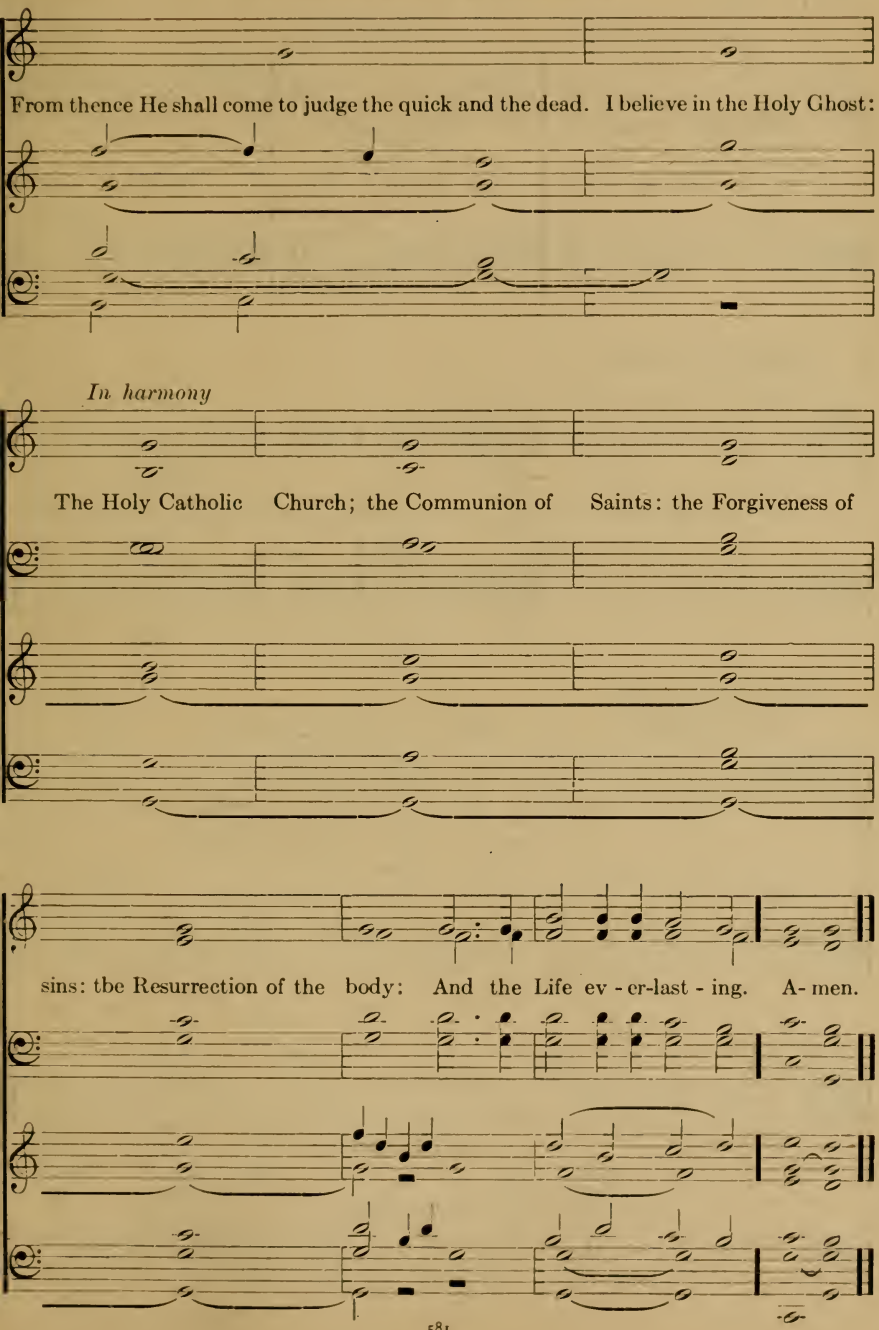
In Unison

I believe in God | the Father Almighty, | Maker of heaven and earth: | And in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord:

Organ

Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, | Born of the Virgin Mary, | Suffered under Pontius Pilate, | Was crucified, dead and buried:

He descended into hell; | The third day He rose again from the dead: | He ascended into heaven, | And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty:


From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost:
In harmony
The Holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints: the Forgiveness of
sins: the Resurrection of the body: And the Life ev - er-last - ing. A- men.

601 AMEN

From Greek Liturgy

A - - men, A - men.

Thomas Adams

A-men, A - men.

Nauman

A-men, A - men.

THREEFOLD AMEN

As used at St. Mark's, Florence

A-men, A-men, A - men.

A - men, A-men, A - - men.

SEVENFOLD AMEN

John Stainer

Slow and sustained

A - men, A - - - - men,

pp *f*

A - men, A - men, A - - - men, A - - - - - men, A -

pp *f*

A - - men, A - - men,

pp A - - - men, *Slower*

ppp

- - - - men, A - - - men, A - - men.

pp *ppp*

f

A - - men,